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REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN

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PART I

HOME, SCHOOL AND OXFORD

CHAPTER I

HOME

I AM half afraid that if—as chronology and routine would seem to require—I commence narration of my earliest reminiscences, a majority of readers may throw down the volume in derision at the possibility of memory of such juvenile days enduring even to boyhood, still less to manhood. However, from evidences of dates recorded by my mother, coupled with surviving vivid pictures of my own, as to certain scenes and characters—I am myself conscientiously convinced that I carry in me distinct memories of events which occurred when I was a good eight weeks short of two years old. Such early recollections are confined to seaside visits; and the posting journeys to them. Ordinary rural life at home was too monotonous to carry many special land records until I was at least four years old. But I can still recall the sea-coast—deep drift sand that filled one's tiny shoes as we babes struggled through it; the names of nurses then with us; the one sister who was in my company and the absence of the other; the actual pattern of hearthrug in the "Nursery" of that abode; a cruise in a row-boat, sitting on my father's knee, and other cherished pictures of that trip from home. My mother, on hearing me recapitulate thus, while still in school-room career,

informed me that no place but Aberdovey would answer the description—if only by reason of my record of nurses and of the sister in my company, and of the boat episode. Besides—Bangor, visited a year later, was separately pictured in my mind, the goats browsing in front of the hotel where we stayed—the bathing-places—a different sister in company, and a new nurse. All this earmarked Bangor from Aberdovey, and yet at Aberdovey in Wales, I was short of two years' existence, my birthday being September 20.

I am afraid that I have an inconvenient memory, for some people. I made enemies in the fair sex by bearing in mind the exact day, month and year of their first birthdays (may be more than threescore years ago).

I can recall even the various posting stages of the Bangor year, from Worcestershire to North Wales. We passed Bala Lake *en route*. A quarter of a century and more later, I visited Bala, and could identify the very spot where our posting phaeton halted to let us children watch a boat bearing an angler. Pentre-Voelas, one of our stages, remained specially fixed in mind, not only from sight of a goat, which as I faced it seemed to tower over me like a six-foot man, but also because we had chicken for our midday meal, and infantile etymology for years associated the name (Voelas) of the stage, with the fowls on which we were regaled. I was then two years and ten months old. Now, curiously, memory fails where watering-places were not marine. Malvern was visited later that same year. I recall nothing of it; but I do remember an incident in the journey there. We

drove our own horses to Worcester and then posted on. We dined midday at the Star; and I signalized myself by picking what I supposed was a flower from the ornamental paperhanging of the fireplace (a paper rose embossed), and got viciously scolded by my nurse for mischief. In other details that Malvern trip remains a blank. A year later we were at Cheltenham. That place impressed me but little. My only mind picture of it is, a view of a meet of hounds in the town itself, visible from the windows of the house which we occupied. Clevedon, a year later, I can well recall, but it was marine. I revisited in 1869, and could earmark scores of landmarks recalled from the infantile visit, when I was just short of five years.

At home, I can recall being taught my letters, but cannot recall the date. However, on my fifth birthday I had my first Prayer-book and was able to read and learn the Collect for the next Sunday after the presentation.

I think my education was too forced. I was put to learn Eton Latin Grammar so soon as my sixth birthday had passed. I do not think I gained much by this early start in classics. Until I reached school my Latin study was decidedly desultory, depending on my father's spare moments to hear me say a casual lesson in the grammar, on the average three days in a fortnight. At school one picked up more Latin in a week than at home in a half-year.

Meantime I was under a governess, a Miss Sugden, still alive; and to whom I owe an infinite debt for sound grounding in history, geography, arithmetic, French, and tables of dates,

weights and measures and the like, which have been ever since stereotyped in memory. She had a wondrous knack of telling us children stories to beguile country walks and leisure hours, and to thereby establish a social as well as pedagogic influence over her young charges. My sentiment of gratitude to her is not confined to myself—but is shared by my three elder sisters who formed her school-room class at home. After we outgrew her care she and her sisters for some years ran a rather celebrated girls' school at the Priory, Lincoln; until they retired to a well-earned repose for declining years at Whitby.

During my school-room career I on the sly indulged in various sporting escapades, which for the sake of my own skin I carefully concealed from my father. I was competent to ride my pony by myself by the time I was seven years old; and in that capacity was often dispatched upon equestrian errands to the local market towns, Stourbridge, Kidderminster or Bromsgrove, or round the parish. I confess that I now and then made the most of this opportunity to visit scenes which would have shocked my family. Our Rectory was but four miles distant from Ruberry Hill, the northernmost spur of the Lickey range; where Staffordshire and Worcestershire boundaries meet, and where accordingly Birmingham prize-fighters frequently made rendezvous. Not that police in those days were wont seriously to interfere in that district with the pastime of the prize-ring.

Tradition still lingered of the invitation of Worcestershire magistrates to Spring and Langan to settle their differences on Worcester Pitchcroft,

when certain other straight-laced justices of other counties had warned them off. I used to hear when a fight was coming off, and did my best to contrive to be in the saddle for the occasion. They were a rough lot, these Brummagem "pugs" and their *clientèle*, but they were always kind to me, and would let my easy-tempered pony jostle in and stand rib to rib with them at the very front of the ring. When an adjournment took place to the Cock, a tiny beer-house standing solitary by that unfrequented Gannow Green road, I used to be overwhelmed with offers of beer. As a matter of etiquette I used to take a sip out of Bob Brettle's mug now and then, to drink his health, but otherwise I was an abstainer.

I fancy that I must have seen Mike Madden there; I recall having a pugilist pointed out to me as having killed his man in a mill; and I think old Mike is recorded as having once stood his trial for manslaughter for a disaster of this sort; he had a "dangerous right" (hand) proverbially, even when apparently overmatched. These pugs used first to foregather at the Crown, Northfield, on their march out from Birmingham. This was useful when I happened (as often) to be staying at Northfield Rectory, about seven miles from my home, and *en route* for Birmingham. Ruberry Hill about bisected the line of march between Belbroughton and Northfield, and was as easy of access from one as from the other.

In those days when I went to pay a short local visit, I was seldom sent in a family vehicle, but in the saddle: my kit being in saddlebags on either side of the pommel. Parish roads were so bad in

those days that it was always economical to save springs and paint for cross-country trips where saddle and bridle would do the needful. The result of this early training was to make me rather independent for my years, and to enable me to pick up a fair knowledge of topography for a radius of some fifteen miles round home.

This same independence of the road in the saddle, led indirectly to a very early initiative into the school of the turf, though in a very "leather-flapping" direction.

Redditch was within a ride of the Rectory, some fourteen miles. The trade of the town is needle-making, and the Hemmings were the lords and capitalists of the trade. The elder Hemming lived near the works. The younger one—Walter—was a neighbour of ours at a place called Spring Grove, near Bewdley.

My father's coachman, William Finch, had previously been a groom in the stables of the elder Hemming at Redditch, and had once or more been put up to ride a race for him at the local meeting. Finch one day, when I was under orders to take letters round to farmers (asking them to draw coal for the parish coal club), volunteered to accompany me. At first I resented the proposal, as being a slur upon my horsemanship, as if I could not take care of myself; but Finch explained that he had some sport to show me, and had to exercise a certain horse. So we joined forces for the day.

The horse he was riding was a blood horse (we called it the "boot" horse). My father had picked it up cheap, on account of its tendency to "speedycut," which was guarded against by a pad

Photo] [*Bate.*

BELBROUGHTON RECTORY.

on the near fore-leg. Thus protected it did duty as off horse in the britzka pair. Finch knew that this horse had jumping capabilities. He led the way to the farm of one Berry on the Moor Hall Manor, little more than a mile from home. There Berry, by some prearrangement, had got ready some wattle hurdles for practice. I had already gone to the lengths of jumping a pony over small ditches and broken rails, but no further. At the farm I was induced to mount the "boot" horse (after seeing him fly a hurdle or two in Finch's hands), and was set to repeat the feat. I was surprised to realize, on a fast goer covering a lot of ground in each leap, how little I felt the cant of the saddle, as compared to the slower and more laboured lift of the pony over smaller obstacles than hurdles. I enjoyed my day's lesson in fencing; then did my round to farmers. The lesson was repeated some four times more. Berry was a sportsman, and was in the swim with Finch's plans for the future. Their scheme was this: At the close of a day's racing at Redditch there usually was a Consolation scramble at catch-weights for some petty stake—of about a mile and a half over four flights of hurdles. The catch-weight conditions was the cue to my schooling over those hurdles of Berry's. Hemming had an old mare, past her best, and getting dicky in the suspensory ligaments of the fore-legs, but for all that, as good at fences as ever, knowing her way between flags like a circus horse. I think her name was "Chicken Hazard." The game was to apprise Finch's old master of the possession of a feather-weight that would not risk much breakdown of

the old mare, and to suggest that she should be entered for the Consolation Race.

On the appointed day, nominally on parish rounds with letters, Finch and I jogged over to Redditch. I was amazed and bewildered with the noise and babel of the ring and of rowdies in general. I was given some sweet cakes and lemonade, and introduced to my "employer" (Hemming). In due time the bell rang for our race. I was legged up on to the mare ; no whip, no spurs : bidden to keep my hands down, sit back and to leave her to find her own way. This she did, winning easily. I do not know what name I rode under. There was then no Grand National Hunt, not even in flat racing was there any rule against unregistered racing. Still less any rule against feathers in the saddle. In fact, if I recall aright, Newmarket Rules of Racing at the date (1849) were in force only on the Heath and were optional elsewhere.

There was a Mr. Gordon, said to be a great rider, who had been riding at the meeting, and who said a few kind words to me of advice as we moved off to the starter. He was quite a youth. I have often wondered, since then, whether he possibly was the great poet Lindsay Gordon who emigrated to Australia with broken fortunes, wrote himself into a new celebrity, cut short a career of promise by suicide, and left himself immortalized as the Australian Pindar and Alcæus rolled into one.

It is needless to mention that my escapade was concealed from local authorities. As it was, I got a wigging for being home so late ; but my father

was away, and the governess did not smell the real rat.

Coaching was not extinct in these days. Kidderminster and Stourbridge had not then been invaded by the "old Worse and Worse"—as the Oxford, Worcester and Wolverhampton line was nicknamed later on before it amalgamated with the Great Western. Worcester also had no station nearer than Spetchley—about where Norton junction now lies on the Midland line from Birmingham to Bristol. Accordingly coaches ran between Birmingham, Kidderminster, Stourbridge and Worcester. Halesowen Hill, about a mile of steep fall from east to west, was a fruitful scene of coach upsets. The vehicles, laden and top heavy, used to career down it, swaying like swings, and periodically suffering from centrifugal force at the turns on the steep incline. Twice, with my own eyes I beheld disaster, when our family carriage was jogging home thirteen miles from Birmingham after a day's shopping. The oscillating coach that had shot by us a minute before, lay a wreck round the next turn; on one occasion the coachman lay killed on the spot.

Dogs had not in my childhood been forbidden as beasts of burden; big mongrels commanded prices only second to donkeys. Pedlars often had a pair of big dogs to draw their wheeled packs. The animals did double duty—as guardians of the pack, while the pedlar was touting inside a wayside inn.

Turnpikes were costly and oppressive in those days; though we had no Rebecca riots in Worcestershire there were divers conspiracies and combina-

tions among residents, to press for abatements, in cases where full price was levied for use of perhaps only a few yards of turnpike road, between one by-way and another.

When Churchill (or Blakedown) station appeared on the O.W.W. in early fifties, its location produced much soreness against the farmers of the road tolls. Those who came from Belbroughton way used the Kidderminster road only some fifty yards, but had to pass a turnpike and were bled sixpence a horse, unless they elected to drive a mile further, round by Broom and Harborough Hill, in which case they could reach the station free of toll. The local clergy and others boycotted this gate, until toll was reduced half-price for all going no further than the station.

(Talking of Harborough Hill, a wooded eminence just south of this road, there was in those days, perhaps still, a lagoon on its gravel slopes, the shores of which were thick with blue mussel shells; and now and then coarse pearls were found in the Harborough mussels. I do not know what zoologists say of these molluscs. I believe they are descendants of an ancestry which once was marine and became land-locked in Tertiary times.)

There used to be a story of clerical ready wit on the hill. It has been narrated in more than one shape, and I do not vouch for accuracy as to characters. It was fathered on to Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam"), whether rightly or not.

So far as I recall it, a clerical party were to dine and sleep at Hagley Rectory (the late Hon. and Rev. William Lyttleton being Rector). There

was then no Hagley station. The party disembarked at Churchill. The carriage had not arrived and two decided to walk on and be picked up. The rest, day being sultry, elected to wait. In due time the pedestrians are overtaken on the Harborough rise; mopping their faces. Then Bishop Sam, cool and calm, must needs gibe them—

> "How blest is he who ne'er consents,
> By ill advice to walk" . . .

whereupon one of the victims retorts by completing the couplet—

> "Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
> Where men profanely talk."

Modern church worshippers under *régime* of Hymns Ancient, etc., may hardly see the point of the jest. But the four lines are the first stanza of the Tate and Brady metrical version of the Psalms (1st Psalm, verse 1), which in those days were standard for church music.

My early recollections of our parish church are that it had been reduced to the conventional type of meeting-house, internally, under the Evangelical, or other dynasties which preceded. The open roof had been ceiled and plastered across at the level of the top of the walls. The seats were all pews, green baized and lofty: one could sleep comfortably in them. As a child I lamented the reform when my father "restored" the chancel, opening the roof and staining the old beams, removing the pews and substituting oak seats. The latter, hard and polished, did not suit the comfort of kids so well as the old-fashioned pews.

There had been plenty of dissent when my father was appointed in 1837. It died a natural death under him. I heard from an old parishioner, in later years, how the dissent came to be sapped. Thus—

There was a Brecknell trust fund of £1,000, for doling blankets, flannel and the like to the poor at Christmastide. The Rector was *ex-officio* a co-trustee, and the parish elected the other. At my father's inauguration the co-trustee was a grocer, a Wesleyan—one Lacy, the leading spirit of parochial Nonconformity.

When the first St. Thomas's Day for the gifts was approaching, the Rector invited his co-trustee grocer to come and take a snack of lunch and talk business. Lacy's own version of the first official *séance* with his co-trustee was, that to his surprise theology was not broached for one instant. So far from being upbraided as a heretic, he was thrust forward as the parochial specialist upon status and requirements of the several applicants for bounty, presumed as an old resident to be likely to be better posted herein than the newly-arrived Rector. He found himself deferred to, and invited to lead the way; not snubbed nor dictated to. He was won over at once to at least friendliness, where he had been expecting—from past experiences—antagonism.

In those days National schools had no Government grants nor conscience clauses. A five-pound endowment and children's pence were supplemented by private subscriptions to pay adequate instruction, fires, lighting, repairs, books and slates.

Lacy's son attended not only the daily but also

the Sunday school. In due time he wanted to be confirmed. He was but sixteen years old. The Rector consulted the Nonconformist parent as to whether he endorsed the aspirations of the lad in this direction, not wishing to arouse religious differences between parent and a child of his immature years. Whether or not Lacy would have resented the confirmation if he had not been consulted is doubtful; but, being consulted, he waived all claims to interfere, and the boy was confirmed. After this Lacy took to patronizing evening service at the church, while adhering to meeting-house for Sunday mornings. Later, his son wedded a Rectory parlourmaid, and the *entente cordiale* of Church and Dissent was all the stronger thereby. When Lacy senior began to break up, he would accept religious ministration from none but the Rector, and at the last desired to become a communicant; and, I presume, expired as a Churchman.

His moribund defection from his pristine creed practically brought over to the church most of the chapel-goers, many of whom had for years past followed Lacy's lead to the Rector's evening Sunday services. (Dissent died a natural death.)

But though my sire was thus tolerant of freedom of religious opinion among his own parishioners, as the best way to win them to his own side, he was curiously intolerant of outsiders who invaded his realm to proselytize.

The "ranters"—as they were called—used to collect from various districts and invade several parishes in turn, on summer Sundays, holding musical parades something in the style of modern

Salvation Army meetings. When once or more a year they thus invaded Belbroughton they used to select a strip of village green lying triangulated between Rectory, Sunday school and church, and to do so at an hour when afternoon Sunday school was in progress. Their hymn singing made teachers' and pupils' voices in the school inaudible. They ignored all requests to select some other spot for their services: there was another green two hundred yards away. At last my father's patience gave way. One August Sunday, when once more the procession reached the school front and declined to move on, he sent me to fetch the Rectory dinner bell, and to ring it *ad lib.* over the garden wall, while he fetched out the school children, grouped them in front of the school steps and made them "hurrah" till they were tired. The ranters' leader then in his turn came up to expostulate, but got no quarter, and at last drew off his army to where they could hear his words of wisdom. After this there was a recognition of "Live and let live" from ranters to Sunday school, and the old nuisance was not renewed.

Talking of clerical toleration towards dissent, one is reminded of the story of George Anthony Denison, Archdeacon, who, when the Osborne-Morgan Burial Bill was on the *tapis* was reported to have been interrogated—"Did he object to have to bury a Dissenter?" Reply: "Object! No! Should be only too delighted to bury them all."

Deceased Wife's Sisters' Bills were agitated even in those days. I recall being in New Street, Birmingham, with my father, when petitions in

favour of alteration of the law were being propounded in tables in the street; and all passers-by, adults and children alike, were accosted by the promoters and urged to sign. My father was thus accosted—probably *pour rire* by the speaker, in the hope of a gibe at the "cloth" which his dress naturally revealed.

My father stolidly stopped, adjusted his eyeglass, and read aloud to an arrested and attentive audience the preamble heading of the petition.

Then quoth he—

"Let me see: what is this? A Bill for turning the most natural protector of a motherless child—its aunt—into the most unnatural and cruel—a stepmother? No! that is cruelty to animals. I really dare not vote for it!"

In my childhood there were notices threatening penalties of vagrancy against "Gipsies, Tinkers and Sturdy Beggars," to be seen at many a cross road or parish corner, as also on the margin of any strip of waste land that might seem tempting for tramps' camping-ground. Parishioners never grumbled at any alleged infringement of public rights, when such wayside strips were enclosed by Lord of Manor or adjacent owner; there was no "land hunger"; allotments there were in plenty for all cottage cultivators who required them. It was reckoned to be a benefaction for public protection when some strip which had been affording *pied-à-terre* for itinerants was enclosed to keep such gentry out of the parish.

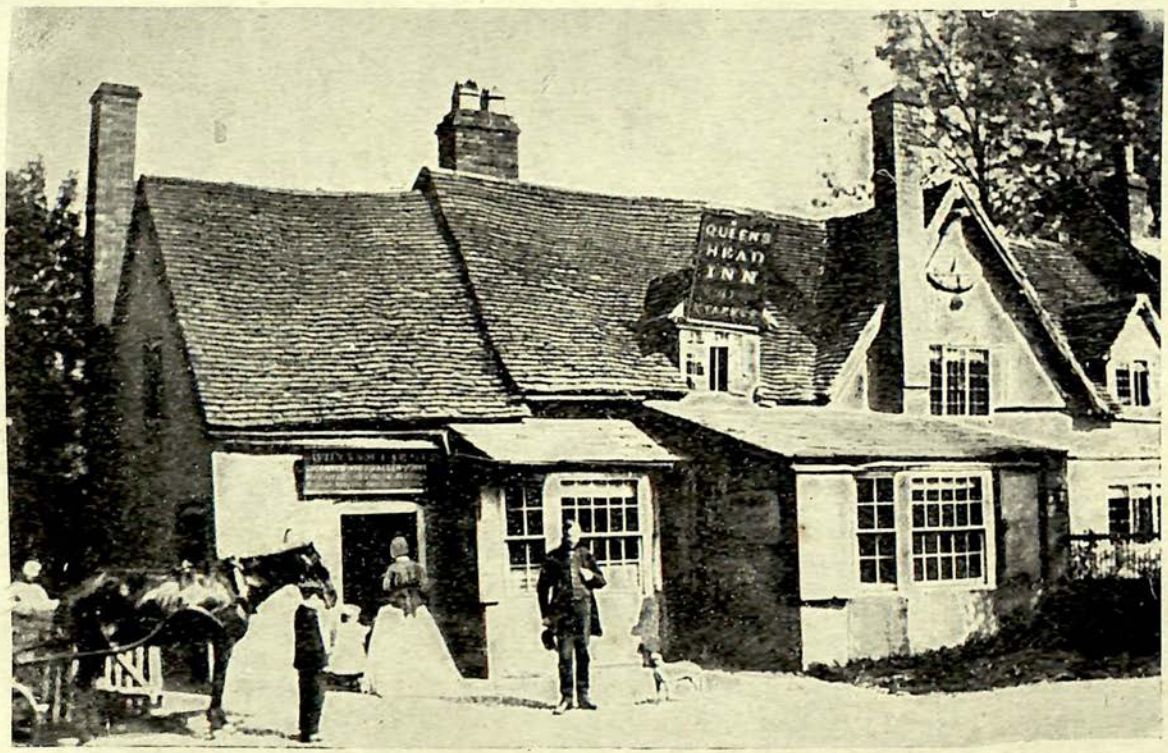
My father did a small work in this way. The old village ducking-pond for "scolds," the stocks, whipping-post, and pound stood on a strip some

thirty feet wide between the Rectory garden hedge and the village lane. I can recall seeing tinkers (or gipsies) camped on this bit of vantage ground, and it was seldom that there was not the trace of their camp fire, within a dozen feet of our drive gate. There was only one elderly village constable in those days. Sir Robert Peel had not started his police (or "Peelers"). Panic—for safety of poultry, eggs, and linen hanging out to dry—prevailed in rustic circles when gipsies visited and camped. My father, at request of a vestry meeting, took upon himself to wall in all these old parochial relics of by-gone penal jurisprudence—except the pound—and to add them to the Rectory garden, well embanked above road level, and planted with evergreens.

The village innkeeper of the Queen's Head always kept guard over another bit of green above, where Albrighton hounds periodically met. Hereby we got rid of gipsy residents from our village precincts.

That Queen's Head Inn is now gone. A new National school stands on its site. When I first recall the inn, the sign of the Queen in robes was painted on a whale's jawbone which stood in a gable angle. Later a new signboard was designed and the jawbone painted *en suite* with the wall. When the inn came to an end I believe the old jawbone was religiously removed to Bell Hall, where the landowner, Charles Perrott Noel, J.P., lived and, I am glad to say, still flourishes —after celebrating a golden wedding.

Though gipsies were unpopular in all rural circles, our parish retained a tradition about one



Photo] [*Bate*

OLD QUEEN'S HEAD, BELBROUGHTON, SHOWING WHALE BONE IN RIGHT GABLE TOP ON WHICH, OF OLD, QUEEN VICTORIA, ROBED, WAS PAINTED.

influx of the tribe which was to the credit of the race.

It occurred before my father's tenure of the living (which began in 1837).

I believe I am correct in saying that there are three tribes of gipsies that claim "royalty" for their respective chiefs: to wit, the tribes of Faa, King and Buckler.

A "princess" of the Buckler tribe died in the parish. Her tomb I have often seen: a square cemented imitation of sarcophagus, such as was common in Georgian days and later. It records, "Paradise Buckler, aged 14."

The gipsies assembled in large numbers to attend the royal obsequies.

A rural etiquette for followers of a funeral, which I have often noticed, is (or was) for each processional mourner to hold a clean folded white handkerchief to the face as if to remove a falling tear. Gipsies do not boast much clean linen, and the kerchiefs (or "mutches") which they sport are usually red or yellow. But they needed the regulation white "mouchoirs" for this ceremony, and sent round the parish to borrow these articles wholesale. No one dared to refuse them: apart from fears of reprisals on the henroosts and laundry linen in event of non-compliance, there remained superadded the then popular superstitions of the power of the evil eye, and of gipsies' witchcraft.

There was panic in the parish at the great invasion for that week; but the conduct of the gipsies took every one by surprise. They seemed to consider themselves on *parole d'honneur* for the

time being: as guests bound by principles of the laws of hospitality. Not one depredation took place: every borrowed kerchief was duly returned, washed and ironed!

The gipsies kept this tomb in repair all the years during which the family remained in the parish (and probably do so still). It was not an uncommon sight to see some of the tribe pay a pilgrimage to the tomb, and stand in a ring, contemplating it. This for at least two generations after poor little princess Paradise had been laid to rest in the sunshine of the south-east side of Belbroughton's Lord's acre.

I recall in 1849 a curious incident of the effect of sights on a rifle, applied at incorrect range. A Radical banker—one Rufford—made a mansion out of what had been the Yew Tree Farm; parked the land, and made artificial pools and cascades on the line of our Belbroughton river, which came down from Walton Hill, and turned many a mill *en route*.

A rustic bridge led a public footpath across one of these pools. I was passing on this path one day, and heard sounds of gun firing. On reaching the bridge I found various men—one of them one of the Waldron firm who owned (in those days) the range of scythe forges down the valley. The group had a rifle between them, and were taking turns at pot shots at a helpless duck on the water. Each in turn missed; then they went nearer and nearer, till within a dozen yards of the duck, that seemed already to have a leg broken, and could not swim much. Still they continued to miss it! Then arrived our genial sporting local doctor—

John Hobbes (the elder), who looked on for a few shots and presently smiled.

"Let me try," said he, and he got the rifle and looked at the sights on it. Then he paced back some three-score or more yards and with one shot finished off the poor duck.

It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, long before "Express" days, and with a high trajectory. The nearer the other tyros stood to the shot, the more the bullets had passed over the duck. The doctor hit off the correct range, by stepping back.

The Waldron firm of the later generations were too fond of sport, and attended too slackly to business. One Nash started with only two helping hands at a small up-stream forge (Newton's) and gradually ousted and bought them up, monopolizing the scythe and sickle trade; but the Waldron name was so valuable from past generations of good work, that he paid an annual subsidy (of £200, I think) to the retired representative of the old firm, for the use of the name to brand on all Belbroughton iron goods.

In the 1851 Exhibition the Waldron scythes and sickles took first prize, or something like it, in the world's competition in such manufactures. One used then to hear that in South American plantations no cutting tool for crops would sell, that had not the Waldron brand.

It was an interesting sight to watch scythe forging. A heavy "woodpecker" hammer thumped about two to the second all day. The forger sat in a swing chair suspended from a lofty roof: he picked out, white hot, bars from a furnace, wielded in tongs and placed under this hammer, for

moulding into shape. He shifted the hot iron to and fro by leg action only, swinging in his chair, and directing his manipulation by his heels in the cindered floor.

Grinding was carried on in other mills. Red sandstone solid wheels whirring round *ad lib.*; now and then a stone would split, and fly up through the roof of the forge; possibly carrying with it the remains of the poor grinder who had been sitting on the "saddle" under which the bulk of the grindstone revolved.

"Touch" was everything in grinding; for this reason grinders held the edge of the scythe to them, guided by the ball of the thumb. The effect of this was to send dust of wheel and steel into the grinder's face: "scythe grinder's cough" was proverbial in the village; when my father first came to the place few grinders' lungs survived forty-five years of life. He tried to persuade the men to wear respirators; this they declined, alleging that such protection would tend to lower their wages, which were high (45*s.* a week) because of the risk. Then he suggested moustaches; but the retort was, "no gentleman wore such things." This was true, mainly. Hussars, foreigners and professional musicians alone wore the upper lip unshaved in the forties and early fifties. "The Captain with his whiskers" ("old song") tells its own tale of the then coiffure of guards, line, dragoons, sappers, gunners, and all the rest of the army.

Crimean War and winter of 1854 brought home scores of invalided bearded warriors; and at once the beard and moustache sprang into British

fashion. So the grinders followed suit, and the succeeding generations of them at once lengthened their lives by decades.

There used to be no carrier between the village and the nearest market town—Stourbridge—five miles away. A sturdy young woman, Betsy Pardoe, having an invalid father to support, started trade as a daily errand woman to that town; trudging the ten miles daily, laden with baskets. Every one gave her business; and ere long she improved from Shank's mare to pony and cart, and amassed money before, in middle age, she succumbed to an elderly admirer, and became Mrs. Chance—an example to village girls of what industry can do for a woman of energy and health.

Those Belbroughton pools down the line of the parish river were fond of bursting when waterspouts visited Clent or Walton hills. I used to be told of the great parish flood when, under an east wind (something like June 13, 1902), there was a heavy summer downpour; and at night "Sling" pool set the example, and sent its volume down the valley, carrying away in the stampede some four other dams, flooding cottages, and drowning pigs galore; but no lives lost, though it was in the dark.

On other occasions I have seen the Stourbridge and Bromsgrove road fetlock deep in water, to ride through after a thunderstorm that spated the Clent brook, in a neighbouring valley; and have seen carts lying by roadsides a quarter of a mile from the sheds where they were housed before the rain began. On this occasion an actual waterspout was

seen from our Rectory nursery window ; a sort of elephant's trunk licking the crests of the Clent range.

The parish river was excellent trout water ; and the various pools *en route* very suitable for a fly. Thanks to the sporting liberality of our Squire—Charles Noel (father of the present Squire)—I was early initiated into the gentle craft.

I once got a unique piscatorial wrinkle from an old lady parishioner.

Moor Hall Manor, though in the parish, was not on the Noel estate. It belonged to the Tristram family, who had been patrons of the living until St. John's, Oxon, purchased the advowson. Moor Hall was moated, fresh water, fed by a rill from the hill behind it, and full of trout. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer lived there ; the former was a sound Churchman and for some years was my father's churchwarden, until dropsy and other infirmities of old age incapacitated him. Mrs. Farmer always gave me a welcome and jam for tea, as a kid, whenever I went there.

She invited me to come and catch trout. The moat was sheltered ; not a ripple of wind could ruffle more than two sides of the square, and very little of that. The normal drop of a gut cast, however light, was visible to the fish, and scared them. Mrs. Farmer had a remedy. She sent a boy to bring half-a-dozen yellow ducklings from the homestead. These were placed in the moat, and the boy told off to watch gently ahead of them, checking their retreat from me and my rod, by aid of a long peastick. Round and round the moat the ducklings swam, to avoid me and my line.

Their ripple obfuscated the water; and trout rose freely in their wake! Q.E.D.

I have told this resource to scores of expert anglers, who had never heard of it; and yet it is simplicity and common sense, though the first to preach it was this genial old lady.

She used to tell me about her emigrant son, in Sydney, who in later years rose to knighthood and London shrievalty (Sir William Farmer).

We had some other Belbroughton boys who rose to distinction in public life. Willie Newham, who for years played cricket for Gentlemen *v.* Players, came from our parish; and one of the sons of our hereditary village sexton, Charles Goodyear—himself a venerated household word in the parish—went into the Church and became Archdeacon of Zanzibar, but died in harness from African fever, in the prime of life. I may add to the local catalogue my own lamented brother, General Sir Edward Woodgate, K.C.M.G., C.B., of whom, however, more anon.

Apropos of rustic lads—

I often was called in (when older) to aid in examining for prizes at our village school. Unfortunately I cannot recall any of the often comical answers of some of the pupils there; but I remember two anecdotes from Rotherwick, Hants, village school, illustrative of the manner in which ambitious teachers can give away themselves and their pupils by sly efforts to prompt them and assist them when under an inspector's inquisition. Such promptings half heard, often are misunderstood.

Instance the following answer (written) to reply

to why Shadrach, Meshach, etc., were put into the furnace (*vide* Daniel). "Because they would not worship an *idle maid with hands*."

Or again, a reply—

"Whence Mr. Habby"—to question where some king was buried—betrays a whispered teacher's promptings of "Westminster Abbey."

A Bridgenorth yokel, while my late mother lived at Oldbury close by, perpetrated an unconscious jest good enough for *Punch*. His master sent him to the chemist for a *saccharometer*. The lad forgot the name on arrival; but could recall it was something about "rummeter." "I know what you want," said the chemist, who knew the master to be a maltster, and handed the lad the instrument, wrapped in paper. The lad fumbled and felt only one article in the packet and said, "This ain't near enough, mister; master told me to get a *sack* of 'em."

At another time a London street arab, rescued and sent to a sort of home, was inspected by a patroness; he dilated with pleasure and pride on his new clothes and good victuals, but it transpired that he there drank only water. "Why! don't they give you milk?" asked Lady Bountiful. "Yes, ma'am, but I wouldn't touch it." "Why not? it's very wholesome for you." "Yes, ma'am; it was all right in London, where you had it out of a clean tin and knew what you was drinking of; but (*sotto voce*) I am told as down here they goes and squeezes it out of a beastly cow."

CHAPTER II

HOME (*continued*)

IT is interesting to compare the clerical attire of my childhood with the modern Church tailoring. There were, when I was in nursery and schoolroom, no choker collars; no "M.B."[1] waistcoats, as they were styled by some; no "pastoral" pot hats—not even wide-awake or soft felt headgear. The normal cleric claimed to be a "gentleman" and to dress as such, as regards cut and fashion of clothing: while, as regards colour, he adhered to the University statute of "subfusc" hues. His nether garments were not forced to be black, as now; iron grey, pepper and salt, Oxford mixture and so on would suffice for day time. His coat was swallow-tailed and black; his collar "stick-up" *à la* Regency; his hat a beaver, full height; his overcoat broad-cloth, buttoning to the chin if required. The still surviving breeches and gaiters, affected in this day episcopally, decanally and archidiaconally, are but the record of a protest by the superior order of clergy, in early nineteenth century, against the slovenly innovations of dressing-gowns for the legs, called trousers, to which the rest of the clergy had begun to succumb, and to swim in the wake of fashion.

[1] "Mark of the Beast" (Rev. xiii. 17).

I recollect a speech by my father in Convocation, which excited leading article comment in the daily press about the sixties. The topic of debate was clerical attire. My father rose and remarked much to the effect of what I have cited before: adding that when he was first ordained his dress under his surplice for Sunday morning service was generally boots and breeches, as he had to gallop from Oxford to Wantage to take afternoon service.

Apropos of the cut of modern knee-breeches, the latter-day fashion of bringing the knee button round on to the knee cap, to line up with gaiter buttons down the shin face, seems to me to be a wanton folly and heresy; nay, even an encouragement to heathenism. In one sense, knee-breeches date from great antiquity. Trousers are but a latter-day substitute. In days of our grandsires how could any one have knelt for even family prayers of five minutes, with adamantine buttons scathing knee caps? As to the clergy, who all wore such raiment, the torture during divine service must have been worse than peas in the shoes for a Canterbury pilgrimage. Even the City Magnate when knighted, would have groaned while kneeling under the accolade.

Look at the location of breeches' knee buttons in all portraits of statesmen, generals, admirals, in the "service" clubs, and similar collections. Also note the cut and position in old sporting prints of the hunting field as late as Alken's illustrations of "Nimrod" Apperley in the forties. These all tell but one tale; a cut of breeches adapted not solely for saddle, golf, shooting or fishing, but for everyday life. Even persons in

Photo] [*Bate.*

BELBROUGHTON CHURCH IN WINTER FROM SOUTH-EAST. SQUARE TOMB TO THE RIGHT OF BIG TREE IS THAT OF GIPSY PRINCESS PARADISE BUCKLER. SEE PAGE 19.

the tallow trade went to the Baltic in boots and breeches in Peninsular days (if one may infer City dress from an old caricature of a "corner in tallow" that I have seen of old at the offices of Anning and Cobb of Lime Street).

For modern male kind, with any claim to sportsmanship, to allow themselves to be led by the nose into heretical cut by cockney tailors, who could not hit a haystack or sit over a hurdle, and who have no utilitarian experience of sporting attire—is a poor tribute to the *nous*, taste and independence of our generation.

It was not until after Crimean days that my father compromised his self-respect with personal convenience by attiring himself in a "wide-awake" and round jacket in his garden or hay-field, with a frock coat in lieu of swallow-tails for full morning dress, as being warmer to the hips, and preventive to lumbago; but to his death he did not ride or walk in even rural lanes, save in the orthodox beaver (always built for him by Chapman and Moore).

I recollect the earlier appearances of "croquet," as it in due time was called. Before it became a fashion game, and was provided with shop-made implements, it had in some primitive shape reached England from Ireland; a governess in the late Lord Lyttelton's family was, if I recollect right, the pioneer of the novelty in the Midlands, if not of all England. She brought it in as an Irish game. Hockey was played with a hock or hook and "crocky" with a crock or crook. Then in due course crocky got euphemized into "croquet."

Beside the gipsy princess' tomb which I have described before, we had divers interesting epitaphs in Belbroughton church and churchyard, which, as a child, I soon got to know by heart.

I recall one, on an infant son and heir of the Noel family, who died before the father of the present Squire succeeded to the property.

Who composed it, I know not; but it is elegant and pathetic and worth recording.

"He took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain:
He put it meekly to his lip,
And went to sleep again."

Then there was one to the memory of Richard Philpotts of the Bell Inn, 1761: (a most appropriate name for a publican).

The tombstone stood in the churchyard. Under the inscription of name and calling of the defunct was engraved in bas-relief, a huge punch-bowl.

Below it came the versified epitaph, enclosed in tableted margin (I do not know the architectural term—if any—for such scroll work). Round this mortice were engraved implements of innkeepers' calling, sections of lemons showing the pips, glasses, stir-bars and the like. Then came the verses, which ran thus:—

"To tell a merry or a cheerful tale,
Over a foaming glass of nappy ale,
In harmless mirth was his supreme delight,
To please his guests and friends by day or night;
But no fine tale, how well so ever told,
Could make the tyrant death his stroak[1] withhold;
That fatal stroak has laid him in the dust
To rise some other day in joy, we trust!"

[1] *Sic.*

My father maintained that this was a first-class moral epitaph, illustrative of a man of whom it was on record that he had striven to do his best in the walk of life in which Providence had ordained he should travel.

Accordingly, he had the stone reset upright from a sunken position, the inscription cleaned out and made legible for all passers-by to read and muse upon. It adjoined the east to west path of the churchyard.

This Bell Inn, at Bell End, on the Bromsgrove and Stourbridge high road, was of much antiquity. Rumour had it that Charles II. halted there for food and may be for a tenement, on his flight from Worcester to Boscobel and the Penderels' care. "Bell" was a prefix to many a parochial name besides that of the parish itself. We had Bell Hall, Bell End, Bell Pool, Bell Heath, Bell Inn : and later, a tradesman, a *novus homo* from Birmingham, built a battlemented house on a hill and called it Bell Castle. His name was Green ; and the mansion generally known as "Château Vert."

Similarly, in other parts of the county, other men of substance who had made a pile in business, built stucco mansions.

Corbett, the salt producer of Droitwich, built one on the cliff overhanging river Salwarp, near Droitwich ; and Perrins', of Worcester sauce fame, another further down the valley. The architect of each of these new country houses sought to take a leaf from the weather-stained turrets of "Westwood," the most picturesque house in the county. Each of the new houses aforesaid was elaborately turreted.

The late Lord Dudley, who had a ready wit, damned the two offhand one day at Quarter Sessions, when in the chair on a rating appeal, by referring to these edifices, respectively, as the "Cruet-stand" and the "Salt-cellars'."

The nicknames caught on at once, and became county appellations.

The dogs of our Rectory household usually belonged to one or other of us children. The only parental dog which I can recall was a Newfoundland—"Neptune"—who came uninvited one day into our dining-room, and carried off the leg of mutton on the table, provided for our children's midday dinner. I have elsewhere referred to my terrier of Oxford days—Jenny; she had a *penchant* for garden fruits. When strawberries were ripe Jenny had to be kept locked up; else she would clean off a whole row of fruit, licking the ripe strawberries from their shanks, until she made herself sick; and then commence business over again.

She also was nuts on filberts. There were nut bushes that overhung vegetable beds. Jenny would pick up fallen nuts lying on the black mould. She would collect a pile to the hard-bound gravel path close by; and crack and eat them. She had learned, after an essay or two, that it did not pay to crack them where they lay on the mould, because of the grit which thus adhered to the extricated kernels.

A spaniel, "Rose," belonging to my brother Arthur, was an egg thief. She knew what was implied by the hysterical cackle of a hen that had just laid an egg: and she at once pricked her ears,

and went in quest of the spoil; perhaps laid astray in wood faggots. She would carry her plunder, very tender-mouthed, to one of the lawns, there puncture it gently with a canine eye-tooth, and then proceed to suck it. Often one noted an apparently beautiful new-laid egg on a lawn, and went to pick it up—disappointed. It was empty; only two small punctures in it, the shell otherwise intact. Rose had been first at it.

I had another spaniel, Bill, contemporary with Rose.

These spaniels were fully aware of the prestige of seniority among us sons. They would always attach themselves to the biggest in view.

One day they accompanied my two youngest brothers, Gerald and Austin, to bathe in the "New" Pool—the only secluded one of the chain of parochial artificial lakes. It was forenoon, scorching hot. The younger boy, Austin, put on an old straw hat in the water. It tore to pieces. After the bathe they separated, one going to a friend's house for luncheon, the other going home. Gerald was dressed first, and started; the dogs followed him, according to recognized domestic canine etiquette. Presently, observing that Austin was not following, the spaniels raced back to hurry him up. Meantime Austin had completed dressing, had thrown his tattered straw hat into the pool, jumped the mill "lead" where it was narrow, and so departed. The dogs sought for him. The jump over the "lead" apparently foiled the scent; the tattered hat floated visibly in the pool, and seemed to tell a tale of disaster. The dogs plunged in to retrieve him; the hat had no one under it:

they dived and quested in vain. Hours passed and forge men observed them there at work; and when forge hours were over rumour reached the village that drags were needed in New Pool, to find the remains of Master Austin Woodgate, whose straw hat, identified by school ribbon, was floating there; and the Rectory spaniels swimming round it.

Gerald went and tried to call the dogs off; they declined. In such an emergency it was no longer—in their opinion—a matter of "Seniores priores." They stuck to their quest.

There was nothing to be done but to send up Austin to fetch them. So soon as they were satisfied that he was no ghost, they came home complacently to their supper.

In later years, long after Belbroughton days, we had other spaniels. Two of them, Jack and Jill, were sole (animal) survivors of a West Indian wreck, when on a voyage to my brother who was Brigade-Major in Jamaica. They swam ashore, escaping sharks. I forget what became of Jill. Jack came back to England, and was a most exigeant companion. His one commandment was "Thou shalt have none other dog but me." He would not tolerate any rival, and was very ready with his teeth towards his own kin; though amiable towards humanity.

Another spaniel, Peter, in puppyhood fraternized with a kitten. They were separated for a year and a half; meantime the kitten had become a matron; but the instant that they had met they recognized each other, and recommenced old romps; but each was, otherwise, averse to the species of

the other. The cat habitually spat at strange dogs, and Peter was not averse to chasing cottage cats.

Then Tim—an Irish terrier of my brother Edward's—came on the scene. Recognizing him as one of the establishment, the cat offered amicable overtures for romping and somersaulting as with Peter.

Tim was shy at first, or feared hidden claws; anyhow he declined flirtation. The cat gave him up, as an ill-mannered and unchivalrous person.

A few days later, observing that puss monopolized Peter in games on the lawn, and that he, Tim, was left out in the cold, Tim mustered courage to offer to join in. It was too late. "*Spretae injuria formae*," rankled in puss; she spat in his face, and shut him up.

Poor Peter came to an untimely end; run over by a cart-wheel. Tim stood mournful sentinel over his remains on a tool-house shelf till his grave was ready, then followed as chief mourner to the shrubbery tomb where Peter was to rest. Many a day after that Tim would stroll round contemplatively to the tiny mound where his old pal reposed.

A terrier, Nip, in Belbroughton days was on amicable terms with the kitchen cat. The latter presumed too much upon the acquaintance, and on becoming a happy mother, took French leave and deposited her darlings in Nip's kennel. Nip was out, accompanying the ponies for a ride.

On his return he found these kittens; puss was in her turn away, in the stable. Nip was deficient in induction. He ought to have guessed whose

kittens they were; but apparently did not. He at once abated the nuisance, gave a fatal grip to each infant, and shot the rubbish out of his bed on to the cobble stones. He did not allow such liberties to be taken with his private house. Then he adjourned to the kitchen for his usual meal; and after it settled to a snooze before the fire.

In came the cat, glaring fury; she had divined who was the murderer, and was furious at the breach of friendship. She sprang on the slumbering Nip and "clawed him awful"—so cook related.

Nip shrieked and ran out for refuge; the cat saddled on his back, emphasizing her monitions and rebukes with liberal clawings.

They sulked for a day or two, but after the cat's milk had dried up they fraternized once more.

In my childhood I was an exceptionally sound sleeper; once in the arms of Morpheus, I stayed there, hard and fast.

Very soon after I was promoted to a room by myself (say six or seven years old), I had gone to roost in the usual way about eight p.m. In assertion of my importance as sole tenant of a bedchamber I had locked my door.

My parents were going out to some evening function. My mother at the last minute required some wrap which was housed in the spare wardrobe in my den.

A servant tried to enter to fetch it; knocked at the locked door, without response. My mother then came and tried at the door; still, I was mute.

Meantime the horses were waiting at the front door on a cold night.

My father was summoned ; the feminine section seemed to fear that I was ill, or in a fit.

He thumped, raved, threatened all sorts of penalties if I did not arise and open the door : but in vain.

Finally, seriously alarmed at such apparent catastrophe to myself, a council of war was held, gardeners were summoned, a ladder fetched, and entry attained through the (first floor) window of the room.

By this time the start for the parental festivity was badly behind time ; and my father greatly riled.

It required all the pleadings of my mother, governess and late nurse to induce him not to haul me out of bed for a spanking ; but, after almost singeing my eyelids with a candle he allowed himself to be persuaded that I was genuinely slumbering, and had been unaware of the hurly-burly. I was strictly cross-examined next morning at breakfast ; and my absolute innocence was vindicated by my surprised replies to questions.

But, I was under strictest orders never again to lock my door, lest, in event of fire, I should anticipate Hades. I stuck to this tenet late into life ; until one night, in an hotel, I found a convivial intruder in my room, as I roused from a dream. (He was no thief, only elevated, and looking for his slippers and asking for " brandy and shoda.")

Soon after I had gone to school at Radley—on a Sunday night or early Monday in December 1850, every inmate of the school, masters, boys, servants, save two, were awakened by an abnormal clap of thunder ; the lightning which originated

it set fire to farm buildings in view of the south face of the school-house; and I listened next morning to the exciting narrative of views of the conflagration, which I and one other boy had missed—sleeping steadily all the time.

When we were children my father used sometimes to amuse us by flying a staircase of kites. He had a series of kites, rather scientifically constructed. I fancy they had belonged to my grandfather, or even an older ancestor: they were graduated in size.

No. 1, pink, about a yard high, would start in business, where west wind sufficed perhaps to lift it, but was inadequate for the largest of the series. When pink had run out as much string as it would carry, its line was hitched to the back of yellow, which in turn sailed up, until at last the fourth of the series—a seven-foot blue kite, rose majestically, and wanted a strongish man to hold it. I used to be told that the elevation of the top kite, when all four were sailing, was well over 1,000 feet. Anyhow, the top of the line could be seen for miles.

The bells of Belbroughton were greatly above the average in tone and quality, even in a county rich in good peals. Ours were in F sharp—six bells.

The tower could only carry four bells on the second floor; and the first floor was relegated to ringers, and the ground floor did duty as western porch. So, when the peal increased to six bells (long before my father's accession) the two smaller bells were hung in the base of the spire that surmounted the tower. The effect was to make the spire switch like a cane, when "ringing" was on

("chiming" did not move it). The parishioners had looked at the nodding vane for so many decades that they took it for granted that the spire could be none the worse for these vibrations. But at last in 1852 (the year of the Iron Duke's death) a bit of stone hurtled down from the upper coping; and the glories of the bell-ringing had to be suspended. The upper part of the spire was rebuilt, and was given a year's grace to harden all cement. Then ringing began again, and the spire once more nodded approval, and without further damage to the end of my father's days, in 1874.

Since that time, under a scheme of general restoration, the entire peal has been hung in the tower—sparing the spire the strain—the elbow room being attained by ringing from the ground floor.

The parish churchyard possessed, like many others, the remains of an old cross on a pedestal of steps. The arms of the cross had been iconoclastically wrecked in Cromwellian days, at the same time when Pride's Ironside puritans thrust their pikes wholesale through all midland ecclesiastical stained glass. The column of the old cross stood its ground, and was reputed a sure find for jackdaws' nests. In 1901 this cross was restored as a memorial to my brother, Sir Edward R. P. Woodgate, K.C.M.G.

The "Black Country" in my younger days was far more flourishing than now (foreign protection has crippled it, and has wrecked Forest of Dean). It lay some ten miles north-east of my home. The blast furnaces were going day and night in those days; and visitors to our Rectory could be hoaxed

that the red flickering glare on the horizon was Aurora Borealis.

Our own parochial industry of scythe and sickle forging I have already sketched. On the south confines towards Bromsgrove, nail-making was brisk ; each cottage had its hand forge, bellows, and anvil. Children (boys and girls) worked long hours at it, developing right arm and shoulder out of all proportion. Forster's Education Act had not been born, and few nail-makers could write or spell.

The Lye Waste, between us and the Black Country, was a savage district, busy with chain-making for the pits. In those days worn out and condemned pit chains were traded agriculturally where wire now is in demand. Miles of it could be bought as old iron to strengthen fences. This Lye Waste boasted that coroners' inquests on infanticide were unknown in its area. There was some truth in the vaunt, despite the notorious immorality of the district ; but the solution was simple. Most Lye Wasters kept pigs ; if there chanced to be a superfluous baby, the family pig was kept on short commons for a day or so. Then the infant (somehow) "fell" into the sty ! If a squealing was heard for an instant, phonetically it was interpreted as porcine ejaculation ; and in half an hour no coroner could have found any remains to sit upon.

One of our local architectural antiquities was Harvington Hall, a Throckmorton property in the adjoining Chaddesley parish. It had been cut up into cottage tenements ; but was full of interest for artist or antiquarian. The proprietary family were of Roman faith. Evidences of the Post-Revo-

Photo] [*Bate.*

HARVINGTON HALL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

lution persecution of papists survive in the house. All sorts of secret "priests'" chambers (not unlike the "priests'" secret room at Lord Zouche's, Parham House, Sussex); while in the moat there grew the rare "scented" rush, which was in favour of old for flooring of monastic cells.

In my jacket days, just before I went to school, as also in my first year school life, we migrated *en famille* to North Scarborough; my father's proctorial Convocation colleague, Canon R. Seymour, Rector of Kinwarton, did the like, and we two families of juveniles had plenty of fun together.

In later years these sons of Canon Seymour all came to the fore on the water, one way or other.

No. 2 (Edward) is now the distinguished G.C.B. and Admiral of that name. Walter, the elder, was No. 5 for me in three Kingston Rowing Club Grand Challenge crews; winning the first two essays, and only losing by seven feet the third, on the "outside" bend of the old course, against Oxford Etonians. (I never had a harder worker for his weight.) No. 3, Albert, now Archdeacon of Barnstaple, rowed a winning 6 for Oxford *v.* Cambridge 1864, and the like in Jack Forster's Grand Challenge crew of University College 1863. The fourth son Richard, was No. 5 in that same Henley team. They were all hard workers, of sound stamina and gameness. The two elder were older and bigger than I. Edward, like myself, hated cricket. He used to inveigle me into climbing lime-trees at Radley, to shirk cricket, but he was far the better climber, and I used to look on with awe at some of his scrambling.

I recall a curious incident of lost and found, in 1851, at Scarborough. A great friend of ours, Mrs. Clarke, wife of the then Rector of Northfield, was also staying that summer at Scarborough. She was with some of us children on the sands; we were catching marine creatures by hand from pools in the rocks. Reaching home, she missed a ring. Meantime tide had risen. On the off chance next morning we went back to look among the same rocks. There lay the ring in a hollow full of water; it had washed off in the crab-catching. The sea had been like glass; no wave heavy enough to disturb the contents of this rock oasis, till tide ebbed once more.

We occupied a house in Prince's Terrace. At the end of the line the Queen's Hotel. My second brother, afterwards the General, aged barely five, was walking to Sunday church, holding Mrs. Clarke's hand. A dame with a gorgeous pink bonnet passed us. Edward stared at her; then he interrogated Mrs. Clarke: "Do you think that lady will be Queen Hotel?"

My father was energetic in the matter of rural education. Among other diocesan labours he undertook that of diocesan school inspector—a labour of importance in days when there was no Government Education Department, and ages before Forster's Act had been conceived.

He used, even in my school days, to get me to accompany him on inspection-tours, and to help him by examining some of the classes. I recollect that Rowley Regis—a grimy urban district of the Black Country, was well ahead of all other schools

in mathematics; there were colliers' sons there who could do quadratic equations, and this in Mutiny days.

It was about that time, April 1856, that I accompanied my father to Worcester, for the election of proctors for the diocese, to sit in Convocation. The two representatives for some time past had been Seymour of Kinwarton and my father. There was a *lex non scripta* among the clergy that notice ought to be given of any candidature. It was waste of time and money to drag the beneficed clergy of the diocese all the way to Worcester Chapter House, for an unopposed election; many clergy were some forty miles away, and not handy to railway.

The Brummagem Evangelicals despised etiquette for once, and kept it dark, till the very hour of nomination, that they were going to start a horse of their own—one Dr. Miller.

Some of my father's friends smelt a rat in the morning, when they noted, in the early train from Black Country to Worcester, a *posse* of strange clergy, who had never before been seen at prior elections that had been uncontested.

Canon Wood and also Melville (afterwards Canon) rose to the occasion, as staunch friends, and being locals, had their own horses available. The Miller gang brought sufficient force to carry a show of hands when their bottled candidate was suddenly sprung on the meeting, just before midday. But a demand for a poll upset their apple-cart. There were scores of clergy within a drive, who had not turned up, on faith of no contest if no announcement of opposition. The poll remained open some

hours: and meantime Wood, Melville and other friends had sent round their carriages and whipped up support sufficient to foil this Brummagem trick. Had notice of candidature been given, Miller would not have got one vote in ten. As it was, he was beaten by about a majority of five, in a poll of, practically, only Worcester and a seven-mile radius, not of the whole diocese. There was some strong language used in censure of this dirty Brummagem raid. It was playing very low down, if it was to be a periodical stratagem; for it would entail a whole diocese travelling to the Chapter House at every election; often to find fool's errand, and no opposition. However, the Brums never tried the dodge again. Apparently, they were somewhat ashamed of the public comments which their strategy provoked.

This Miller was the same who, later, became Rector of Greenwich and Canon of Rochester.

In Chatto and Windus' *History of Signboards* (of inns) the compiler omits to record the very curious sign of an inn near my Worcestershire birthplace—to wit, that of the "Stewpony" on the main road between Stourbridge and Kidderminster. The name of old used to be fairly prominent to the eyes of sporting readers of papers in the hunting season as being a meet of the Albrighton hounds, a pack which, alphabetically, comes first in the weekly list of meets. In recent years I have failed to notice it; probably some other rendezvous, workable for the same tract of country (*e. g.* "Island Pool" or "Hagley Brake") may have superseded the "Stewpony" as a meet.

The inn, when I last passed it, more than a

generation ago, displayed as its sign a steaming vat, out of which, emerging from clouds of vapour, were to be seen equine head and hoofs—to tally with the spirit of the sign, as spelt.

Etymologically the latter-day name has nothing to do with cookery of horseflesh ; and is a phonetic corruption of "Stour-pont." The river lies in the Stour valley—on the opposite bank of which stand Stourton Castle and Stourton Court. In my youth the inn was a sort of Greenwich for the iron-masters of the Black Country; thereat they met and dined rurally and royally, with certain periodicity, for friendly conclave and to settle the market prices of iron until their next merry meeting. The latter-day phonetic misinterpretation of the name of the inn may be compared to the similar perversion of "Bacchanals" into "Bag o' Nails," and others recorded by Chatto and Windus.

The Severn valley seems to have powers for conducting sound like a speaking tube. The *Lottie Sleigh*, laden with gunpowder, caught fire and eventually blew up in the Mersey in 1864. The sound of the explosion reached our village, just at dusk, and was at the moment ascribed to some big gun-proving operation at Birmingham (fourteen miles off), with expressions of surprise that it should be taking place so long after normal working hours. When the next delivery of daily papers came in, the narrative of the disaster at Liverpool, coupled with comparison of the clock, explained what had been the real cause of the heavy boom which had resounded all over Worcestershire overnight, as far as Blockley on the Gloucester confines.

The Severn valley also had its periodical earth-

quakes. They used to sound like a railway train passing underfoot. They usually selected night for the freak; and in a few days the papers used to teem with letters from householders, relating their midnight experiences of the vibration and roar; curiously, in most cases, with a supplement to the effect that each writer's "*wife* was seriously alarmed by the noise."

Punch used to caricature Lord Palmerston as a groom, chewing a straw, apropos of Pam's horsey proclivities. In our Worcestershire corner, when I was a boy, there was—for a time at least—a serious scare against the common practice of chewing straws, and still more of masticating the succulent tube ends of long grass, pulled from their sheath sockets. A couple of small children of the village of Chaddesley Corbett died from ulceration of tongue and throat, ascribed by the local doctor to this grass chewing. I expect he was about right; and that the kids had done so late in the summer, when "harvest bugs" had hatched out. Any one who can recall the intense irritation of harvest bugs burrowing into the legs in the shooting season, can realize what might be the effect of similar lodgment of the pests under the roots of the tongue, in a child, and that perhaps a weakly one.

That same village had a terrific hail visitation somewhere about Crimean days, one August afternoon. We had it bad enough at Belbroughton, some three miles away; coagulated hailstones fell, bigger than pigeons' eggs, enough to whiten lawns like snow; foliage was cut to ribbons. Rhubarb leaves looked as if pierced with spears. Chaddesley

main street lay north and south. The storm came from the west and the entire east side of the street, facing west, was stripped clean of all glass; in many places the lead lattices of cottage windows were actually cut through by the fusillade. I passed through the village a day or two later, and saw the devastation. Glaziers were in clover, and for years afterwards "Hail Insurance for Farmers" was liberally and lucratively advertised by posters all over our district.

The present branch of the Great Western that runs from Oxford through Worcester and Stourbridge, started business independently in my childhood, on the "Oxford, Worcester and Wolverhampton" line. They built their own line before the Great Western Railway opened their Banbury and Warwick branch between Oxford and Birmingham; but after completion it lay idle till after the Warwick branch began to run.

The G.W.R. somehow overreached and Tammanyed the promoters of the O.W. & W. ("old Worse and Worse," as it was soon nicknamed). They obtained a clause in Committee on the Bill, compelling O.W. & W. to lay down a spare gauge rail, in case the G.W.R. desired to run any broad gauge traffic over it. This cost capital; and having thus spited their rivals in competition for Oxford to Midland traffic, the G.W.R. never used this broad gauge, and it lay to rot and rust. Not only this, but they set to work to starve out the new line, by refusing them running powers into London from Oxford; there being by oversight, no provision for such concessions in the private O.W. & W. Act.

Then the O.W. & W. allied with the London N.W.R., and a slip of line was built to unite the two between Handborough and Islip; so that London passengers from Worcester way could reach London *via* Bicester and Bletchley. This resource finally brought the G.W.R. to make terms with O.W. & W. and at last to consolidate with the G.W.R. as now; but at ruinous terms for the original stock-holders (30 per cent. only—if I recall right—on their original outlay).

The O.W. & W. in their early days of adversity sported in all their coaches the punning motto: "*Persevera, per se vera, per se vera.*" I recall that line in its infancy, when I used to come home from Radley by it. No fast trains, but stops at every petty station. Second-class with bare boards for seats, no window curtains, still less net-racks. Third-class with no glass for windows, only wooden shutters, entailing either draughts or darkness on winter days. Foot-warmers unknown. The theory of that age was, that travel was necessity, not luxury, and that the more uncomfortable cheaper carriages were made, the more would traffic be forced into the first-class. The Midland line were the pioneers of new and wiser policy in the early seventies.

When I was a small boy at Belbroughton a comical incident occurred, of diamond cut diamond, between the gamekeeper of Noel of Bell Hall, and a roadside innkeeper. The keeper had instructions to take a hare and brace of birds to the Rev. John Wylde (father of my Magdalen friend of that ilk). Keeper called for a glass at Dan Weaver's

Swan Inn, at Fairfield, and laid down his game-bag. When he later reached Mr. Wylde's house, and took his charges to the kitchen, the hare was gone; only a fine tabby cat in its place, stiff and cold. Keeper scratched his head, while cook and servants gibed at him. Then he solved the problem and tramped back to the Swan, a mile and a half. He sneaked in by a back door and reached the kitchen. No one there; a big pot on the fire, Dan and his wife Elizabeth serving thirsty coal haulyers in the bar. Off went the top of the pot, in went keeper's jackknife and out came the hare, skinned and stewing. In went the cat as substitute, fur and all. Keeper skipped away, triumphant; and brought the salvaged hare to Wylde's house.

Village gossip told the sequel. Dan and Bess had invited a friend to supper; when Bess went to serve up, quoth she, "Bless me, the pot's full of hair!" "Rice and onions ye mean," says Dan. "No onions, as I'm a sinner—it's wool," replied Bess; "give us a fork!" and "Tib" is resurrected. "A judgment on ye, Daniel," says Bess: "it's the angels' done it, to save your soul from stealing."

Dan was not dishonest in spirit, but he was a bit vindictive. He had found Tib the cat dead in the brewhouse; he jumped at the false conclusion that keeper had laid poison for vermin; and so had immolated Tib. When he discerned the hare in the game-bag, while keeper was imbibing, the bright idea struck Dan to get a bit of his own back, and to score off the keeper.

It was well that the keeper had not time to skin

the cat before dropping her into the pot; for if the flavour did not give her away, and she had perished from poison, there might have been a coroner's inquest. When all had been cleared up, and the laugh rung against Dan, all became as good friends as before.

Two more home anecdotes. In these times oyster suppers were fashionable about Christmas season. Dinner invitations for 6 p.m. dinner would perhaps contain a significant "Oysters," which meant 10 p.m. supper and early dinner, to give time for second appetite. When supper time came, whist and music or charades adjourned. Every man having deposited his lady at the table, adjourned to sideboard, turned up his sleeves, and opened oysters (servants did not do the opening). Pimms was the great emporium which supplied the county with this commodity. Most gentlemen could do two to five dozen at a sitting. About 1861, I recall my father's lamenting to us youngsters, "We must put some limit on oyster suppers. They have become a matter of *eating money!* Do you know! oysters are now all but a penny apiece."

My father had Alderney cows. He was sending a calf of this breed as a present to my godfather, Charles Pott, (head of the vinegar brewery of Southwark). I had to escort the calf to London, and to deliver it at Paddington to C. Pott's gardener. I did so, but the calf slipped the gardener and galloped up Praed Street. I had just started in a cab for Norfolk Crescent, and saw the calf loose—jumped out, collared it, took it into my four-wheeler, and, not seeing the

gardener, drove the calf right away to Southwark brewery for delivery. The cabman's language at the presence of this calf in his vehicle may be imagined; but I carried my point, and got him to drive us to the destination.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL

I ENTERED Radley school at the October quarter, 1850. Compared to other public schools, this foundation was then reported to be almost Sybaritic. Separate cubicles for each boy; shoes blacked for us by servants, and not a task for fags; fresh joints daily at dinner—(no "resurrection pies")—and matrons to look after us if we even cut our fingers and needed plaster. Hot baths twice a week; and casual invitations from masters to boys to spend spare evenings in their rooms. This was an advance in civilization over the normal public school *régime* of those days, though now, more than half-a-century later, times and customs have altered all round; and the pioneering of Dr. Sewell in the cause of school-boy comforts has caused a general advance, while my own old school, like many others, has reached a stage of comfort which would make my early experiences appear relatively barbarous. When I first began school life, there was no flannelizing for games; we rolled in the mud in our everyday linen shirts and cloth trousers, ignored rain, and then sat at school hours after play, in our sodden attire. Yet I never knew of any pneumonia resulting; we were used to it, like eels to skinning—the fittest survived.

I was under three wardens—Singleton, Heath-

cote and finally Sewell. The latter, the founder, only took up the reins, and vacated his sub-wardenship of Exeter, when he found other henchmen fail him; but he was a marvel, when he once had put his hand to the plough. It is not only on my own testimony that I speak; for a boy who has been trained in one school only cannot be expected to be competent to compare head-masters all round; but it was consensus of most critics of that time that Sewell's influence and ascendency over boys were practically unique and *sui generis*.

His main theory seemed to be that of encouraging "Local Self-government," so to speak, among boys; and of simultaneously endeavouring to instil a strong sense of responsibility, and of *parole d'honneur* to temper the self-government. He had no liking for espionage of masters. In his opinion such practice only tended to produce cat-and-dog relations between pedagogue and pupil, and to make the pupil look upon the pedagogue as an incarnation of Satan, "a roaring lion, going about, seeking whom he may devour." In his opinion such sentiments of antipathy to the police of a school did not tend to develop when the police sprang from the ranks; while at the same time the feeling of responsibility usually made this prefectual police rise to a sense of duties of office, and abstain from turbulence in which, if not in office, they might have been tempted to indulge. An old poacher often makes the best gamekeeper.

Upon this principle, under Sewell, a prefect was always told off to keep school in order during lesson hours; and as when Sewell took office there were no studies, and all work was done in the large

school-room, this task was no sinecure. To strengthen prefectual authority, there was an etiquette observed by Sewell and his staff that, if a tutor, while in the school-room, noticed misbehaviour on the part of any boy (not at the moment before him for instruction), he should abstain from dealing himself with the offender, and draw the attention of the prefect of school for the day to the circumstance, and to leave him to animadvert.

Similarly on the river, prefects were in charge for law and order, and for abstention from public-houses. Sewell used to impress the idea that his abstention from any system of espionage put the school, collectively and individually, upon a principle of honour analogous to that of an officer paroled as prisoner of war. The penalty for breach of such parole is death, as well as contumely; and Sewell let it be well understood that no amount of birch would be too much for any culprit convicted of breach of parole. I recall an incident of morning Divinity lecture to fifth form; when Sewell chanced to branch off into this topic of parole, and—citing the military analogy, remarked that in warfare the officer who broke parole and was recaptured had inevitably to "die the death," and not that of the "righteous"; and that the principle applied to breach of school parole. One of our number, John C. Thynne, carried on the quotation from Job, *sotto voce*, and *mutatis mutandis*, saying, "And let *not* my latter end be like his." Sewell overheard Thynne's parody, and looked grave for a second, then relaxed to a dignified smile of semi-approval. John Thynne (who I fancy has just obtained well-earned retirement from office

Photo] [*Hills & Saunders.*

RADLEY FROM THE NORTH, 1858.

under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster) had a faculty for dry and apropos remarks in Sewell's presence, and was the one of us *par excellence* to rouse the warden's latent risibilities. I recall an occasion, spring of 1857, on return from a paper-chase that had trailed from Sandford, round Clifden-Hampden and Abingdon, John Thynne led the way for the hounds. A short cut for the last 200 yards into school led us across the south park, which was rented by a farmer Greenaway, between whom and the college there had been some cause of friction; on this account it was the rule at all times to steer clear of all land tenanted by Greenaway. I suppose Thynne conceived that paper-chasing abrogated for the hour all other standing orders. Anyhow, as he was the senior of our leaders in the run, and all hope of catching our foxes was dead, we followed him. Greenaway surprised us, and met us with angry expostulations. Thynne was our spokesman, and the farmer came off second best. Greenaway personally complained later, of the trespass, to the warden, and alleged insult added to injury, *quâ* Thynne's repartees.

Next morning, at the usual Divinity class, Sewell dilated on the indiscretion of the trespass, and of the embarrassment which it had caused by reason of the Greenaway *v.* College feud. He asked which, if any of us, had been in it. Thynne at once said that he had led the pack and accepted all blame; and that we would subscribe to pay damages, if any. Sewell seemed to have no qualms on this score, but proceeded to ask who it had been that had offered the insults of which Greenaway so bitterly complained. John Thynne—six foot and

baby-faced, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth—replied with naïve modesty: "I do not think I insulted him, sir; but when he kept on bothering about damages, I told him I had no money with me to spare, but that if he went to the back door of the college he might perhaps get some broken victuals and sixpence, but that they did not usually give to vagrants."

All this was said with such downcast looks of shy deprecation that we all tried to choke off our laughter, and Sewell himself relaxed into broad grin. I really think he was grateful to Thynne for thus scoring off the curmudgeon. After this it was simply a case of *Solvuntur risu tabulae, tu missus abibis.*

This was Thynne's last year at the school. I recall that he stroked our school eight in a race that they had against a scratch Oxford crew, mostly Balliol men, among whom was Ernald Lane, now the Very Rev. Dean of Rochester, and at that time a rising "blue." (The boys won.)

I do not suppose that the normal humdrum of school life would much interest the outside world.

I might say a word as to games. Scientific strategists of modern football or hockey would deride the rough-and-ready style in which such games were played half-a-century ago. Then there was no codification of football. Rugby Union and Association had not been born. Each school had its own local code, and there were no standard numbers for a side, nor official and strategical placing of a field. A goal-keeper and the rest to "follow up" was the main principle; and as to sides, it might be such as Fifth Form *v.*

School, or some twenty odd *v.* the rest large and small; or Prefects *v.* School, or Cricket *v.* Boating; and at other times simply sides made up of even numbers and alternate choices for the day.

En passant—as to the origin of the now widely dissociated and discriminated codes of "Soccer" and "Rugger." Few realize that they had a common origin. Let any one study Tom Hughes' descriptions of a football match in *Tom Brown's School-days*, which reveals that the later celebrated Rugby version of the game had not then been evolved. At that date there was no difference in broad principles between Eton and Rugby game; though the former is now the root of "Association," and the latter of "Union." Genuine play with the foot was *de rigueur* in each: no hands save behind goal.

There were differences; *e.g.* Rugby goals had a bar, which had to be topped by the ball to win; Eton goal-posts were open. In both games "touch" behind goal line was a factor. At Eton first touch by assailants scored a "rouge"; at Rugby a "try." No amount of Eton "rouges" could equal one goal; but when goals were equal, rouges turned the scale. Rugby "tries" had a distinct value towards goal scoring, which varied, I fancy, through decades. A "touch" won by the attacking side produced at Eton a "bully" in front of goal; at Rugby a free kick. But subject to such minor variations the two codes otherwise were practically parallel. In due time Rugby struck out its own line; it began, so legend records, thus: Deliberate kicking, or "hacking,"

was illegal; so also was an act of wilfully handling the ball between goals; to violate this latter rule "outlawed" the player who so handled; and so long as his hands offended, any opponent might "hack" him.

There is a memorial to the bold pioneer in self-martyrdom, William Webb Ellis, who at Rugby conceived and carried out the strategy of sacrificing his own shins to secure "touch" behind opponents' goals (and hence free kick in front of them) by seizing the ball and running the gauntlet with it. The novelty "caught on," and revolutionized Rugby rules and strategy. It became a recognized tactic to outlaw oneself thus, facing hacks to secure an advantageous touch-down. Later on lawful hacking of the outlaw was by consent toned down to tripping, and this in turn to the modern handling; while meantime science has assigned special locations in the field to specific players, where sixty years ago each used to struggle for himself through and against a mob of unlimited numbers.

Tom Hughes, Q.C., and his brother "Seven Oar" George, are my authorities for this explanation.

It was somewhat curious that during the first decade of the existence of Radley as a school, while its numbers were but small as compared to those of later times, and while, for the first half of that same decade, boating had not been introduced as a licensed pastime, no less than three University oarsmen were manufactured from its ranks. These were R. W. Risley, P. Gurdon, and W. G. G. Austin, all of whom eventually took orders in the Church. Of these Risley was the most distinguished in the

water; he rowed four times for Oxford at Putney, and twice at Henley; and in later times served for many years as one of the umpires at Henley regattas. Risley and Gurdon were special heroes in tradition among small boys, because of a feat by which they had immortalized themselves prior to my arrival at the school, and which was still on record for admiration and envy. A pal of theirs, one Young, had been confined for the day to his cubicle, situated in the dormitories of the Old Radley Hall, the centre-piece of the school buildings. The Hall was in Queen Anne style, with stone facings to brickwork. The corner facings of each wing were stone slabs, with interstices between each, about two inches wide and deep, each such niche affording hold for tips of fingers and toes. Risley and Gurdon had scaled the house from outside, by this sort of ladder, to pay a friendly visit to their pal in durance, and had not broken their necks. (*N.B.*—The climb was to the second or top storey.)

A few days before I arrived at Radley the head of the school had gone to Oxford—S. H. Reynolds. He was one of the three first arrivals when the school was founded, and his academic career was a high one: two firsts—the Newdigate verse, and, later, a Brasenose fellowship. He took orders, and in later years was prominent on the *Times*' staff—one of the assistant editors, I think. He died but lately. He had much dry humour to season his classic proficiency. While a Fellow of B.N.C. he used to take long vacation reading classes. One summer, in the later sixties, he had his pupils vegetating in Sark. That island is, or was, ruled

civilly and criminally by a sort of magisterial autocrat, a local farmer of Norman breed and French lingo. One of Reynolds' pupils, Dunster of Magdalen Hall, had a misunderstanding with a Sark farmer, which culminated in blows. The local Governor ordered Dunster's arrest. He was caged in a sort of pen, walled and open at top. Reynolds and fellow-pupils came to inquire what was up, and could not gain admittance. There was a bevy of Sark ladies jabbering outside the lock-up, bewailing the cruelty to Pierre, from whose front jaw Dunster's fist had detached a tooth.

Unable to see their imprisoned friend, the Reynolds' party conversed with him over the wall, in Latin, to avoid cognizance of the subject by the women, most of whom had rudimentary knowledge of English. Dunster's Latin was rather canine, but sufficiently intelligible.

It was recorded that the two final sentences between pupil and coach, before the Governor arrived to interview and fine the offender, ran thus:

(Dunster) "*Sunt ne multae feminae illic?*

(Reynolds—gruffly) *Immo vero—meretrices omnes.*"

"Bounds" were decidedly limited until Sewell took over the wardenship of Radley. Before long he arranged for tenancy of the north front of the park, and extended bounds over it.

Boating and bathing had come in under Heathcote, 1852; and were much extended under Sewell. There was a tradition of some casual boating for a brief time, before I came, under Singleton; but as there was no bathing, it was stopped, for fear of risk to non-swimmers.

I "passed" in swimming in 1853, and my very first voyage in a boat, on thereby attaining the privilege of aquatics, was in company with Albert Eden Seymour, who eventually rowed for Oxford 1864—and won Grand Challenge and Steward Cups at Henley 1863, now Venerable Archdeacon of Bridgewater. We did our best, crab-catching—to row pair oar with sculls, in a dinghy—for the half hour available. F. J. Skinner, as a great adept who had passed and boated a year sooner, was our instructor and coxswain. I suppose we two oarsmen scaled that day not six stone apiece, and had no idea that we should ever attain the status of blues.

There was one of the old-fashioned "Wager" wherries in the boathouse in 1853. She was not fashionable; and was the refuge of the destitute and weakest, who could not bag the more popular gigs and dinghies. (There was no school four-oar crew, still less eight, at that date.)

A half-holiday came, and found me left stranded and alone at the boathouse unless I ventured in the wherry. She was crank, with high flared gunwale at the rowlocks, making her top-heavy; low freeboard fore and aft. Old-fashioned square loomed sculls, admirably adapted to bark a tyro's knuckles. I set to work to scull the craft to Sandford, about one and three-quarter miles or more. We had just four clear hours on a half-holiday from school time to dinner hour; to cover the one and a half-mile of road to river each way, and to boat. It took me all my time to toil zigzag up to Sandford and back. I had not time for a swim between the voyages; but was flattered

by encomium from Risley, captain of boats, on my enterprise. I actually began to feather during my return journey down stream.

After this I rather took to the wherry: there was little or no competition for it; and the enthusiasm of the work made me, thus early at coxswain's weight—an ambitious sculler. It was not till three years later that I got a seat in the second eight—and then as No. 6. I then only scaled 7 st. 5 lb.!

It was not until my last summer (1858) that I first managed to gain a seat in the first eight, and to row in a match *v.* Eton at Henley on the Saturday after Henley regatta. I was No. 2, 9 st. 5 lb.—and the worst oar in the boat; however, we raced Eton to a creditable two-thirds of a length. The Hon. V. Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, was stroke and captain of Eton that day. John Xavier Merriman (son of Bishop Merriman), now Cape Premier, was our Henley No. 5.

Merriman was a good six feet high when he came to Radley, barely fifteen. He was by far the fastest swimmer in the school. He came suddenly to the front as an oar in his last year at the school. He left when I did.

As small boys, in Sewell's time, we used to reckon it a red-letter day when the old Berkshire hounds hunted Radley Wood and Radley Copse. (The latter at one time had been stocked with silver pheasants galore; but they bullied the ordinary birds and were abandoned.)

Sewell used to allow us boys to follow the hunt, if we could, subject to school hours.

I recollect a curious incident, illustrative of the

tendency of a hunted fox to confide in even human beings. Doubtless it was a vixen, and probably in whelp, and not capable of much effort. She broke from Radley Wood, across the park, southward, and doubled at a dingle by the pond in the park. Hounds overran scent, towards the Abingdon road. The vixen crawled up to some junior boys, who were looking on, as if craving aid. One of them was Meredith Brown, who rowed for Oxford '64, '65, '66, a celebrated stroke and president of O.U.B.C. and now well known with the Badminton Hunt, and senior partner in Steer and Lawford.

Brown somehow was in cap and gown. He picked up the pleading fox, which nestled amicably under his gown, and carried her up to the school, where she was petted and admired till she regained strength, and was released when school bell rang. The hunt apparently gave her up as lost; and I presume she saved her brush—that day at the least.

Sir George Bowyer, who had leased the house to the school trustees, kept on the shooting; Erskine major (afterwards Lord Mar and Kellie) and myself made friends with Stone, the gamekeeper, and used to go his rounds with him (when we were prefects and free of all bounds). He took pleasure in instructing us in woodcraft, and helped us to collect rare eggs and butterflies. Prior to this introduction to Stone, and before I attained the responsibility of prefectship, I fear I was, unknown to Stone, a thorn in his side. Thus, on dark November evenings, while the woods were still plentifully stocked with birds, I used to look round at wires that I had set in the runs where

Radley Copse adjoined the north park. Often there was a pheasant or two in them. I secured my plunder, and sneaked down to waylay the carrier's cart, due at the school between five and six. I consigned my game to him, labelled to myself; as if a present from some patron or parents. Then I had it for dinner next day. I suspect it often arrived still warm, and not stiffened! but the school matron did not seem to suspect any foul play, when I presently looked into her room, and asked, innocently, if any consignment had come for me by the carrier.

The theory of set a thief to catch a thief was well illustrated by my abandonment of this nefarious trade on being raised to the fifth form, granted a study of my own, and appointed what Sewell styled a "senior inferior"—a sort of lieutenant or adjutant, to a prefect (each prefect had one such subordinate under him): at a pinch, according to the school constitution, three "senior inferiors" could, under orders, act together with the same authority in delegation for one hour or longer, as one prefect. Sewell held the opinion that this sort of intermediate officialism tended to educate the subject for future higher office; and it often had the salutary effect of steadying, under sense of responsibility, some lad who otherwise might be tempted to run wild and to indulge in escapades or turbulence.

Sewell endeavoured to assimilate prefectual rule to military rule in certain features. At some schools it was, and is, the practice for boy-officers (whether "monitors," "prepostors," "prefects," etc.), to be empowered to deal with offences each

on his own account: and even to sentence to and inflict corporal punishment on sole personal responsibility and judgment. Sewell's ordinance was this. For minor offences, entailing only impositions, the prosecuting prefect consulted the senior prefect, so as to obtain as far as possible one standard of punishment; otherwise where one prefect's judgment might estimate a crime at fifty lines, the appraisement of another for a ditto offence might be double or treble the lines. If the offence was one which in the opinion of the senior prefect might require corporal punishment, then the procedure was of the nature of a court-martial. All prefects were summoned to the study, in conclave, the accused was sent for, arraigned, impeached and asked for his defence; then sent away to await verdict. Then votes were taken—first as to guilty or not guilty; and if the latter, as to sentence. The voting began with the junior prefect; the senior voting last, inversely as to their seniority. This stopped prejudice, and made each junior record his judgment independently and without a lead or hint from his seniors. The verdict and sentence was hereby one of a full court and not of one prefect acting as prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner rolled into one. I have known a majority of juniors, voting on the side of mercy to a convict, outvote seniors who thirsted for blood.

If a sentence of corporal punishment was recorded, the senior prefect was *ex-officio* the executioner to wield the cane. This last regulation assured some equality of severity in stripes; for no two arms apply the weapon with equal sting. *N.B.*—It is not so much the sheer muscle that can

lift half-hundredweights that is most effective with a cane. The most effective is an arm that has the knack of throwing a cricket ball. Doubtless many an ex-public school man will endorse me in this statistic.

My brother Edward joined me at the school in August 1855. I deal with my recollections of him—at home, school and elsewhere—in separate chapters.

I made many friends among my school tutors ("Fellows" of the college was their official title). It was Sewell who first conceived the idea of drafting of boys to the special cult and care and influence of separate tutors: the boys attached as "clients" to a tutor need not be in the class or classes which he taught. My "patron" tutor was the Rev. H. Gibbings, who held at that time the Vicarage and cure of Radley village. For one period of my career (fourth form) I was also educationally under him. He was a great believer in "Memoriter," and in the improvement of powers of memory by practice in learning lines, also in the value of such memory in Latin or Greek verse, so as to enable one to be one's own "Gradus," when at fault for the quantity of a syllable. I must have learned thousands of lines of Virgil for him while in that form. He gave me copies of Gray and Keats. I learned the whole of the former and much of the latter in spare hours.

The Rev. Robert S. Wilson was our tutor in fifth form, and a staunch friend of mine as long as he lived. So was his pal, William Kenneth MacRorie, afterwards Bishop of Pietermaritzburg. Both had been Brasenose men; and through their

influence I went to Brasenose. Long years after school career (this century), meeting Wilson in Shanklin, he chaffed me about a memory episode under him, when I was in fifth form. We had to learn and repeat an Ode of Horace, *inter alia*, for the day's lesson. I had forgotten all about learning the Ode! As head of the class I was called upon to begin the recital. I was taken aback, and admitted my oversight. I asked leave to say my lines last, *vice* first on the roll. Wilson assented. Some in the class then said theirs, with or without promptings; six stanzas of Alcaics. By the time that they had finished I was ready, and rattled off mine without a flaw. Wilson seems to have told the story as a joke in the common room. I did not hear the end of it for many days. Warden, Sub-Warden, and Fellows all round chaffed me about it when they met me. I suppose I owed much of the faculty of quick commission to memory to my prior memoriter training under Gibbings. Wilson became a great friend of my family, and often paid visits in vacations to my father's rectory. I went climbing tours with him in Wales. Though fragile-looking, he was a goodish mountaineer; he had climbed Mont Rosa, among other Alpine elevations. When we climbed Snowdon together, he took the conceit out of me by running clean away from me up the finale of the Beddgelert ascent: he ignored the zigzag path, and shinned straight up the slope. I toiled in the rear, and could not catch him; yet I was seventeen, and had begun to fancy myself as an athlete.

My father had intended to send me to Christ Church. Wilson told me of scholarships to be

competed for at Brasenose ; and offered to cram me quietly in spare hours of May 1858, if I liked to have a try. The result was that I got elected, first time of asking. I was too young to go into residence—it had been intended to keep me on for at least another year at school ; but this could hardly be allowed by Brasenose executive. The difference was split, and my matriculation postponed from Whitsun term '58 to January '59 ; enabling me to finish 1858 at school.

I did not treat the scholarship examination too seriously while it was on. I really was keener on winning my seat in the Radley Eight, and lest any substitute should cut me out I, though sleeping in Oxford, nightly hired a sculling "wager" boat from Salter; paddled to Sandford after examination, there joined the school crew—rowed the course with them, then sculled back to Oxford for supper and bed. I suppose the day's river work was about equivalent to what is called "Long course" for an Oxford crew ; but somehow I seemed to be none the worse for a whole week of the business, with about six hours of daily paper work thrown in.

Canon Wood, D.D., now Rector of Gray's, Oxon, was my sixth-form tutor for most of my work in my last year. I owed much to him in classics, especially in Latin verse, and am proud to reckon him surviving hale and hearty as a staunch old friend, to this day.

The Rev. Henry Torrens Turner West was my mathematical instructor ; on my leaving he gave me Herschel's Astronomy, "In memory of Mathematical hours." He died prematurely at Radley

soon after I had left. Sewell preached and published a most touching funeral sermon concerning him.

The Rev. E. M. Reynolds, late Master of Coniston hounds, was a good friend of my school days—but I never was in any way taught by him

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL-DAYS (*continued*)

MOST schools have some traditions about a "great rebellion." Radley had its own, and while it was practically in its infancy. After all, it was an absolute fizzle and *fiasco*, in consequence of the tact and courage of one of the "Fellows"—Savory. Only about a third of the school were behind the scenes, or had any idea of the plot, until, like that of Guy Fawkes, it had been burked.

It originated thus—

Dr. Singleton, the first warden, had previously been warden of Sewell's pioneer college, St. Columba, in Ireland. *En passant* I may here mention that Sewell must have been a man of great prescience of history. He foresaw the advent of secularism, and desired to raise up a generation of lay Churchmen (of the stamp of the late Beresford-Hope, or Jellibrand Hubbard, the first Lord Addington) to back up the clergy of the Church.

He anticipated that, sooner or later, as a political sop to the Daniel O'Connell school of Irish malcontents, the National Church in Ireland would be the first child that a threatened Cabinet Minister would toss to the wolves. With this view, foreseeing in the forties Gladstone's Irish Church holocaust of 1868, he founded St. Columba as a Church fortress in that island, and followed it up

by establishing Radley in 1847. He took over his first-lieutenant, Singleton, from Ireland to help him in floating Radley.

Singleton was, like Pusey and many other pioneer High Churchmen, a sound Protestant, not even a Ritualist of the modern school, but at the same time full of enthusiasm for the "Oxford revival" in Church services.

He was decidedly an ascetic; and perhaps his error was in being too keen to inculcate asceticism in boys, in addition to more regard for daily Church service, as against the then rather rampant yet sleepy Evangelicalism which reckoned one service per fortnight to suffice for the spiritual requirements of normal rural parishes—a parochial *lache* which had the effect of breeding Nonconformity in neglected districts, such as Wales *par excellence*. (Dissent was usually the outcome, in most cases and places, of emotional religious sentiment among uneducated masses, who were driven for want of guidance to formulate their own interpretations of dubious texts of Scripture, and were irritated rather than corrected by the contempt showered on them by the very divines whose indolence had induced scratch lay evangelists to come to the rescue.)

Well, among the "Fellows" at Radley arose a clique who fancied that they discovered the cloven hoof of Papacy in the daily musical chapel service of the school, and in the practice of surplices for the boys on Sundays and saints' days. There was not a semblance of "eastward position", or of vestments. The service would be voted Low Church in these days; but it evoked suspicion of "Scarlet Lady" flirtations among these malcontents.

One of them, the Reverend Baker, whose father at the time held the living of Nuneham Harcourt (opposite Radley, across the river), made a dead set at Singleton.

He preached against him in the school chapel, and compared him—or his style of Church service—to Antichrist.

Singleton was much affected by this onslaught. In winding up the service after the sermon his voice faltered, and his emotion was unmistakable. He was popular with the boys; Baker from that hour was banned by them all. Singleton had arranged to resign in view of this cabal. The boys vowed vengeance on Baker. The new Warden, Heathcote, was to come into office in the middle of October 1851.

Rumours of riot impending seem to have reached Singleton, and, as the Great Exhibition of 1851 was then in its last weeks, he contrived a sort of *exeat* for as many boys as parents liked to claim for the last week of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. My own parents, calling at the school on their way to see the Exhibition, were surprised at the offer to take me with them for the *exeat*.

I came back the very day on which the new Warden had been installed. The school was still more than decimated by *exeats*. The Rev. Baker had that morning a foretaste of his fate as sentenced by the senior boys. When he brought out the school letters after breakfast there had been a howl of rage and a rush at him. He dropped the letters and ran for sanctuary.

It was his day of "duty," *i. e.* to take roll call, and keep order in school as "orderly officer," so to speak.

The head boy (there were no prefects as yet) was one Melhuish. He sent for me, and gave me my orders. I was to have an old grammar handy, and was to "douse" (knock down) all the candles at my row of desks when a signal-whistle was to be sounded that evening.

Baker, being on the roster, would be the Fellow in charge, but the extinction of light was to take place if any one of certain other "Fellows" in this cabal with Baker chanced to take the duty. Orders were to keep quiet if Savory, Captain Haskoll, or Edwin George Monk, the organist (the three who were known to have been loyal to Singleton), came to take roll call.

It was autumn. "Cob" chestnuts were plentiful; all conspirators had collected a peck of these missiles for Baker's benefit, not to mention candle-ends. Melhuish implored us all not to use stones, as he desired to avoid actual manslaughter.

It was half-holiday (or whole); no school till after tea-time.

Then, about seven p.m., we all trooped off from tea to roll call in school. Quite one-third of the school were in the dark as to the planned *coup*. Among small boys, only a sufficient supply for light-dousing had been initiated and sworn in by Melhuish.

And after all this care and plotting, a dead *fiasco*. Baker's skirmish at letter-time had disclosed the light in which he was regarded. He got himself excused from duty that night. There must have been some clue among the authorities as to who were popular and who unpopular of the "Fellows." Anyhow, Savory was no coward, and he risked it;

for (as we heard from Sewell in later years) all in the common room knew that a storm was to burst that night (perhaps there was a traitor in our camp). We waited, thirsting for Baker's blood. The roll call was delayed till the orderly should enter; the door opened at last; we were at the *qui vive*. Our faces fell. No Baker! Savory stalked in, calm and single-handed. All was at an end. If Savory had any suspicion that half-bricks might be flying at his head, he never flinched nor showed discomposure. Roll was called, and we all settled down to our usual places.

I never saw Baker again. The autocrats of the school apparently realized the impolicy of keeping on the staff those who had composed this "cabal," and they were one and all weeded out, five of them, within less than a week.

Such was the fizzle of our Great Rebellion. But we scored considerably by it. It was a choice between sacking the rebels—and those who had provoked revolt; and (wisely) the latter alternative was selected.

I am glad to note that with the opening of the twentieth century head-masters seem to be at last realizing that the old-fashioned dormitory hours of schools are too short. They do not give sufficient repose for growing lads to recuperate the system, both of brain and body, after the strain of the day in lessons and out-door exercise. Canon Edward Lyttelton seems to have pioneered in this direction. It would be well in my opinion if all heads came to a consensus that nine hours actually "between the sheets," are never too much for boys.

Photo] [*Hills & Saunders.*

RADLEY OLD SCHOOLROOM (RIGHT ; PREFECT'S STUDY (LEFT), 1858.

To obtain this, and allowing for disrobing at night, and ablutions in morning, there should be nearly or quite ten hours conceded for occupation of sleeping quarters.

I am convinced that I never had enough sleep in my school days; and yet our hours were much the same as at other public schools of the period. Nine o'clock was the general dormitory hour. "Réveille" bell sounded at 5.45, and by 6.30 we had attired, reached the school-room, had prayers, and roll call, and were ready for an hour and a half study on empty stomachs, till breakfast time at 8 a.m. Now, this gave only a few minutes over eight hours in bed—even for those who went to roost at nine.

When studies were built and awarded to seniors, matters became even worse for those thus privileged. Study-boys who were not prefects were allowed to sit up till 10 p.m. Their dormitory lights to be out by 10.30 p.m., while prefects were allowed a further half-hour. Naturally all those privileged usually sat up to their full tether—even if not working.

I myself got a study when short of fourteen, having reached the fifth form. Result, at that tender age I averaged well under eight hours' sleep nightly. Meantime, apart from lessons, our average physical tax had been in play-hours, two and a half hours of football or fives, in winter, and in summer three miles on foot to river and back, and some miles of rowing as well. All this performance on one meat meal and two farinaceous ones; prefects got supper, others did not.

Times have improved since then; boys get early

cocoa on rising; animal food with breakfast; afternoon teas, besides the final meal: nearly double the commissariat that I and my contemporaries obtained: and they get about an hour's more sleep. Result! Well, look at the average of weights of school eights at Henley as against those of the sixties—(when schools first competed there), also with the average weights of University crews now—as compared to my times.

I myself was undeniably stunted in growth by my limited sleep hours. When I reached Oxford I scaled well under 10 st.! My earliest (torpid) weight was 9 st. 11 lb. or 9 st. 12 lb. I began to grow then, and in due time reached about 12 st. fighting weight. If I had been nurtured on the modern system of a snug "preparatory" school till fourteen, and after that on the improved system of latter-day public school *régime*, I might have had the luck to start at 11 st. at Oxford and to attain eventually to 13 st. at fiddlestrings condition.

Parents and pedagogues please note this; and bear in mind that the surest road to a boy's heart lies through his stomach and his slumber.

School standards in games have risen cent. per cent. since my time. First-class cricketers are to be found on the staff of all important establishments: it has been said that to have scored the magic three figures at Lord's in a University match is worth as much as a senior wranglership in prestige for future scholastic career, if the professors' choice of proficiency lies in that line. Similarly, in schools that adjoin a navigable river, the title of a blue is a passport for a mastership; and as a result, with sound mentors to launch the

boy aspirants in good style for their sport at the outset, raises all round the standard of school performances as compared to what they were in my day.

I do not think that abolition of the rougher phases of life which were current in many public schools in early Victorian and pre-Victorian days, makes the modern boy less hardy. He has no longer as a fag to black his senior's boots, and to wash, if at all, in icy water; while he can play his games in flannels and change to dry attire for lessons—where his sire and grandsire grappled with Cæsar or Xenophon wet and muddy from noon to bedtime. But I fail to note that stamina or pluck deteriorate in the recent generations under what in my father's time would have been derided as coddling. I sometimes, however, look back with wonder at what we boys used to accomplish on the comparatively short commons of our day. On whole and half-holidays we dined at 4 p.m. Bread-and-butter breakfast, with a chunk of dry bread at noon for lunch, had to last us from 8 to 4 p.m. We thought nothing of active exercise right up to dinner hour; usually ran, not walked, most of the one and a half miles each way between school and river; the eights were allowed to buy —at their own expense—biscuits and one glass of beer for such afternoons from the Sandford ferry public-house.

I recall a paper-chase that led from the school park round and outside Abingdon and Sutton Courtney, and came through Culham and Nuneham to Sandford lock, and thence home; the line must have been over twenty-two miles; and the eight or

ten who did the whole of it did it fasting till we reached the Harcourt Arms at Nuneham; where there were snatched five minutes for crusts of bread and cheese. Most of the track lay over autumn arable land. It was November 30, 1857—Mutiny year. I had the honour of being one of the first two hounds to arrive—(the foxes escaped). My companion was Salkeld, younger brother of the celebrated Sapper of that name who had won a posthumous V.C. for blowing in the Delhi gate with two bullets already in him. The younger brother was a game one of the same stamp. Though we had these paper-chases we did not inaugurate "Athletic Sports" until 1858, my last year. No running attire or shoeing had been then invented. Cricket shoes were in favour for those who had them. I recall that C. A. P. Talbot (afterwards 14th Hussars) won steeplechase and high jump, and Alexander Waugh the 100 yards and mile. All racing was on turf, and the mile over ridge and furrow.

School-boys proverbially can digest tin tacks and brass nails. I think my own stomach must have been as tough as the best, from the following episode.

Sewell had constructed a sort of cloister passage from school to chapel and House: part brick; the rest timber and corrugated iron roof. It was boarded; the boards decidedly springy: the length 80 yards exactly. At Whitsuntide, 1857, there was some discussion in the prefects' study as to the time it should take to run a mile on this planked flooring. It ended in my being matched to run 100 times up and down it in an hour; part of the

conditions were that I was to eat two pots of jam first, *all in the hour*. Greengage jam was barred (because of delay in expectorating stones). The backer of time was Murrough O'Brien, who in later years sat, till he resigned, in that Irish Commission in which Sir E. Carson sprang to fame by boldly bearding Mr. Justice Mathew. I pulled it off with some margin of time to spare. I bolted the jam (avoiding bread, to save time) by aid of a paper-knife and a glass of water. Then I started on my journey. I had to turn round every 80 yards, and rubbed my right hand raw by punting myself round with it against the brickwork at each end. The elasticity of the boarding was, I suppose, worth ten per cent. gain to each stride. Sixteen thousand yards was the full distance. It pans out to a little over nine miles in the hour, *plus* the jam and a small margin—say a minute or so over at the finish. I ran in "fives shoes," there were no running slippers made in those days. When the job was over I went on to the river, as usual on holidays. (It was on Whit Monday or Tuesday, which were then whole holidays.) I was not even sick, carrying all that jam for the journey: and rowed to Nuneham and back in time for dinner at 4 p.m. I was none the worse for the day's work.

The Warden met me next day—and wanted to hear the correct version of the story about me which one of the Fellows (MacRorie, I think) who had been looking on at my cloister run, had been telling him. I related it, as to jam and distance; sinking the item that there had been some betting as to time. He patted me on the head, and said: "O dura messorum ilia!"

The G.W.R. have lately rebuilt the "Black Bridge" at the bottom of Nuneham Reach. The present one is the third that I have known to span the river for the line there. The first, existing in my school days, was of timber tarred black: hence the name. These timbers were very springy. When a train passed over them they used to yield. We boys used to amuse ourselves by placing walnuts or captains' biscuits between the beams on the Oxon side, to be cracked by the pressure. It was also a favourite place for a bathe. There were in these days no Thames Conservancy regulations about indiscriminate bathing in a state of nature; also there was little traffic beyond our own boats and the barges. One of the boys, J. F. Skinner (minor), used to distinguish himself by taking "footers" (not headers) from the top into the river.

There was little barge traffic in those times. Neither Abingdon nor Wallingford had got stations then. Their coals and timber mostly reached them by water, as the cheapest form of transit. The traditional chaff of "puppy pie" against the bargees was in full force in these years. The legend ran that bargees at Marlow had been wont to help themselves without payment from the stall of an old woman who sold pies by Marlow bridge toll house. She planned revenge. She made some tasty and highly seasoned pies from the mortal remains of some blind puppies that had been sacrificed to Father Thames. The bargees made their usual raid on the stall. When they had gorged the plunder, the revengeful dame told them what they had been consuming.

It seems as if there must have been some element of true history in the tradition, for any allusion to it acted on the fraternity like a red rag to a bull. A shrill, piping cry from a small boy, "Who ate puppy pies at Marlow bridge?" could be always reckoned to produce from the passing barge a bombardment of coal and cinders, enough to run any average kitchen-range for the day.

In summer, when the river was low, there was not depth of water for loaded barges, save by artificial means to float them over casual shallows in the reaches. Tuesdays and Fridays were "flash" (or flush) days. Lasher flood-gates were drawn in turn for each reach, to raise the water-level. Barges coming from the Warwick canal, with coal for the townships below, collected and came as a fleet,—one reach at a time,—taking the water on with them.

These flashes seriously raised the level in the school bathing-place for the hour, and the time for flashing Sandford lasher usually coincided with bathing hours, beween noon and 1.30. Unwary youngsters who could not swim now and then got out of their depth, and there was excitement and alarm when they began mysteriously to bob up and down, but there never was any casualty. There were always plenty of good swimmers to the rescue.

There used to be traces of an old ford in the reach between the second and third gates in the bank, of what is called "Long Course" in University boating. It probably dated from centuries prior to the erection of weirs to promote navigation. It was diagonal down stream, and obviously led from

Radley village to Lower Nuneham. The track down one bank and up the other, of the land approaches, was quite recognizable in my school-days, and in the year '56 or '57, when one day the Sandford to Abingdon stretch of water was emptied to allow a new water-wheel being put in at some Abingdon mill, the ford causeway could clearly be seen, the river for the day running like a mountain torrent in its natural state with no artificial level, and leaving all shoals exposed. I scrambled down to Nuneham and back that day in a gig, the roughest bit of navigation I ever experienced on the Thames.

It was in the summer holidays of my last year at school that I had a week or two at Llandudno with the rest of our family, and a tour in the Snowdon district with my special friend and tutor, the Rev. R. S. Wilson.

An ingenious jeweller in that watering-place was playing a game which, for all that I know, may still be current here and there, to delude unsuspicious trippers. He got in a stock of ready-cut pebbles—ovals—for brooch-setting. He displayed a few, and gammoned customers that these were lapidary's cuttings from pebbles found on the local beach. Within a week enthusiastic ladies had brought to him flints and the like galore, enough to pave a mile of roadway. The jeweller scanned each stone critically; as if inspecting its geology; then he pronounced judgment, judiciously condemning a reasonable percentage of the rubbish, but putting aside those which he avowed would cut and polish. The delighted finders of lapidary

treasure then entrusted their jewels to the schemer, and were requested to call again in a few days. They saw their pebbles carefully wrapped in paper, duly labelled with name and address, and transferred to a drawer. This seemed to satisfy them.

The jeweller was cunning enough to make a note whether Mrs. X.'s pebbles were dark or light grain respectively, so that when, some few days later he produced brooch-ovals, alleged to have been cut and polished from the ladies' finds, the colour, *e.g.* onyx here, cornelian there, moss-agate elsewhere (in the brooch-stones), approximately tallied with the ladies' recollections of the shades of their own pebbles in the rough. My brother and I suspected that there was some "fake" in this brisk trade, and we laid traps. We brought pieces of granite—a substance that will always polish well, and asked to have just one face of each small boulder polished, to show the grain. The shopman badgered us to have each stone sliced into ovals. We declined; thereupon he declared it would not be worth his while to undertake such a paltry job as that of polishing one corner ground flat on the stone. We boys taunted him thereupon with imposture, and as there were a flock of gulls waiting to do the usual business, he could not afford to risk *exposé* to them; so he surrendered with sulky grace, and promised to polish to our orders.

Of course he failed; in due time he produced first one of the bits of red granite—ground flat on a grindstone—and held it up to us from the far side of the counter, showing a gleam on the flattened face, of a suspicious aspect. We insisted on

handling our pebble. He first demanded a shilling for his job ; he got it, and still stuck to the stone, till Edward made a spring and snatched it. As we suspected, the flattened face had been *oiled !* and not a vestige of "burnishing" was on it. The fraud was unmasked. We wiped the oil fakement off on the jeweller's copy of *Mostyn Herald*, lying on a chair—his language was more pagan than parliamentary—when just then some lady gulls came on the usual tack. This toned him down, and he had nothing to say when we spoke our minds openly in denunciation before quitting. Perhaps we "queered his pitch" (in thieves' slang) for the hour ; and our story seems to have got wind, to a certain extent, and perhaps saved a few victims. But there are as good fools in the sea of fashion as ever came out of it, and I do not doubt that within a month with new trippers he was doing as good business as ever.

Two years later Edward and I were once more in the township, and had no doubt, from what we saw, that the old swindle was in full force once more.

Apropos of this 1860 visit to Llandudno, we were on that occasion the guests of the Rev. Henry Clarke, Rector of Northfield, and Mrs. Clarke, very valued Worcestershire friends of our family. Other guests were Cecil and Charlotte Hook, children of the great Dean Hook, and nephew and niece of the Clarkes.

En passant, Cecil Hook is now a suffragan bishop; and his widowed sister won literary fame in memoirs of both her celebrated sire and also of her ill-starred husband, Dean of Winchester (poisoned by Southampton sewage oysters).

Well, we were a merry and juvenile party. I was the eldest, and not of age; the other three were still in school and school-room respectively.

I think it was Edward and I who first conceived the profane idea of corrupting the manners of a grey parrot belonging to our landlady, which was caged on the stairs. I feel sure that quiet youngsters like Cecil and Charlotte would not have evolved such iniquity in their infantile and innocent brains. But, proverbially, evil communications corrupt good manners—or again, "ut cunque defecere mores, dedecorant bene nata culpæ."

Well, we (E. and I) did our best to teach that parrot the one euphemism of Anglo-Saxon which every nigger knows, and which, when he has once acquired it, often induces him to consider himself to have mastered our tongue. (Need I mention that the sentence, terse and emphatic, is simply "D—d fool!"?) The parrot cocked his head daily while we orated our profanities; but he said nothing on the subject on his own part. We began to think that he must be a second edition of the sailor's parrot, who did not talk, "but was such a beggar to think."

The time came when Edward and I had to bid adieux to the Clarkes' hospitable roof and to return to Belbroughton; and up to the hour of our departure the "scansor" oracle had not spoken.

But our bread thus cast upon the waters seemed to have eventually borne fruit, or, like the frozen oaths described by Munchausen, the time arrived for a thaw to release them from chill durance to heated audience.

We had not been long back at our parental home

when we heard from the Hooks that the parrot had suddenly found its tongue, and had opened out into very profane language.

Motto and moral: "Nil Desperandum!"

That autumn after Edward had gone back to school, and I was doing the dignified at home as a student on long vacation, I slipped over for the last time to Ruberry Hill to see the last prize-fight there that was my lot to behold. It was rough and ready—for about £10 or £20 stake; and ended in fiasco and draw. The police were no longer so complaisant as they used to be in my nursery and school-room days. They attended not in silent singles, but in force of *posse comitatus;* and the ropes and sticks had to be shifted over the county boundary, and even then there was no peace for the wicked. However, I came home proud of having shaken hands once more with Bob Brettle, who had once fought Sayers at the odds of £400 to £200, and had had his collar-bone broken by a cross-counter in the final round of that brief set-to.

On the whole, however, Worcestershire possessed the spirit of the P.R. better and later than the majority of counties. I recall a narrative of Charles Noel (senior) of the fight (*circiter*—Waterloo times), between Spring and Langan. Even at that early stage of the nineteenth century theories of magisterial responsibility for preventing breaches of the peace had had the effect of circumscribing the area for suitable areas wherein to bring off this event upon which the interest of the "Fancy" was then so strongly centred.

But it is on record that the Worcestershire Bench rose nobly to the rescue, and declared that

"Pitchcroft," the big Severn-side meadow under the hallowed shade of Worcester "College" and Cathedral, should, if required, be reserved for the combat, with guarantee against molestation. In due time the battle came off there. All the world of sport thronged to see it.

Young Noel, as he was in those days, and his pal and future brother-in-law, John Wylde (senior), decided to ride into Worcester and view the great event, changing horses in Droitwich.

The old Squire's recollection of the combatants was that Tom Spring, the Champion, seemed to win more by his science than by any great severity of hitting. Langan, an Irishman, when he decided to land a blow, seemed to deliver with the greater force of the two; but in the end science scored, and Langan's sponge was thrown up only when he was practically blind.

All the nobility and gentry, not to mention more than one Canon from the College Close, were among the spectators.

There had been heavy rain. Several temporary wooden sheds had been erected for spectators. The soddened turf weakened foundations, and the stands collapsed one after another. Noel and Wylde had to sit on turf to view the final rounds. Sympathizing sportsmen gave them as boys the inside berths of the ring.

Mr. Noel lived under the ægis of his grandmother at (old) Bell Hall, in those days. He concluded his narrative to me with the following laugh against himself.

"'Old Doctor —— called in during the day to see my grandmother—and asked for me. Hearing I

was out, he casually said: 'Oh! gone to see the great fight, I suppose.'

"'The What!' exclaimed the old lady sternly —and rang the bell.

"To the answering servant she said—

"'Go and inquire at the stables what horse Mr. Charles took out this morning: the cob or his hunter?'

"The answer came back: 'The cob, Madam.'

"The Doctor realized that he had put his foot in it: but it was too late to mend.

"My tutor was sent for a week earlier than had been arranged.

"I guessed how it was that my holidays had been shortened."

Such was the old Squire's story. I never heard from him whether in those days of his youth he had (like myself, a generation later,) ever patronized the Brummagem rough and tumble battles of Ruberry Hill. By the time that I knew him his status as a J.P. forbade his indulgence in any such reunions—keen old sportsman though he was. In his day he had been one of the hardest riders in Worcestershire; certain daring leaps were accredited to him; and one or two of them were once pointed out to me in the Churchill district hunted by harriers under Will Trowe and Mr. Orme Foster, when I was out with that pack: but I fancy that Noel's negotiation of those obstacles referred to fox-hunting in the same ranges.

CHAPTER V

STRAY NOTES (EARLY YEARS)

ORLANDO STUBBS was the master of the Albrighton hounds in my youth. I recall my juvenile pride when one day I was on my rough pony at a Belbroughton meet, and the "Ran-dans" woodlands were being drawn. The old Squire presented me to the great Orlando, who did me the honour to shake hands with me, and to instruct me not to call hounds "dogs."

The Squire's nephew and eventual son-in-law, the Rev. R. Lowbridge Baker, was a high-class fly fisherman, and taught me much of the gentle craft when on visits to Bell Hall. In later years he held the livings of Ramsden and Wilcote, Oxon, together not worth £100 a year. "Samuel Oxon," Bishop, instituted him to these two derelict parishes, to put them on their legs. He was a man of means for a cleric; and the two parishes boasted neither schools nor parsonage. Baker built both out of his own pocket. He was always a good friend to me; and I could ill afford to lose him when Anno Domini overtook him.

He just missed his "blue" at Cambridge in the early fifties; breaking an arm in the term when he was wanted for the C.U.B.C. crew. He retained his keenness on aquatics to the last; but was also

an all-round sportsman, riding to hounds and shooting, as well as angling.

Wilcote was almost unique as a deserted village, half-a-century ago.

Before poor law reform created parochial district Unions, and when each parish had to support its own paupers, the chief landowner, for economy, uprooted all labourers' cottages on the estate; so that labour had to come and go for the day from adjoining parishes. The entire Wilcote population (*vide* Clergy Lists of that date) was then under a score, including domestic servants and other menials. The deserted village green, with a pond in centre, where, mayhap, "scolds" of old were ducked and inebriates sat in stocks—disclosed pit-holes of old foundations of the erst family circle of rural cottages that ringed round that green. A latter-day Goldsmith might have applied the Auburn elegy to Wilcote.

When Heythrop hounds used to meet at this green, the inequalities in its untenanted surface used to tell tacitly the tale of old Time scheming to shirk the responsibilities of harbouring future paupers to claim "settlement" in old age.

Just at the date of penning these recollections the Legislature appear to be laying extra emphasis upon the importance of facilities for allotment-holding among the rural population. Of course there have always been isolated instances where insufficient supply of such adjuncts to cottage life may have occurred; and also occasions where some fastidious peasant has declined offers of a plot in the regulation parochial allotment ground and has alleged a grievance because he has not been

accommodated with a slice off the best pasture field of A.B.C. farm; and the same to be fenced and ditched for him at the landowner's expense. Such abnormal situations, more or less mythical, have been readily utilized as illustrations to plead the tenets of that section of propagandists who, themselves unacquainted with rural life, pose as reformers of it. My own experience is that in not one parish in a hundred has there ever been any difficulty for a labourer to obtain one allotment; though subsequently there may have been some difficulty in inducing him to stick to it, *paying rent*. It is not every man who has a knack of gardening; still less who has the energy to take a solid turn at it after he has finished his spell of daily-bread labour for his regulation wages.

My father cut up a good-sized glebe field into allotments (very early during the tenure of the living), in the centre of our village; and arranged others at distant hamlets; the chief landowner never failed to assist him in this respect. For long years the allotment system throve well in the parish; till Forster's Education Act crippled it with the advent of the early seventies.

It was the loss of child labour in collecting manure from the roads which took the edge off zeal for allotment culture. Till education became statistably compulsory, manure, at a pinch, had precedence over the "three R's." There were any number of little "go-carts" among labourers. In play hours children would play at wagon and horses with them, if not on duty collecting horse droppings from the roads. Without manure, an allotment is soon profitless; and though an

energetic carpenter or farm-hand can find a spare hour after work for his allotment, the task of prowling the lanes for casual manure adds too onerously to the task. His cottage garden can be manured from his pig-sty; but even a pig has limits as to what he can purvey in this line; and the area of an average cottage garden is about his tether. It will be interesting to note how far this doctrine will assert itself under the present furore to push allotment culture artificially, and without regard to the necessary inherent qualities in any lessee of one—to wit, some prior experience in cottage gardening, coupled with industry and facilities for manuring.

I have known obliging farmers stand a spare load of muck, and the haulage of it, gratis, to a deserving farm-hand; but it will hardly do to build hopes of allotment success upon precarious bounty in kind, of this nature. I am inclined to be a prophet of ill omen; the busybody local councils will after three or four seasons find themselves stuck with a plethora of untenanted allotments, which originally they requisitioned in zeal and pride of office. The first tenants will have succeeded in beggaring the soil, before defaulting in rent when crops failed in the third season for want of chemical stimulant; and, as to fresh tenants, none will come forward to till soil that has notoriously had the blood sucked out of it. *Absit omen;* I shall be relieved if I live long enough to find that I have been Cassandra in this respect.

As to "small holdings" (also a new hobby), a similar fate will await them, if they are rashly let

to tenants not endowed with ample capital to buy stock; and yet, even at opening stages of the 1907 Act in operation we read in some of the Press declarations of alleged uncharitable thrift on the part of any Council that stipulates for reasonable demonstration of ready and available capital per acre, before assenting to a prospective tenant's offer.

In my school and Oxford days trimmed fighting cocks were to be seen in most outlying hamlets, and there was many a main fought among bucolic audiences. There was even more slackness as to the law in this respect than there was as to prize-fights on the county borders. Dog-fights, on the other hand, I did not hear of in the Midlands, although I had good reason to know that they flourished on the quiet in the Metropolis, at all events to within the last twenty years or so. I never sought admission to local and parochial cock-fights, though I have been admitted to first-class tournaments of this sport at Lichfield.

Technically, of course, the pastime infringes the statute against Cruelty to Animals. All the same I feel assured that if young cockerels were admitted to the franchise they would pledge their support to any M.P. who would undertake to vote the repeal of the Act as regards their own feathered fraternity. Conceive this question put to a cockerel of some twelve weeks old: "Which alternative do you prefer: to be fatted for the table and to have your neck wrung within the next month, while you are juicy and tender; or, on the other hand, to be allowed to grow to maturity and

be trained as a gladiator with reversion of crowing on your own dunghill, surrounded by your harem if you distinguish yourself, or of a short even if sharp and bloody end if your lot is to be drawn some day against a more redoubtable champion than yourself?"

Can there be any doubt as to which prospect that cockerel would select?

Bull-baiting had come to an end; at least I never witnessed it; though I had some vague recollections of hearing that a bull-bait was one day in progress when my parents chanced to be in Birmingham. Anyhow the "Bull Ring" was a well-known open space both in Birmingham and Kidderminster, serving as evidence that building had in these townships not been allowed to encroach upon area that was required for public recreation, improvement in canine breed, and induction, per allegory and example, of the value of qualities of tenacity and pluck for the human subject.

On the subject of dog-fighting I may relate the following:—I once knew by sight (in my early London days) a trainer of fighting dogs. I often met him leading his charges in leashes for exercise in London streets. They were clothed as neatly as hunters.

He knew me by sight, and in time took to saluting me when we passed, and sometimes stopping to ask my opinion on boat or horse race in prospect. I chanced to give him one or two bits of good advice, on which, I suppose, he had wagered with success. He after that beamed with gratitude and good-will whenever we met.

Photo] [*Bate.*

VILLAGE MILL POND AND PATH, BELBROUGHTON.

He used to tell me to let him know if I wanted a seat at this or that impending dog-fight, offers of which I never had the courage to accept for fear of police raid and my name in the papers. He used to offer me the pick of any dog belonging to "my neighbour" (scripturally), saying, "S'elp me, you've only to name the dog, and if it's the Harchbishop's of Canterbury, nor the Prince of Wales's, you shall have him in less than a week." Not unreasonably I deduced from such offers that he was not averse to combining dog-stealing as a trade with those of dog-dealing and training.

Nevertheless I had no idea that he violated the Decalogue professionally to any greater extent, until his end came, and my old admirer (and may I say friend?) stood revealed to public execration as one of the gang of Netherby burglars, who made a journey north to steal the jewels of Lady Hermione Graham, and shot a policeman near Penrith, who, when the hue and cry was out against them, tried to intercept them.

The story of their capture is dramatic. They boarded a truck of a goods train going south, and hid under the tarpaulin of it. The guard observed them, and suspected that they were the party sought for. He dropped a pencil note of warning at a station which the train passed *en route*, with the result that further on, when the train halted at another station, a force was in waiting to surround the suspected truck, and capture resulted. The incriminating jewels were tossed away at a bridge, and were, I believe, retrieved, found stuck in the bank of the Lune.

When I heard of my "friend" being hung at

Carlisle, in the name of Baker (or Martin—I forget which), it gave me quite a turn of melancholy, just as if I had lost a good double tooth!

And yet, for all I know, there may be some element of distinction for myself in having been, so to speak, on friendly terms with a sort of Jack-of-all-trades of rascality, and who achieved a sort of immortal notoriety in the closing scenes of his multifarious career.

Turning for the instant from matters terrestrial to others celestial, I recall this same doggy friend of mine being much exercised in his mind over the sight of a comet, and stopping me in the street to interrogate me as to its meaning. I do not think that I entered into any very elaborate scientific explanation to him; but the train of thought leads me to wander into other connecting memories, and especially to the one which most impressed me and set me speculating on the nature of these visitants: to wit, "Donati's," 1858, which was for many days an evening study while I was still at Radley.

I can still picture the effect when the comet flared in the West, soon after sunset, and "Arcturus" (I think it was) winked at us through the fan-like tail spread up the sky, like a houri through a yashmak. At that date I remember I conceived an idea as to the true composition of comets' tails; one to which I am more than ever wedded in these later days of extended chemical science, revealing to us the existence of cosmic dust and of minor gaseous elements rife in space; also the calculations as to the rate of vibration of the various rays of the spectrum—all of which we did not hear of in my school days.

My hobby was, and still is, this : a comet *has no tail!* What strikes the eye as its caudal appendage is simply solar light magnified and refracted as it passes through the globular, transparent, incandescent gaseous nucleus of the wanderer. This nucleus operates like the lens of a search-light from a warship at sea. It hurls its exaggerated and magnified rays upon infinitesimal cosmic atoms in space, and makes them shine, and so look like a tail !

This seems to harmonize with the fact that a comet's tail always turns away from the sun.

Why so ? and why does a comet select a shape hybrid between a lady's fan and a pedagogue's birch rod, when every other cosmic object goes in for sphericity ?

A perihelion of some very eccentric comets comes off in a few hours. During that time this tenuous tail (so frail that, historically, Jupiter's moons could swim through one unperturbed) has been known to describe a semicircle, the radius of which is hundreds of millions of miles more than Jupiter's mean solar-orbital radius. And this frail gaseous tail whips round as rigid as a steel rod!

It is surmised and explained by Science that there is something in the tail which is repellent to solar force, and which thus keeps it constant in its aversion to solar propinquity; but what this attribute of repellence is, Science does not solve.

We, therefore, find this state of things, and of cometary matter :—

(*a*) Comet's *nucleus* is attracted by the sun; hence its centripetalism and obedience to focal influence in its orbit.

(*b*) Comet's tail is, negatively, adverse to solar attractions.

(*c*) And yet the matter in the nucleus, which has affinity and attraction for the sun, retains its grip and command of the rebellious tail, which stolidly declines to scrape acquaintance with the ruling orb of the system !

The three propositions are a paradox.

What chemical compound can the nucleus be, to pull towards the sun on one side, and to hold tight to the recalcitrant tail on the other side of its circumference ? Is any such gas or metal known in any laboratory ?

The whole problem seems to solve itself, if we can accede to a comet the sphericity enjoyed by other "matter," whether planets or raindrops—and treat it as incandescent, transparent ; operating like a huge bull's-eye in space, and swinging its fictitious "tail" through space like a search-light, at a velocity limited only by the velocity of light itself.

I broached this view at the time of Donati's comet, to my friend and mathematical tutor, the Rev. H. T. T. West. He was struck with it ; and told me later that he was indulging in some further investigation on the subject. Untimely death cut him short. I wonder whether he left any memoranda on the subject ? Meantime, at the risk of ridicule from the current world of technical science, I stick to my school-boy theory, as being at least worthy of scientific analysis and investigation.

Do we not—in effect, and in a miniature degree,

witness the terrestrial reproduction of comet and tail when a flash-light sweeps the Solent in mock naval warfare, or on a still smaller scale when the rural policeman on nocturnal rounds flashes his bull's-eye to reconnoitre?

I wish I could recall and catalogue all the celebrities—now no more—to whom I had the honour to be introduced in my graceless nursery and school days—and to shake hands with whom should be red-letter annotation to one's own last day.

Usually it was not until, far later, I came to attain a reasonable standard of mind, discretion and intelligence, that I was able to realize how I had been honoured by the notice of these national demigods, and goddesses.

The great W. E. and Mrs. Gladstone I frequently saw as a child, at the house of their Worcestershire relatives, the Lytteltons: Lord Lyttelton's repute as classic scholar and statesman need no recapitulation. There was an embryo bishop in our diocese—Mackarness—then incumbent of Tardebigg. I remember as a child being taken there to tea, and in the room, beside the future bishop, were Miss Yonge, the world-wide authoress, and Mr. Justice Coleridge, the father of the subsequent Lord Chief Justice and grandfather of the present peer and judge. The grandsire, it is said, declined a peerage for fear that his own death might, by promoting his son to the Upper House, cripple the latter's forensic and judicial prospects. We have since then learned, in the career of the grandson as both peer and Queen's Counsel to

ermine, that peerage need not douse the light of rising legal talent.

Among clerical celebrities who were my father's friends, I used to see Dr. Leighton, Head of All Souls; Dr. E. W. Pusey, Cardinal Newman, Bishop T. L. Claughton of St. Albans, and our own diocesan of that day—Bishop Philpott of Worcester, frequently at our rectory. (Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter used, in his theological differences of opinion from the tenets of "Worcester," to style the latter "my *singular* brother"!) Cardinal Manning, my godfather, I did not meet till late in life: but among my father's friends of "Oriel" celebrity, I often saw Marriott and Dr. Hawkins the provost. The hospitalities of other College Heads, such as Dr. Wynter of John's and Dr. Lightfoot of Exeter, I gratefully recall from school days, when I used to go into Oxford from Radley. Bishop Woodford of Ely I met, (and cannot remember where) more than once, with my father; probably in London, on the steps of the Athenæum. The like of Prolocutor Bickersteth, Canon Sir George Prevost of Gloucester (my brother Edward's godfather), Bishop Sam Wilberforce, Canon R. Seymour, godfather to another brother (Arthur). Cardinal Newman was godfather to my eldest sister. We ought to have been a very ecclesiastical family, if judged by the repute in divinity status of our various godparents: and yet, not one of my father's five sons had any taste for taking orders.

Dean Hook I used to meet at his brother-in-law's house, Northfield Rectory. I had been brought up as a child to read his printed Leeds

sermons for Sunday edification; and I am bound to say that they bored me so little, compared to other sermons, that when at last I met in the massive flesh the actual author of them, I really was genuinely impressed with admiration, and felt pleased on the introduction (rather a rarity for a conceited and wilful school-boy).

The last time that I saw Cardinal Manning he told me the following anecdote of himself and my late father. Manning was walking up Corn Market, Oxford. My father tapped him on the shoulder from behind, and asked: "Do you want to be coached in Logic for Great Go?" "Very much," said the future Cardinal. "I'll do it for you," said his friend, who had just been one of the only three first-class classics of the year; and my father kept his word, and with good results for Manning's place in class lists.

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CHAPTER VI

OXFORD

My freshman's term at Oxford in 1859 was by no means a dreary one. Having rowed in the Radley eight against Eton (in a private match) at Henley in the preceding June, I found myself at once enlisted for services in the College torpid. I was but half grown then: scaling well under 10 st. (9 st. 10 lb., I think). The training was old-fashioned and barbarous; raw steaks and a run round the "parks" before morning chapel.

I was very effeminate in appearance. This at once helped me into the best set (Phœnix) of the College, to play the part of Lady Barbara in *The Little Savage*. B.N.C. had a repute for amateur theatricals, and W. Allgood, Gordon Haigh, and others who had shone in *Still Waters Run Deep*, produced in the College in 1858, were leaders in the histrionic art. Haigh caught a chill and had to give up keeping term: but the play went on. I had his part. After the play there was a supper on the usual College lines of those days; pretty substantial—oysters, dressed crab, grilled bones, poached eggs, etc., done justice to after a 6 p.m. dinner in hall. Then an adjournment to other rooms where stood four steaming punch-bowls—whisky, rum, gin and brandy.

Every one had taken wine with me (twice over) at the heavy section of the meal; first as a lady, secondly as a freshman. My head swam before I reached the punch room. I was still in my petticoats (velvet dress and lace). Presently (so *I* said) my chair broke down; friends afterwards assured me that I fell off it; also, that when the punch-bowl *vis-à-vis* was being removed from my reach, I tried to snatch a fill from it with my fingers. My own memory is a blank till the next morning, when I woke with awful "hot coppers." I tumbled up to chapel, the rouge of the play still thick on my cheeks (simple cold bath had not removed it). As I came out of chapel I hung my head in shame, thinking that I had eternally disgraced myself; expecting to hear whispers all round—"That's him, that has done this scandalous thing." (*Vide* Ingoldsby—"Jackdaw of Rheims.") But, instead, I found myself famous; quite a character. I had an instant *levée* in the cloisters; "Lady Barbara! Look at her!" "How is she?" "What a painted Jezebel!" "Look at her rouge!" At least half-a-dozen off-hand invitations to breakfast: but I had to feed with the torpid, from which I was anticipating instant expulsion for my inebriety. The latter was condoned by Baxter, the captain of boats (bow of Oxford crew that year). Appetite I had none; I nearly died at the smell of fragrant mutton chops; but youth reasserted itself, and I was fairly fit for afternoon rowing. Meantime kind friends sedulously followed the precedent in Bradley's *Verdant Green*, of trying to hoax me that I had in my cups fallen foul of sundry college authorities—and that

I should be certainly sent down. However, this must have been fiction; for I received not even reproof from a tutor. The true version, I believe, was, that I had been carried out to open air, and laid on a mat on chilly quadrangle turf to recover, and then carted off to bed.

For the opening fortnight of my freshman's sojourn I had been nicknamed the "Dove," because of my apparently childlike complexion, coupled with the Radley motto *Sicut Columbæ!* But, when I lay, inebriate on this mat, with a sarcastic ring of tormentors laughing at my antics, it appears that I had cast my tongue loose, and had reviled them all in such choice Billingsgate that some rechristened me the "little devil."

The sobriquet of "Lady Barbara" stuck to me for long years (after this episode to make the character so notorious). Cayley and Ponsonby of Merton never called me anything else. Some twenty years later I heard myself hailed from astern by the name, on Reading platform, and the interlocutors were W. H. Monck (erst of Magdalen), afterwards M.P. for Berks., and Cayley, the last time that I ever saw either of them. Cayley and Ponsonby—both much senior to me—were very popular and genial men, constant guests in B.N.C. on Phœnix nights. Cayley grew a Vandycked beard; rather a novelty in University coiffure at the time; Crimean warriors had introduced the fashion, when invalided home. (*Vide* Leech in *Punch* of that date.)

Torpids and lectures kept me fairly well out of mischief for the rest of the term. I won an open hack race on a hireling of Charley Symonds' over

the Wendlebury course, I forget whether it was Merton or Ch. Ch. "grinds." I could not ride much, but I came through, making running all the way, and won by a field and a half, after coming down with my mount dead beat, last fence but one. The tradition of Oxford grind-riding, in those days, was to come with a Chifney rush at a finish, and to hold a horse well within himself till the last field. Then it was the fashion to suddenly set to and "ride." Symonds knew this, and warned me to get well away, as I was too green to ride a finish. I obeyed, and the rest of the field steadied themselves for the regulation final wet-sail, wondering when the young ass in front was going to pull up dead beat. Catch-weights were the order of the day. I got up well under 10 st. 7 lb.

My first rooms were in back quad, now pulled down: fair size; but odoriferous from lobster-boiling in the back yard of Tester, the High Street fishmonger, which I overlooked. As summer came on, opened windows nearly poisoned me. I went to Tester, expostulating; Tester patronizingly stroked my infantile cheeks with a fishy paw, and bade me "Go home to your Mammy." I fired up, and laid my grievance before Menzies, vice-principal. Tester had to climb down, and to call at my rooms to apologize. I proudly invited half the college to hear his *amende*. College dons had strong jurisdiction over tradesmen; they could veto them trading in the college: hence Tester's surrender. But Tester and I buried the hatchet ere long, and became friends. He was a sportsman, and made a book on p.p. races; I often had

a bet with him; and I recall that when Butterfly won the Oaks he paid me £6.

In the torpid we had gone head, and then lost our place, breaking No. 7 oar at the start; and fell to Exeter, whom we pressed daily, after it, but never recaptured. I was delighted to be selected bow of the summer eight, which had only one man (Baxter) over 11 st.! But we made five bumps, starting ninth. It took another two seasons for me to grow big enough for candidature for a University eight.

B.N.C. was comparatively a quiet college in these days: we did not fall foul of our dons, as in some other colleges. H. F. Baxter and Weldon Champneys (son of Dean of Lichfield), who succeeded to the boat captaincy, did much with good influence in this way. Champneys used to preach that it was our duty to treat every don as a gentleman until he proved himself to be the contrary. A sound principle. None the less I can recall the look of astonishment on the faces of my tutor and the Vice-Principal, Menzies, when one day I stopped them in quad, and asked if they would lunch with me! Said my tutor, "Is this a jest, Mr. Woodgate?" "No, sir," said I, unabashed, "but my mother and sisters are with me, and they would like to meet you." Such a daring invitation had never before been given by junior to don. But the two authorities at once smiled, and accepted warmly, and the family rencontre did good, not only between myself and my masters, but also generally in the college.

I have spoken of Menzies as Vice-Principal; but when I first landed in B.N.C. the Rev. Thomas

Chaffers was Vice. He was a quaint character; his portrait, with *nez retroussé*, survives in the Rev. G. R. Winter's coloured sketch of "Scene in Divinity Schools"—one of the series of illustrations of old Oxford life which I think Ryman still publishes. Chaffers was a great scholar; brusque, but kindly-hearted under a rough exterior: nobody's enemy but his own; he "lifted his elbow" too much; and when, Whit Tuesday, 1859, he roared from his window to the college porter for more soda water, there culminated a scandal, which led to his resignation of office. Many were the tales told of him; (*si non vero ben trovato*), *e.g.* He had dined in Exeter—(well): for safety's sake Tommy Shepherd, chaplain of Exeter, undertook to see him safe home, just before midnight. Down Brasenose lane they came; Chaffers, three sheets in the wind, could not port his helm to fetch B.N.C. lodge gate, and sailed straight across to railings of Radcliffe Observatory, to which he held taut. Shepherd tugged at his gown-tail. "Let go, Chiffy; come on to the college before it strikes twelve; consider the undergraduates; they may be looking at you!"

Chaffers: "Ye —— fool, Tommy, can't ye see the quad's going round? Wait till the lodge comes by, and we'll go in."

Chaffers used to hold Hall lectures for first year men, to construe Homer. One of the class was named Clough—(before my day). "Go on, Mr. Clough," quoth Chaffers. "I have not prepared any more, sir," replied Clough. Chaffers steadied himself, and wheezed the following impromptu.

"There was a young fellow called Clough
Who thought he had construed enough.
'Very well,' said the Vice,
'You can write it out twice,'
Which was one for that young fellow Clough!"

We had some fairly good representative athletes in B.N.C. in my time: F. Brandt, son of a well-known Q.C. of that era, was in the University eleven, also one "Jack" Morley, cousin of the greater John Morley of Lincoln, who has since bloomed into eminence in literature and peerage in statesmanship. Jack Morley was a character: comical to look at, as broad as he was long; enormous calves and arms. As a freshman he used to amuse himself by bending all the pokers in front quad rooms into hoops, round his bull neck. He was a sound cricketer; one opening match of the season, about 1860, he asked his Lincoln cousin what odds he would lay him against making three figures that day. Lincoln Morley, who was anything but a betting man, laid him 100 to 1 to humour him; and Jack pulled it off: (about the only time that he did score 100).

Baxter and Champneys, as oarsmen, I have already alluded to. Champneys was a valuable friend to me; a steady old wheeler, inestimable as a mentor to a young fool like myself. He and I won the 'Varsity pairs together; besides the Henley pairs twice; and three four-oar cups at Henley. He died suddenly, some fifteen years ago, just when I reckoned him to be on the way to a deanery or better.

Walter Henry Erskine, afterwards Lord Mar and Kellie, was, as an old Radley friend, the man whom

I knew best in college. Having a lot of rowing plate, in my rooms, some my own, some of it challenge prizes, I used to keep my oak sported when I went out; but Erskine had a spare key to let himself in, as we always breakfasted together (save when—in training for University eight—I was obliged to breakfast with the crew). One day Erskine played a trick to scare me; he hid, in my absence, all this plate in a wine bin. I came in, and found it missing. I was terrified. I rushed off to police and Proctor's Marshal for help to catch the supposed thieves. By the time that Brown the Marshal came to my rooms to inquire details, Erskine had disclosed the hoax, so we had to pacify the fooled Marshal with a bottle of port, which he sat and drank, and regaled us with sundry professional recollections. Among them was an incident which I knew of already—as the hero of it was an old friend of mine—Charles Perrott Noel, of Bell Hall, Worcestershire (who celebrated his golden wedding about a year or so ago—and is still the handsomest man in his county). Charlie Noel, as every one in the county has called him since when he wore jackets, was once a subaltern in the 48th, quartered for the night in Oxford, on the march. He was strolling in Turl Street when the proctor of the day politely accosted him, but, omitting the usual preliminary formula—"Are you a member of this University?" went more briefly to the point, and inquired: "Your name and college, sir?" Noel, scenting sport, made some evasive reply and implied that he did not know. The Proctor knocked at Lincoln gates, and asked the porter if they knew the gentleman; the porter

disclaimed all knowledge: Noel politely asked the name of the college; the Proctor informed him, taking him for some "elevated" freshman who had lost his way. Then they tried Exeter, Jesus, Trinity and Balliol, with similar non-success by Proctor, and similar curiosity from Noel to know the name of the college. At last the Proctor lost patience. "Do you really mean to say, sir, that you do not know the name of your college?" "My college! I have none, sir!" said Noel. "I am most grateful to you for so kindly ciceroning me round the town; I take the greatest interest in these ancient institutions; but I hope you will now excuse my retiring to my billet at the Maidenhead Inn, as I have to march for Wallingford at six in the morning." Old Brown recounted this with zest; enjoying the discomfiture of that Proctor, who evidently was no pal of his. "He used to walk too fast for me," said Brown; who was burly and short-winded.

Soon after this Brown retired, pensioned. A new marshal had to be found. Harvey junior, son of the old Oxford waterman, got the berth subject to the condition that he must be a married man; he was a bachelor at the moment, and had a month, I think, to get married in. He found a wife in time; *on dit* he had seventeen leap year proposals to select from, for he was a well-favoured man, and his new salary a comfortable one.

Returning to Erskine, at B.N.C.; an incident in his career there is psychologically instructive, as to the rapidity of thought, and hence, the duration of dreams, and the review of a lifetime that a convict under the gallows may compass between

the draw of the drop and the snatch of the halter. We were at wine in his rooms one evening: the rooms were ground floor right, No. 6, the north-east corner of front quad. His cellar lay under his bedroom, which opened out of the sitting-room; access to the cellar was through a trap-door in the floor of the bedroom. He had been down to his cellar for wine, and had left the trap-door open, in case of wanting more. He forgot this when later on he stepped into his bedroom—unlighted—to fetch some cigars. He dropped plump down the hole. We heard the bump, and a grunt of pain, and rushed to see what had occurred. We found him, standing, dazed, on the floor of his cellar; the top of this head just above the floor of the room. His height was about 5 ft. 9 ins. in boots, so he could not have fallen more than 5 ft. 8½ ins. He was a bit shaken; but pulled himself together, and finished the evening with us. Next morning when I went to breakfast in his rooms, I found him still in bed, bruised in the back, and meditating over his escape from serious injury. He told me that, during that fraction of a second—which his fall of less than 6 ft. occupied—the following sequence of ideas had floated through his mind.

1. Where had he fallen? Was it down a precipice or pit shaft?

2. Would he be killed?

3. Would Woodgate have the wits to telegraph his death cautiously to his father (who was then Colonel Erskine, Commissioner of Jubbelpore), so that it might be broken gently to his mother?

4. After all, it must be nothing but his own cellar, and he might escape alive! (He realized

this amendment to his prior apprehensions *before he reached the bottom.*)·

The story may interest the Psychological Society.

Erskine had a tulip-eared fox-terrier, Lady. I had a black-and-tan, Jenny. The pair were dead on all vermin, especially keen on cats. Erskine took a morning walk with me down to Salter's boat-yard at Folly bridge, on some boat-club business. While we were discussing with Salter, the two dogs winded and unkennelled a cat. Puss began to climb storeys upon storeys of outriggers, lying on trestles nearly to the roof: each dog after her, escalading over the swinging irons of the stacked outriggers like acrobats. The cat found sanctuary under the canvassed bows of an old racing eight, some dozen feet above the ground. Ensconced there, she faced her persecutors. Only one at a time could enter the tunnel to storm the citadel (the bows, being of an obsolete build, were not bulk-headed behind bow seat). The ribs of the eight narrowed the access to the sanctuary, and only the dogs' noses could intrude; the cat clawed them: but they could not get a grip at her. Then Lady made a strategic movement, leaving Jenny to guard the main entrance. She went to the extreme nose of the boat, outside, and began to rip up the canvas and the laths on which it was stretched. We heard the crack of the rending laths; I said to Salter, "I'm afraid they will kill that cat unless we get a ladder and take them off."

"Let 'em bide," was Salter's grim reply. "She ain't my cat!"

This relieved our feelings, for we feared we were

unwittingly abetting the murder of a boat-yard pet. In another instant Lady had torn her way through the canvas, and had taken puss in the rear. Jenny realized that she was losing the best of the sport, and backed, with bloody muzzle, out of the tunnel, to be in at the death. She reached the new scene of action just in time as the last protecting lath parted under Lady's teeth. The two executioners pounced on their victim: Lady gripping at the rump, Jenny at the neck. Crack! we distinctly heard the vertebræ go. The cat could not have suffered but a fraction of a second. The job was as quick as a long drop from Marwood. Down then bumped, dogs, cat, and all, to the floor. Salter's man picked up the defunct, and consigned it to the deep of "Pactolus," the sewer branch of Isis that flanked Christ Church meadow. The nonchalant ejaculation of Salter's somehow expanded into a B.N.C. by-word for "Let well alone"—"'Let 'em boide,' as Salter said of the cat."

Jenny was a fiend after cats; but would always accept orders to spare any given cat domesticated with her. As instance; after our sojourn in college rooms came to an end, Erskine and I took a suite of two sitting-rooms and two bedrooms at Cattel's lodgings, corner of Logic Lane—then euphemized as "Brasenose Hall," because "Hulmeian" exhibitioners of that College lodged there in plenty. (It is now incorporated as part of University College.) At the close of term I went to Henley (1862) with a Brasenose four. Our coxswain had to be absent from Henley on the second day of practice, and Erskine was to steer us (as warming-pan, rather over-weight) for that day; and there-

fore to follow us to Henley, bringing the dogs. Now, when we had first arrived after Easter at Cattel's, there was a splendid tabby tom-cat in possession of the house. It spat fury on seeing Jenny, but I called her off, and bade her "*No*," which she fully understood. Having to spend term with that cat, she apparently made up her mind to make the best of a bad job, and to live at peace with it. She ignored the tom's spitting; insisted on sleeping on the same mat with it, and on sharing its meals. In due time the confiding tom accepted the presumed olive branch, and signed peace; purring amiably when Jenny came to couch alongside—or to share meals. Some say that dogs have no power of logical induction; but mark! The very moment that I started for Henley, leaving Jenny behind, the latter, seeing that I had cleared all kit out of my bedroom, and had loaded luggage on a cab, knew as well as an almanack that Long Vacation had begun, and that I should not show my face again at Oxford for months—long enough in her opinion for any interim scandal to blow over and to get cold. To make quite sure, after my cab started, she jogged up once more to my vacated bedroom, and sniffed all round it. Then she equally leisurely toddled down to the kitchen to find tom. Poor tom was dozing confidingly and peacefully. Treacherous Jenny had him by the neck and shook the life out of him, before he could fully wake up to realize the changed position of affairs. As Erskine told me, that cat had reached the next world far sooner than I reached Oxford station in the cab. Jenny came to me next day looking as if butter would

not melt in her mouth; taking for granted that I could not be aware of her crime in my absence.

She wore B.N.C. colours during the regatta, and attended sedulously on the bank in all my races (I had eight in the two days). In the last race of the second day there was a close finish between myself and Champneys—(as a pair) *versus* Third Trinity pair—the late John G. Chambers and the present Sir John Hawkshaw. Partisans of either pair were naturally excited. Jenny hearing my name in the mouths of divers friends who ran abreast of the race at the close, stupidly assumed that they were devising some assault on me, to explain the tumult. She went for their legs, *con amore*. Five or six having torn flannels came presently to our room in the Red Lion to complain of the outrageous and ungracious conduct of the "Brasenose dog." The peculiarity of the situation was that all the assailed were supporters of myself, not a single leg of a Third Trinity backer had been violated by her. It took a good half-dozen of champagne to wash out Jenny's sins.

Erskine was a good sprinter: he had won hundred yards and quarter-mile at Radley Athletic Sports. There were no University Athletic Sports current when he came to B.N.C., otherwise I fancy he would have been handy in that line. Next to Brandt, who was in the University eleven, Erskine was our best college bowler. He was a good shot, even as a lad. I recollect his getting leave to do some of the school rook-shooting at Radley—after he had been made a prefect. Till then, whoever shot the rooks had tailored them *sitting* (with shotguns, not rifles). Erskine in-

augurated a new departure by bringing them down flying. Boys and tutors alike stood by and marvelled at what seemed to us a great performance.

College servants ("scouts"), their perquisites and blunders, have been sketched in *Verdant Green*, and with but little exaggeration. After all, it was their vocation to make wants for the sake of perquisites; but they were strictly honest—in my experience—in money matters. If an undergraduate, going to bed overtaken with liquor after a "Loo" or a vingt-et-un, spilt a handful of silver on the floor, it was religiously picked up at reveille by the scout and handed over to the owner. But the perquisite game was played unflinchingly and unblushingly, unless the employer made a resolute stand against it. This was usually difficult to do, for during the freshman stage the scout had generally got the initiative and the mastery; after which it was not easy to alter precedent so long tacitly recognized between the parties. (Sindbad had to carry his old man.) I can recall my earlier scout "Harry"—(who was a cricketer and played for Oxford *v.* Cambridge scouts) scoring off me thus. I had asked some friends to come to my rooms at 9 p.m. (when supper bell rang) for a light refection of oysters and lobsters, and mulled Brasenose ale. I found the table laid by Harry, and a pigeon-pie and two cold ducks in addition on the table, besides the shell-fish. Next morning I asked him how he came to mistake my order, and to bring those solids from the kitchen, which no one wanted, and no one had touched. Harry replied: "*There would have been nothing for me*, sir.

Lobsters and oysters is no good next day—they don't keep well." It would have been cheaper to me if he had asked me for half-a-crown cash, which is about what the perquisite would realize, second-hand, at some minor Oxford cook-shop: whereas in my cook's bill the wasted victuals figured perhaps at 10*s*., even at the cheaper prices of the sixties.

One practice of college scouts was to contrive to make you run out of all tea, coffee, candles, sugar, and the like, three days or so before term ended. Then on your table, on the eve of going down, you found supplies of these commodities, enough to last another month. One might be going down for Easter fortnight only; none the less, by *lex non scripta*, the scout mopped up all this eleventh-hour grocery on the theory that it would not "keep," and mice would consume it before the term re-opened!

There was a recognized community of table requisites, for emergencies, in all staircases; if a host invited more guests than his own pantry could purvey for, the scout did not hire glass, plates, or knives and forks, but fetched the needful from other rooms where no contemporaneous entertainment was in progress. This practice enabled a scout to account for the gradual diminution of crockery in each master's rooms. They had been "broken" in somebody else's rooms, was the current explanation, which the dupe had to accept. By the time that a man had to quit rooms in college, his wine-glasses, perhaps, mustered four or five in all, and other table furniture in proportion (if he, as he grew older, had been sufficiently strong-minded to

turn a deaf ear to the scout's hints that a new dozen should be purchased of this or that stock). But, strange to say, if the late occupant of rooms chanced to scrape acquaintance with his freshman successor, he might learn, mystified, that when the neophyte took possession and began to rig himself out, he was offered by the scout, at reduced prices, the stock of the late tenant—a bargain ; and this, when scheduled, would show at least a dozen glasses, tumblers, cups, saucers, and the like ! Inference : the so-called breakages had simply been abstractions, kept in pickle for the next sale on change of tenant. As to how tea, sugar, candles, and coffee were engineered to vanishing-point for the closing week of a term (see *supra*), that was simple. If the tenant observed that his tea-caddy was running abnormally fast to vacuity, and ventured to inquire, the scout scratched his head, and explained : " Oh, Mr. X. had a big breakfast-party the other day, and 'borrowed' some tea ; " the scout had forgotten to attend to the replacement, but would do so forthwith.

I had in my second rooms of front quad a most excellent scout, George, as time went, devoted to me, but, of course, also devoted to the perquisite creed. Overhead of me was a decent, well-bred, quiet chap—Barker. (No relative of my late lamented friend, his Reverence Alfred Gresley Barker of Sherfield-on-Loddon.) Anything which I missed was always set down as a temporary loan by the scout to this neighbour (and, no doubt, his losses *vice versâ*). Once I thought I really had circumvented George in the tea-snatching business. He had ordered in the normal groceries at the

beginning of term. I sneaked out, and bought a pound of tea on my own hook. I locked this pound in a writing-table drawer, and made my own tea religiously, leaving the tea-caddy inviolate (as regards my own fingers). None the less, first one partition of the caddy went dry, then the second. Then, when I was in my bath next morning, George thumped at my door. "You've no more tea, sir! Shall I order some from Way's, or from Cooper's?"

"Wait a bit, George, till I have some clothes on." When I emerged, I unlocked the writing-table and disclosed my own store, which I had been drawing on daily, but which still showed a few ounces. Said I—

"Look here, George, my pound has lasted longer than yours!"

George scratched his head, but was unabashed. "There must be some mistake!"

"No, George; I had a sudden fancy to try this special tea, and have been using no other this term."

Then came the usual *deus ex machinâ!*—to wit, my neighbour Barker's name taken in vain. George had forgotten. "Of course! Mr. Barker had 'borrowed' some tea;" and George dropped the subject, turned his back, and began to lay the table.

I said no more. The caddy was three-fourths refilled before bed-time; whether poor Barker or George's conscience produced the refunded tea I know not.

David, the head scout, was reputed to own a large section of Long Wall Street—provision for his old age—out of the earnings of his trade. Our

head college porter was a great celebrity—Bossom, scaling 22 stone. He had two underlings, and seldom moved from his throne of state in the lodge, unless to take the air a few yards up and down outside the gates, or to lumber home for his mid-day meal. He was a Freemason—constant guest at the Apollo (University) Lodge, where he sang excellent songs—"The Free and Accepted Mason" and "New-mown Hay." He stood on his dignity much with freshmen (like Leech's bishop's butler, who deprecated being compared to "the inferior horders of clergy," when lectured for asking a salary higher than that of many a curate). But one day Bossom's dignity was cruelly outraged by our pure-minded Vice-Principal, Menzies. Some little vulgar street arabs had been scribbling improper monosyllables on the stone dado outside college walls, and apparently Menzies had seen and been scandalized. The two under-porters were out of the lodge at the moment, and the Vice gave orders to Bossom to abate the nuisance. Champneys and I just then came up to the college gates, and found old Bossom simply trembling with rage and outraged dignity, making vicious swipes at the wall with a besom. "What's the matter, Bossom?" asked Champneys. "Matter!" shouted Bossom, "Vice-Principal's the matter! that's what it is. I never heard o' such a thing. 'Bossom,' says he, 'take a broom,' says he, 'and sweep them ——'s off the wall!' Me sweep indeed! I never—well, I never!" and he slashed with his broom at each ejaculation; and then rolled into his sanctum, grunting and groaning at the insult.

The college servants had tradesmen to some

extent under their thumb. There were what were known as college tradesmen, who were free to enter, deliver, work, repairs, etc. Their entrée obviously depended upon the "regulars" or douceurs paid to the porters as toll for certificate of trade respectability. One David Landale, a Tasmanian undergraduate of the college, one day bought a carpet from some upholsterer who was not the "college tradesman." The porters would not allow the vendor's employés to bring the carpet into gates, to lay it down. Landale appealed to the Vice, who seemed to be laocooned in college red-tape, and professed to be unable to overrule the porters' discretion, the porters being responsible that no dishonest characters entered the walls. Landale circumvented the porters by having the vetoed carpet sent to his rooms in a hamper, and then laid it down himself.

(Landale was in the college "Eight." He was a capital actor; his rendering of the character of Crepin the Cobbler, in *A Wonderful Woman*, was voted high-class by connoisseurs in the B.N.C. Theatricals of 1863 (Commemoration) in Holywell Music Hall. He had to play friend in need to the Marquis de Frontignac, played by Sidney Phillips (now the reverend vicar of Kidderminster). Our present gracious King and Queen patronized these college plays. I rather fancy that they approved them so well that they came a second time to laugh and enjoy. Poor Landale! He came to an early and untimely end. Having graduated, he returned to his native colony, and while in the prime of life got lost in the bush. He was sought for and tracked for miles, but never

found alive; and I think not even his remains were ever traced.)

And yet these perquisiting college servants were as fond of us in their way as gillies of their chief, or spaniels of a master; especially in all sporting matters were they loyal and enthusiastic. When we were racing at Henley they would throng to welcome us as we landed; take off our hands the lifting in of the boat, and see her rubbed down, while we hurried off to change our steaming flannels. They looked for no fee for their railing from Oxford for the day to tend and cheer us. When I first sculled for the championship at least one oar in my pilot's eight was manned by an aquatic college under-cook—one Hutt—who used to stroke a college servants' four for Oxford City Regatta (a crew that I often coached in spare moments). When any of us visited *Alma Mater* as old stagers, we had the warmest welcome from the staff of servants, who possibly were, barring dons, the only remnant who knew us by sight.

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CHAPTER VII

OXFORD (*continued*)

I HAVE referred to the comparatively good feeling that existed in my time between B.N.C. dons and undergraduates, as compared to the cat and dog situation in some colleges. At University Coll., for instance, "screwing up" was almost a terminal feature. The technical procedure there was to screw up the oak of an unpopular don with coffin nails, and then to file off the heads (in the small hours). At chapel-time the next morning the victim (say, Lee Warner) would be heard yelling from his window for the porter, saying, "My door is fast. I cannot open it. What am I to do?" The porter would stolidly reply, from below: "Mr. Chavasse, sir, usually sends for X——" (a local carpenter and coffin maker, who drove rather a lucrative trade in thus releasing from durance vile those dons on whom the undergraduate *Vehmgericht* had passed sentence). Lee Warner obtained common room inquiry on this outrage to himself, and announced, *in terrorem*, that he would resign his tutorship, if the malefactors did not give in their names. Old Dr. Plumptre, the Head, took him at his word, and clenched the resignation irrevocably so long as he lived. He ascribed college disorder to failure of tact in dons, and tried to weed duffers.

Chavasse, nicknamed "Shaver," was so frequent a victim of screwing up—and so *au fait* at the remedy for release—that the following epigram was composed by Spring Rice—

> An Angel brought the news to me,
> "Satan has screwed up Heaven," said he.
> "Oh, Blessed Shaver, tell me true,
> If you were me, what would you do?"
> Shaver replied—"Go find my scout:
> He'll very quickly get them out."

There was a grand *coup* once in that college, when a daring spirit, elated at a second floor wine, suddenly climbed out of the window, and by aid of cornice and battlements reached the roof of college chapel and the bell turret. There he sat, hauled up the rope of chapel bell; cut it off at the loops (for ringing it), let them fall to the bottom, wound the rope round his body, and climbed back safely to his friends, who had been watching in dread, anticipating a coroner's inquest. That rope he concealed in his mattress. Latter-day tenants of those rooms used to complain that the bed felt as if stuffed with unboiled potatoes. Of course there was a rumpus next day, when chapel was half-an-hour overdue, and no bell sounded. A common room meeting followed, as a matter of course. The actual perpetrator had gone down home. The authorities inquired of each and all the rest if they had done the deed, and receiving disclaimers, passed a resolution to send the whole college down (forfeiting term) unless the name of the sinner was given up. Then, before the whole assembly a champion arose—W. Wightman-Wood, now County Court Judge. He

addressed the Principal and dons rhetorically, pointing out that it was no duty of undergraduates to act as spies and detectives on each other; that none of those present were guilty; that it was cruel to parents, who had spent some thousands on their sons' expenses that term, to have such outlay wasted, for no fault of their own. Wood carried the day; and Plumptre adjusted his spectacles and gave judgment off-hand without condescending to consult his juniors, the other dons. He had been much impressed, he said, by the force of Mr. Wood's arguments, and the college would not be sent down. There the matter ended; some of the junior dons, smarting under *lèse-majesté*, endeavoured to remonstrate; but Plumptre autocratically called the closure, and his ukase stood.

When the B.N.C. eight went head of the river in 1865, there was a great supper in the college hall, lent by the authorities for the purpose. (I had come up for three days to reinforce the crew, and to make the bump, but otherwise was out of residence; I got in scratch at No. 6 on the sixth night of racing.)

After the festivity, at the break-up for midnight exodus of out-college men, Menzies, the Vice, came down to persuade the festive in-collegers to retire to roost. Our No. 7 (whose son, a chip of the old block, lately rowed for Oxford) had thoroughly saturated himself with toasts, and when he espied Menzies exclaimed: "I'm blanked if it isn't the Vice!" "Yes, it's the Vice," said M. "Won't you go to bed?" "I'm blank drunk," said No. 7. "I think you are," said Vice.

"You're a blank good sort," said No. 7. "I hope I am," was the reply. "Come, I'll help you to bed." He turned to one of the eleven, Gardiner, who displayed some sobriety, and suggested that the two should dry nurse No. 7. Together they coaxed him to his rooms, and persuaded him to peel and to get into the sheets, No. 7 maundering all the time about the state of his health. Then Menzies picked up the candle to go, and said "Good-night." "Stop!" yelled No. 7. "I'm blanked if you take my candle; let it lie till I only see one of them." The Vice gave way, and left the candle on the mantelpiece; then No. 7 settled to the sleep of the just. Next morning, when kind friends told him of the strong language that he had used to the Vice, he bethought him to call and apologize. The Vice cut him short. "Shake hands, Mr. I. We don't go head of the river every day."

Very little more than a year after this the Vice took a college living. He was absolutely green as to country life. The mentor to whom he confided to select cob and chaise, cow, pigs, etc., for his new residence was this same No. 7. I think the incident is fairly illustrative of the relations between dons and athletes at B.N.C. in those days.

This attitude of good-fellowship started from head-quarters, in the person of "The Chief," as our principal, Dr. Cradock, was always styled. I doubt whether any head of a college ever won so much regard from young men under him. His avowed desire was that every member of the college should do something for its credit; and he was sufficiently sporting and latitudinarian to hold the

view that a college won credit not only from its score in Class Lists, but also from its record out of doors, in competitive sports. He himself was an old athlete; he had rowed in Balliol eights in the pioneer days of tub-boat racing, before he was elected to office in B.N.C. He took keen interest in both the cricket and the aquatics of the college. Day after day in summer term he might be seen, first in early afternoon, looking on at a college match at Cowley Marsh (where most cricket grounds then lay); and as the sun declined he would make his way to the tow-path, and wait to see the college eight perform. He never attempted to dictate views or selections to captains of elevens or of boats, but he was constantly keen for a friendly chat—to ask whether So-and-so was coming on, or why some one else was absentee, whether amiss or incompetent, and so on. He would stand and watch rival crews, and express his hopes or his fears for results, according as he gauged their performances. When any of his lads gained what he considered a solid distinction, whether of body or of brain, he used to ask the performer to dine, and proudly introduce the youth to his guests—dames, demoiselles, or grave and reverend seigniors—as having of late won this or that distinction. I can recall one such festivity when the two whom he thus honoured were Stonehouse, who had won the Latin verse prize of the University, and myself, who had won University sculls and pairs that term. These were our respective qualifications of the term's labours, for being thus honoured. I recall one incident here after I had gone down, on Commemoration Wed-

nesday. I was paddling a sister of the same No. 7 whose nursing by the Vice in '65 I have just related. We were up the Cherwell. In those days it was customary for leading dons to retain their full dress robes, worn in the Sheldonian theatre, while taking the air before luncheon. Dr. Cradock was doing this, escorting some ladies round Christ Church meadow. I observed the D.D. robe, and an arm from it, waving a signal to me to come within hail, which I obeyed. Then I saw it was our chief. He shouted over the water to me: "I have just matriculated the stroke of the Eton eight." *N.B.*—This stroke of that hour eventually rowed No. 3 for Eton, and after entering B.N.C. rowed bow for Oxford, 1874 (H. W. Benson). He did not complete an academic career, and joined some cavalry regiment next season—to the loss of the college.

The Chief was a great admirer of Thomas Cottenham Edwards-Moss, the paragon No. 7 of his day, and, I think, of any generation of oarsmen. He deferred to suggestions from T. C. M. upon sundry matters of college reform and comfort, as if he was the college Mentor. He also had a great regard for the late Sam Butler, who played for Gentlemen of England as well as for O.U.C.C., and who one year clean bowled all ten Cantab wickets (not a rag of even a catch in the fall of any one) in one innings. Sam B. could shy a stone or ball above the average; he could stand in front quad, and send a racket ball over lodge tower and into the "lantern" of Radcliffe Observatory. Some years later I casually found out from a remark let fall by the Chief that he was well

aware of this feat by S. B., and seemed rather proud of it. As to interfering, or censuring for it —not he! The Chief!

Seldom if ever did the Chief carry himself more proudly than on the day when B.N.C. furnished no less than nine out of the Oxford eleven for Lord's. The Captain who selected the team was Tylecote of St. John's. There was a glut of cricketing talent in the college then. No less than four played for Gentlemen *v.* Players—Ottoway, W. H. Hadow, S. Butler, and C. K. Francis. Death was prematurely heavy-handed on this celebrated quartette. Only Francis survives—on the Police Magistrates' Bench of the Metropolis.

The last time that I ever saw the venerated and beloved Chief was in December 1885. (He died the following spring.) I had gone to see Trial Eights at Goring; and reached Oxford more or less muddy, in shooting kit. I rang the Chief's bell, to inquire after him. The butler shook his head; "He is very ill, sir; I am afraid we are going to lose him. I think he would like to see you; will you wait while I send up your name?"

In another minute I was ushered to the study. The Chief was in a dressing-gown; looking white and wasted; the hand of Death was already close on him. But he was as genial as ever; and full of mention of the sympathy which old boys of his had been displaying to him when they heard of his illness; sending—some game, some letters, some both. Charles Edward Harris was one; the late Lord Mar and Kellie another; W. Hew Dunn (late Master of Craven Hunt) another. The Rev. Burton Leach, of Sutton Montis, another. He was

keen to hear what prospects of good oarsmanship for Oxford that day's trial crews had disclosed. Before I left, I ventured to broach a grievance in which I was interested. My old Radley friend and coxswain, W. J. Holland, had selected B.N.C. for his son as it was my college ; and the boy had been plucked a month before for matriculation. I referred to this as a college disaster, as young Claude Holland had rowed in a winning Eton eight at Henley, and had won some long distance running at Eton ; accomplishments which I took the liberty of mentioning to the Chief. The Chief moaned. "It was not my fault, Woodgate ; I knew nothing of it ; I have been much too ill to attend to any examinations. I am so glad you have confided in me. Have you any influence with his father?"

I replied that I had reason to hope that I had, as we had been pals since 1850.

"Then, don't let him go to any other college; promise that; send him up again next January; he can matriculate and reside at once, without losing a term. Let him take up the same books; he is sure to do much better this time ; they always do. You promise me this!" And we parted ; I never again saw the dear old soul alive.

W. F. Claude Holland, the young hopeful who was causing the Chief and me so much anxiety of mind, accordingly tried his luck again the next month; and as a matter of course, passed in. He took his degree in due course ; rowed B.N.C. head of river ; also rowed in four University crews (stroke in one), and became President in due course of the University Boat Club. How the

Chief would have revelled in this *dénouement*, if he could have lived to see it!

Compare this *rôle* of Dr. Cradock with that of Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen. He was offered in 1901 the services of the then Captain of Boats at Eton—John Edwards-Moss (junior). He insisted on the youth passing Responsions before he would admit him. To do this would have entailed cramming all Long Vac., abandoning all sport at the sire's Scottish shooting-box; and possible failure after all. So the boy elected, with paternal assent, to cast in his lot at Third Trinity, Cambridge, with other Eton aquatic pals who were simultaneously leaving. Result, a high-class oar lost to Oxford and gained for Cambridge; and undeniably a very important factor in the Putney to Mortlake defeats that befell Oxford in the years immediately following. But, I am glad to record, there still survive such commodities as sporting heads of Oxford colleges. Here is one to venerate. In July 1905, I chanced to be in the waiting-room of Worcester G.W.R. station. A Right Rev. accosted me, and asked if I would mount guard over his chattels, while he went to get some food. On his return I ventured to ask him what his diocese was; he replied, "None. He was Bishop Michison, Master of Pembroke College." Then I bethought me that an old Radley friend of mine was at the moment contemplating sending a son of his to that college, not so much for the sake of degree, as to give him a chance of earning his blue on the river; and that he was somewhat apprehensive as to the boy's classical attainments sufficing to pass him for matriculation. I volun-

teered to shove in my own oar at this juncture, and said: "There is a son of an old friend of mine, good oar, good character, but unfortunately not likely ever to set the Thames on fire with his classics. His father wants to send him to Pembroke. . . ." The Bishop cut me short. "Oh, I know whom you mean; young Illingworth. I know all about him; you need not be afraid that I shall let him slip; I hear he can row; I shall matriculate him whether he can spell or not." (I wish we had a few more Michisons at *Alma Mater*.)

I never clashed much with proctors during my career *in statu pupillari*. I had the credit of establishing a precedent with these authorities which held water long after I had gone down. There was the old theory that after the hours when College evening chapel bells began to ring (4.30 and later) the undergraduate population ought to be in academicals—at all events in winter, when lamps were lit by that hour. Now, Fowler, afterwards President of Corpus, but then a Fellow of Lincoln, was a proctor in 1863. He was tramping his rounds; Kitchin (now Dean of Durham) of Christ Church was in his company, as a prospective proctor, learning tricks of the trade. I fancy he was one of the Christ Church "Censors" (and a highly unpopular and meddlesome one). I was coming home from dining in Christ Church with the rest of the University eight. W. B. R. Jacobson (son of the subsequent Bishop) had been our host. I had gone there straight from the river, and was in mufti. Fowler and his bulldogs met me at the High Street corner of Oriel Lane.

Fowler raised his cap according to official etiquette, and inquired whether I was a member of the University. I responsively raised my straw hat, bowed reciprocally, and condescendingly, and replied: "I have that honour." Fowler then made the stereotyped request for a call on him at 9 a.m. next day. I called; Fowler politely informed me that he had to fine me five shillings for not being academically attired at that hour. I with equal urbanity then proceeded to explain to him that there was a tacit *lex non scripta*, that proctors should shut their eyes to after-dark journeys home, in mufti, of members of the University eight. I pointed out that we, on Long Course days, did not reach our dressing quarters in the barges till close on dinner-time; that we were tired and hungry; and that it was wanton red-tape to expect each and all of us to tramp home for cap and gown, perhaps as far as St Giles' or the parks—before assembling at dining quarters in some college contiguous to the river, such as Christ Church. That we each and all cleared out for rooms or lodgings when dinner ended; that we did not parade the High, up and down, but pointed dead for home; and that on this understanding prior proctors had ignored us, or had wished good-night *en passant* without censure. Fowler evidently was a good sort. He at once withdrew his demand for a fine. Then I waxed even bolder, and mentioned that to my knowledge he had overnight fined F. H. Kelly—of University College—No 2 in the crew, a similar five shillings—for similar mufti. Kelly, being a new man in the crew, had not expostulated, but had paid up. Then Fowler refunded me Kelly's

fine, and wrote him a polite note, regretting the misunderstanding. A day or two later I met one of my old Radley tutors, Sidney Owen, then a Christ Church Professor of History. He button-holed me in a fashion specially his own, and holding me tight, commenced to explain his regret that one of his old pupils should have publicly insulted a proctor a day or two ago. I inquired whence he conceived this idea. He said I had capped the proctor when he accosted me, and had derisively replied that I "had the honour of being a member of the University." I pressed Owen: Fowler had made no such allegation; it had emanated from the fertile brain of the neophyte bystander Kitchin. I reassured Owen that Fowler and I had parted the best of friends, and that Kitchin must be a greenhorn not to realize that official salute and politeness from proctor to undergraduate at the least entitled the latter to be reciprocal in courtesy. None the less, I believe my politeness to Fowler remained for ages an exception to the rule in reply, when law-breaking youths were accosted.

When I first came up a co-freshman with myself was one Taylor, an American. He had been rusticated from Harvard (I think) for some spree, and decided to cross seas and to start a British career. He was rather a thorn in proctors' sides. He hated academicals, and was always smoking in the streets; and getting fined for it. The Rev. Bartholomew Price of Pembroke, commonly called "Bat" Price (afterwards Master of the college), was one of the proctors that year. Taylor offered him a five-pound note to take fines out of, to save

these morning calls. Of course Bat Price smiled and declined. *Punch* heard of Taylor's escapade, and had a caricature; but not at all like Taylor; depicting him as addressing the proctor as "old hoss." Taylor one day, as a proctor came up to him, exclaimed audibly to a comrade—"Here comes a beast of a proctor!" When he attended to be fined for his cigar, next day—the proctor reproved him for his discourteous remark—so audible. Taylor was equal to the occasion. "Well, sir! I'm sorry if it hurt your feelings, but I can assure you it's a very common expression; I've often heard it before."

Taylor went the whole hog during a brief meteoric career; he hunted in pink, he could not ride much when he arrived; but he soon learned enough to hold his own in the field. He had plenty of pluck. He also set to work to learn to row in a racing boat, and made a match to scull Graham of Exeter in wager boats, a level race on the Isis, and won. He could not be persuaded to train, or Baxter, our boat's Captain, would have tried him for the College eight. He made plenty of friends during his year or so of residence, and then vanished; never passing any examinations, but doubtless learning many valuable social and sporting lessons from his friendly contact with young Britishers.

While on the subject of proctors, let me give an amended version of a story which Alfred Chichele Plowden, Police Magistrate, tells in his *Memoirs*, about himself, me and Oxford police. He simply and briefly states that he broke a lamp, was "treed" in lodgings by police, and managed to escape

unobserved into College, by my changing attire with him. As he does not do full justice to his own inimitable wit on that memorable occasion, I fill up the hiatus in his narrative. Plowden betted a supper at Boffin's, with Glyn of University College (now Bishop of Peterborough), upon the impending result of the final heat of the November fours between their respective colleges. University and Glyn won. I was invited as a guest. (I was B.A. at the time; up for the day—to see the race.) When we came out from supper, after 11 p.m., Plowden censoriously scanned St. Mary's churchyard, and declared (correctly) that there never had been more than *one* lamp at the angle (S.W.) of the churchyard, and that he should put out the *second* light which he observed alongside of it! He proceeded to climb the lamp-post, to carry out his threat. Friends snatched his stick from him. He then tried to batter in the glass with his pot hat. That also was taken away. He was undefeated; he pulled off one shoe, while he hung on to the lamp bar, and stove in the glass, dousing the glim. Then he let go, and alarmed us all by the awful bump with which he alighted on his rear, in the churchyard. But like "St. Medard," who was "remarkably hard and solid . . ." (*vide* Ingoldsby) he arose unhurt, and announced that he had "starred one, and pocketed himself." (Pool players will see the meaning.) Then we realized that University police were stolidly looking on at the performance. Plowden cleared off with the rest of us to lodgings of S. E. Illingworth, over Standen's (tailor's), now pulled down. Presently some of our party looked from the window, and observed

that the police were moored at the door, waiting to take A. C. P.'s address when he should leave. Time was running on ; close on midnight, and the "Baby," as A. C. P. was lovingly called, had to fetch his own moorings inside college before the hour should strike. Then it was that I interfered. I took Baby's white pot hat, red tie, and light round jacket, which had made him extra conspicuous on a winter night, and lumbered out of the street door, trying to look dishevelled, "all mops and brooms." "That's him," said the sergeant, as I staggered along ; and they followed me, asking my name. I mumbled and maundered on till I could see that the whole of the in-college members of the party had made good their retreat to porter's lodge. Then I said I would go to the Clarendon building (where the "spinning house" lay) and sign my name : and did so.

Next day I waited in vain for a proctorial summons : none came. So I decided to take the bull by the horns ; and called on Furneaux of Corpus, then a proctor. He was holding a lecture, and came out to see what I wanted. I was keen to score, and said : "Some of your police falsely accused me last night of breaking a lamp, and took my name and address. I have been waiting to hear from you, so that—if they give false evidence—I can prosecute them for perjury." Furneaux shut me up. "My dear Mr. Woodgate, if you say you did not break it, your word is worth all the police put together. Till you told me of the matter I had heard nothing of it ; if it is now mentioned to me, I shall not trouble you, I shall know that it is a false alarm.

But why interrupt me like this in the middle of a lecture? Good-morning, and good luck to you." I retired, shamefaced; and sent Furneaux a line of apology from Vincent's, for the intrusion. Neither Plowden, nor I, nor any one of the party ever heard more of that lamp. I hear that Furneaux is no more. Peace to his ashes; he was a good sort, with all the feelings of a gentleman.

I once had a passage of arms with Dean Liddell, about alleged riot in Christ Church. It happened thus. On the wedding day of our present gracious King and Queen—1863—there were festivities everywhere; in Christ Church especially; a bonfire in Peckwater was one of the features. I was in training for the University eight. We used to go to have "gruel" for a final swill down, in one or other's rooms. That night it was Jacobson's turn to find gruel. One by one the crew had knocked in at Tom Gate, and on being asked whose rooms they wanted, had given Jacobson's name. I was about the last to arrive: I knocked, and gave Jacobson's name. An under-porter of the college, probably more or less elated by health drinking on such an important occasion, ejaculated, as he held the half-open wicket gate, "By God, we won't have no more Jacobsons to-night," and jammed the gate across my half-entered body. That Christ Church wicket gate was low; one had to duck one's head to dive through it. The gate caught me across the chest: head and left arm and leg in college; right arm and leg still in the street. A tussle ensued between me and the porter; he trying to shove me back, I to free

myself from the nip of the gate, and to enter. At last I grabbed him by an extra thick shock of hair that he had; and thence got a nice hold of one of his ears. That gave me a first-class purchase; I jabbed his thick skull against the sharp rectangular staple of the door, till it cut through wool and all, and he dropped bleeding; then I walked in proudly over the fallen carcass. By that time old "One Arm" and other Christ Church servants saw who it was, and stood aloof; and I went in to Jacobson's rooms—unmolested further.

Next day I got a message that our "Chief" wanted to see me. I at once called on him, and he greeted me with a doleful face, holding in his hand a letter from the Dean of Christ Church, which appealed to Dr. Cradock for justice and vengeance; alleging that I had fought my way overnight into Christ Church, and had half-killed a porter. Dr. Cradock hoped it was not true. I told him my version. He suggested that I should write explanations and apology to the Dean. I then ventured to unfold my own view of the situation, and plan of campaign. This was, that the matter was to be regarded as a purely social and not academical matter. That I had been grossly assaulted by a Christ Church menial, and was entitled to satisfactory apology from Christ Church authorities; otherwise I would put that college to the indignity and inconvenience of prosecuting the said menial for his lawlessness.

Dignified and genial Dr. Cradock listened with subdued smile; I fancy he had felt somewhat nettled by expressions in the Dean's letter, half autocratic, half patronizing. He with a few

words kindly approved of my line, shook hands, and bade me "Go and prosper."

I tidied myself up, brushed a beaver, put on a frock coat; bought a new pair of gloves, borrowed a tidy umbrella, and sailed in mufti down St. Aldates to call on the Dean, sending up my card. I was ushered in. There stood the handsome and reverend-looking Dean; warming his nether man over his study fire. I bowed urbanely: "The Dean of Christ Church, I presume!" as if I did not know him by sight. (There is little limit to undergraduate impudence and assurance.) The Dean stood, fingering my card, and perusing it. "Then you are the gentleman who committed this outrage in my college last night?" I replied, "I have come to talk over this matter with you, sir."

"How is it you are not in cap and gown?" said the Dean.

"Because the matter is a purely social issue between gentlemen, as regards a servant's misconduct; there's nothing academic at stake."

The Dean said no more on the subject of attire: and asked me to explain how it was that I had cut open his porter's head, and had fought my way into college. Then before commencing to narrate and harangue, I made a *faux pas*. I sat down, uninvited. The Dean remained standing—and silent. I quickly realized that I had made a slip, and was giving myself away in a matter of social etiquette, at the very time when I had come to preach social proprieties as between gentlemen generally, to the offended cleric. I regained my legs, as if nothing had happened, and proceeded to discourse, saying—

"I had attended at the gate in response to invitation from my host, Jacobson. There was no intimation nor notice that customary amenities between B.N.C. and Ch. Ch. had been suspended. Hitherto there had been every *entente cordiale* between the two colleges, I desired that *entente* to continue; and for that reason, instead of adopting off-hand a hostile course, prosecuting this porter for jamming me in the wicket (and bruising my collar-bone black and blue), and perhaps depriving Ch. Ch. of his services while he did six months on the tread-mill, I felt that it would be only courteous to postulate that the authorities of Christ Church in no way approved of their menial's misconduct, and of his violation of inter-collegiate hospitalities, and that they were ready, as gentlemen to a gentleman, to tender *amende honorable;* in which case I would, in consideration of my many friends in that college, forbear to prosecute!"

The Dean abandoned his censorious attitude, and was suavely polite; accepted my version, and expressed his regret for my injuries, and his hopes that they would not affect my oarsmanship. I bowed with all the grace I could muster, and thanked him for his politeness—the interview was over. I, with my usual consummate impudence, offered to shake hands. The Dean seemed somewhat surprised, but graciously extended two upper digits. I was equal to the occasion, and embraced them with my two lower fingers. So we parted, and the matter dropped. I went back to the Chief, and told him all details. He seemed much delighted, and said I ought to enter the diplomatic service.

I fancy that this unfortunate under-porter got the sack for his share in the row. At all events, some years later, when I was growling at a waiter (at Mitre or Randolph, I forget which), for dilatoriness in service, he pleaded that I should not be too hard on him, for he still bore the scars where I had cut his head open. I looked up; sure enough it was my shock-headed friend of that wedding night. I gave him an extra half-crown, to show no ill-will.

Dean Liddell also bore me no malice; years after, I chanced to be in Oxford, when Liddell was Vice-Chancellor, and the Hebdomadal Council were going to sit. I had been urging proctors of the day to promote some new statute to stop extortion by sundry lodging-house keepers, who practically ran private hotels at their own fancy tariffs for food (for undergraduates), refusing to allow each lodger his own larder, and charging round and high prices for each meal, and for every cup of tea. I learned this from a friend of mine, Hermon of Christ Church (brother of the present Lady Hermon Hodge), and set myself to remedy this system of fraud, by tackling proctors. Dean Liddell heard of my presence in Oxford, and did me the honour to invite me to attend the Hebdomadal Council, and there to unfold my views for reform and for new statute. The sitting, I was told, largely adopted my proposals.

Dean Liddell was reputed to be a great stickler for dignity and etiquette. The following was told of him (I do not vouch for it). In Oriel, one of the college tutors is euphemistically and locally styled the Dean of the College. The dean of the

period of Oriel had occasion to write to Liddell on some academic matter. He wrote, in third person: "The Dean of Oriel presents his compliments to the Dean of Christ Church . . ." etc.

Liddell (traditionally) replied: "Alexander the Great presents his compliments to Alexander the Coppersmith . . ."

(Possibly Gaisford, not Liddell, was the hero of this retort.)

"Big Ben," as Dr. Symonds, Warden of Wadham, was styled, was one of the old school, who looked upon rowing men as on the high road to Hades. He had his knife into Charles R. Carr, a scholar of the college, who was in the University eight; and captiously refused to let him off a single day of term, even though he had kept already, on "batels," the technical forty-two days: so that the crew had to continue to flounder on home waters for an unnecessary week in 1863, instead of getting good practice at Putney. However, we managed to win, all the same.

There were charming heads of colleges in Drs. Wynter of John's and Lightfoot of Exeter; during my school days at Radley, as well as during my B.N.C. career, I always received every kindness and hospitality from them, and cherish their memories; the like of the celebrated Dr. Acland and Mrs. Acland, who were justly reputed the handsomest couple in the University, when I was a boy. The celebrated Jowett of Balliol I never knew personally; but Dr. Pusey was a special friend of my father, and showed me many a kindness; I have many letters of his, treasured, on casual topics.

There was a Fellow of Balliol whom I used to prophesy as a future primate, for his talents and tact; but he never got beyond Archdeaconry of Christ Church. This was the Rev. Edwin Palmer, younger brother of Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne). Edwin Palmer took myself and Willie Gladstone (eldest son of the great statesman) by the hand, when we came almost simultaneously into residence (Gladstone went to Christ Church). We used constantly to breakfast on Sundays with Palmer, and he used to beguile us into Sunday walks, when training did not conscribe me. In those days Sunday tramps were always performed in Regent Street attire; silk hat and black coat—such was the etiquette, not only when in company of seniors, but even when alone.

I had many friends, especially after my degree, in the ranks of Magdalen Fellows; always hospitable to a degree. "Polly" Hopkins; Henderson; Fisher. Hopkins was the father of Magdalen rowing, in conjunction with W. G. G. Austin (No. 4 for Oxford 1858). Hopkins had been at Trinity as undergraduate, and then was elected at Magdalen. He stroked the first Magdalen eight that ever put in for the bumping races, in 1859. The crew made seven consecutive bumps, and overlapped and missed by a hair's-breadth the eighth right. There was a rumour and tradition that if they made an eighth bump they would be entitled to challenge the head boat; hence the result of their eighth right was looked for with special interest; but, the *coup* just failed; and when the laws of the O.U.B.C. came to be searched, there was found no record extant to verify this alleged traditional right of challenge.

Talking of Magdalen, an incident flashes back to me, connected not with the college, but with my school days. In 1856 Dr. Livingstone was in England, and Oxford granted him Honorary D.C.L. at Commemoration. I often got leave from Radley to join my father for the day for Commemoration. (I recall being perched on the box of the violoncello of the orchestra in the Sheldonian theatre—to see Lord Derby installed as Chancellor after the death of the Duke of Wellington.) Well, I was with my father that day, 1856, when Livingstone was robed. Some friend of my father's invited us to lunch in Magdalen Hall. I think it must have been Dr. Daubeny, Professor of Chemistry. I enjoyed that luncheon, like any school-boy; two glasses of sparkling Moselle, and lots of sweets after solids. The hall was a galaxy of ladies' dresses and doctors' scarlet robes. Livingstone was a guest. He responded for his health; telling anecdotes of health drinking among African tribes, by each party lancing his arm to bleed into a bowl of water; then each drinking the other's blood, in token of alliance and amity. The Doctor told how he barely escaped being forced to commit bigamy with some nigger princess, who effusively claimed him as a blood relation, because, lancing her for a boil, some of her blood had spurted into his eye. He paused in his address to look round on the tables, "ringed round with a flame of fair faces"—and apostrophized, that if the African princess had been as fair as they, he might have succumbed.

After lunch, ladies went to President's Drawing-room, or other resorts; there was a masculine

exodus to the Common Room; my father and I among it. In this sanctum some one set to work to chaff poor Livingstone about the *fiasco* of his Zambesi mission. The Doctor, on a prior visit to England, had brought glowing accounts of the prospects of the Zambesi Valley; a grand navigable river; cotton-trees on the banks, waiting to be picked gratis; "Mahokalari" (or some such) tribe, burning to be converted to Christianity. He had a wealthy friend and admirer—one Young—a liberal man. This Young thereupon freely financed the mission; standing a steamer, among other contributions. The Doctor had gone back to his Eden, to do justice to the task. The steamer wrecked on a shoal; the cotton-trees dwindled to one pod (rotten), and meantime the would-be convert Mahokalari had been eaten by next-door neighbours. Such was the gist of the banter against the Doctor. The Doctor then took up his parable in reply. The cannibalism he repudiated. The conquerors had only chewed the eyes of the conquered, as an ancient etiquette; and these conquerors and their chief were most polite to Livingstone. They traded with him—goats and other provender for his staff, in exchange for beads, cotton cloth and wire. He gave a musket to the chief, who paid him a call, and inspected the mission and its fittings. The chief seemed much struck with the contents of a certain shelf, laden with certain bedroom utensils. Through the interpreter he asked for one, as a present; he got it, selecting a colour to his fancy. Shortly after the interpreter applied for two more for the chief. The Doctor had only one dozen; and three as a present made a hole in

his resources'; but he complied, to oblige so powerful a monarch; assuming that he required the crockery for mixing mealies in.

Livingstone in due course paid a return call on the black king. On arrival he was delayed outside the kraal as if some critical ceremony was going on. When at last he was admitted to audience, there sat the king, in state; on his head a blue utensil; on either side of him two principal wives (or ministers, I forget which), each with a like utensil, of different dye, on the head.

CHAPTER VIII

OXFORD (*continued*)

THE Rev. J. H. T. Hopkins (euphemized as "Polly" Hopkins), besides being a very stylish oar and a most elastic stroke, was a gymnast, with a great torso development. He used to practise daily on trapeze rings, hung from his ceiling in his rooms in "New Buildings," overlooking the Magdalen deer park. He also erected a sort of Nebuchadnezzar's hanging garden outside his window: and there practised horticulture. He had, in 1872, a scheme for cutting away the top corner of the "Gut" on the Oxford course: and had diplomatized with the land-owners and also the Thames Conservancy, on the subject. He showed me all his plans; but the O.U.B.C. did not back him up as he expected, and his scheme died down.

Magdalen was in my time a scene of some unique sport with an intrusive sheriff's officer. Some undergraduate had foolishly allowed "judgment" to be signed against him in a London court, instead of making a confidant of his tutor, and thence invoking the ægis of the University, which, by statute, could compel all suits against residents *in statu pupillari* to be referred to the Oxford Vice-Chancellor's Court. The result was, an execution in his rooms before he knew where

he was. The college porter had no business to admit such a creature as a bumbailiff; but that functionary had, somehow, contrived to sneak in and take "possession." No cajoling or entreaty or bribe could induce him to abandon. But a resource was found. If I recollect right, it was John Wylde (junior), a very old and great Belbroughton friend of mine (now Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds), who engineered the relief. He knew of the subtle qualities of incandescent cayenne pepper.

The invaded rooms were on a ground floor, adjoining cloisters. Pounds of cayenne were promptly purchased, and all available fire-shovels in college were heated red-hot. Then they were pushed in at the windows—laden with fuming pepper. In vain the tortured bailiff, inhaling the pungent vapour, strove to thrust them away. Their red heat burned his fingers; and he could only defend one window at a time. He soon collapsed, unconscious, on the floor. Then ready hands laid him out to cool, on chilly cloister flag-stones: while others cleared the room of all valuables, save one piece of bedroom crockery, left as a centrepiece in the bare apartment. So ended the "possession." The porter got a wigging for inadvertently allowing such a sacrilegious person to invade such a sanctuary; and the matter dropped. I suppose the young man's father came to the rescue and settled the creditor's claim later on.

The same John Wylde had a ready wit; once he was asked casually why some one of the name of Hole (not the great Dean of Rochester) was unpopular. Quoth Wylde off-hand: "I suppose, because *nature abhors a vacuum.*"

Wadham became a very aquatic college in my day. I had several friends in it. Carr, Robertson, Medlicott, all three at one time or other University oars; Finch, the college stroke, afterwards Rector of Stafford; Harington, E.I.C.S.; S.O.B. Ridsdale, also E.I.C.S. (who steered Oxford 1861 and is now dead, I am sorry to say); and Evelyn Hone, afterwards Rector of Esher; also Candy, afterwards Q.C. (now no more). Hone was very youthful-looking. As late as 1868, after his ordination, when he was with Dr. Vaughan at Doncaster, I went to the Town Moor, to see the Leger run. I improved the occasion to look up Hone, but he was on duty, and not in his lodgings. His landlady was most enthusiastic when I told her that I had known Hone (a Worcestershire as well as Oxford friend) since his jacket days. Her definition of him (fair-haired and smooth-chinned) was, "Looks like a lady—or most like a hangel in his surplidge."

W. Robertson (now no more) went to Australia soon after graduating and was offered Attorney-Generalship of Melbourne. He came on periodical visits to England, and we renewed old friendship gladly. His eldest son was a chip of the old block, and rowed for Oxford 1886.

C. R. Carr and I meet regularly on boat race occasions. His energy and enthusiasm in travelling annually from the far West to these aquatic *réunions* are most praiseworthy: so many old blues seem to get out of touch and sentiment with their old trade when they become married and settled far away.

Harington was as neat and finished an oar for style as ever Oxford turned out; practically fault-

less in trunk-action. His lathy frame and light weight were against his soaring higher than Trial Eights, in a decade when Oxford was extra flush of rowing talent. Later, in 1865, when I was captaining the Kingston Rowing Club for Henley, he gave me much valuable assistance in coaching, and trained as my ninth man for the eight (which won the Grand Challenge in a paddle) and rowed bow of a club four which won the Wyfold Cup. He earned his "*rudis*" in E.I.C.S. and came back for a brief space to revisit old aquatic scenes at Oxford, where he and I once more forgathered, after long years out of sight. Then he cleared off to Ireland (and I miss him much).

J. T. Thorley, the great Oxford stroke of the later fifties, was a Wadham man; before my time; but I often met him in later years: he was an accomplished amateur vocalist among other talents. His namesake and cousin eventually succeeded Big Ben as Warden of the College. Prior to that he had been Bursar. Apropos of his office therein, the following used to be (scandalously) narrated of his ready wit. There was some fellowship foundation in the college specially endowed in landed estate. Five beneficiaries, if I recollect right. These drew an assured fixed income from the rents; any surplus, after gates had been hinged or barns re-roofed, had to be triennially (or quinquennially) divided among those entitled. One year there was a nice lump sum awaiting formal and official division on these lines. Most of the beneficiaries were non-resident. Bursar Thorley sent a memorandum to absentees, apprising them of their windfall, and requesting attendance on

audit day to dine and to vote official authority for division of the spoil. Everybody's business is, proverbially, nobody's. Absentees trusted to each other to attend and to make a required quorum; result, only one turned up! Next day Thorley came across the Magdalen Bursar, Henderson, a very genial soul (brother of the late Chief Police Commissioner, Sir Edmund H., who resigned after the Trafalgar Square riots): Magdalen Henderson later on chivalrously threw away his life in rescuing a woman from the wheels of a random vehicle. Well; poor old Henderson opens fire to Thorley—

"I hear you had a nice nest egg in your Lady L. foundation, this term."

"So we had," quoth Thorley, rubbing his hands.

"And you did not get your quorum to vote on it?"

"Well, no; we didn't."

"I'm sorry for you—having to wait to another audit day for the cash!"

"Wait! Not we! We wrote the cheques last night."

"You did!" wondered the precise Henderson (who kept Magdalen accounts in good classic Latin). "But how about your absent third man? Surely it was a very irregular proceeding!"

"My dear Henderson, we know you are all most orthodox in Magdalen; we cannot afford to be so strict in Wadham; we simply '*confounded the person, and divided the substance.*'"

Not all Oxford superiors were up to date in

modern sports and innovations. It was told of old-fashioned Dr. Plumptre, of University College, that once he was taking a stroll round the "Parks" with a colleague, taciturnly meditating, like the great "Austin" of Hippo, on mysteries. Football was in progress on the adjacent turf. Said the subordinate, to rouse conversation, "I wonder what game they are playing there" (meaning, of course, whether Rugby or Association). Plumptre plodded on, meditating, till another 400 yards had been covered; then a solution dawned on him. He halted, faced his interrogator, and adjusted his glasses; and the oracle spoke—"I think they call that, *football*."

Dean Bradley, before his elevation, was similarly insouciant. He strolled down St. Aldates with a pal. They passed the closed door of the boxing atelier of Tom Evans, a prize-fighter, who instructed Oxford youth in the noble art; residing in Birmingham, but running up on certain days to attend to his classes. Tom had an orgy overnight, and did not feel up to the journey. He wired—"Had a very wet night last evening; cannot come to-day." This telegram had been pinned to the door by a caretaker, to save pupils from cooling their heels while waiting for the absentee professor of the noble art. Bradley stopped and perused it. "H'm! a very curious meteorological phenomenon! It seems to have been raining heavily at Birmingham, while the barometer has stood 'Set fair' here."

Talking of boxing: the time-honoured Town and Gown rows of November 5 were all but extinct in my time. A small mob of hobbledehoys used to

parade the streets and cheer that night, and a few gownsmen would go out to see the fun; but there was no real fighting, save on one occasion (not a 5th). There had been fireworks in Merton Meadow (I think to commemorate our present King's birthday). After the show there was an exodus through Merton and Corpus Passage. Till Merton Street was reached there was no outbreak between the clans of Town and Gown, though there was some jostling. Robartes, who afterwards became City Remembrancer (for a brief time, and resigned because he tried to stop official peculation and failed; and who, later, was Chief Justice of Leeward Islands), was then a slim, pale, handsome youth; but fiery, and up to a lark. (It was a brother of his who steered Oxford about that date.) Robartes thought the proceedings somewhat dull, and fixed a quarrel on a massive-looking artisan in corduroys, accusing him of unduly pushing, and boxing his ears. This was a signal. The artisan squared up; Robartes slipped off his cap and gown; a ring was improvised, and they set to, just in front of Merton Church tower. In physique it looked a horse to a hen against Robartes, but he had science; and in less than two minutes the bricklayer, with claret well tapped, "cried a go." The Gown formed in line and cleared Town ranks, forcing them past Canterbury gate; after which most of the Town broke and fled, up Bear Lane or Oriel Street. But two unfortunate B.N.C. friends of mine, John Brown, now Rector of Didcot, and Farquhar (afterwards in the Scots Greys), had meantime, before the row began, made a bee-line for home up Grove Street. Thither a remnant of

town roughs pursued them, thirty to two, and despite a gallant stand, cut them up badly; each of them had his head cut open, as by some iron implement. The leader of this massacre was said to be a notorious lickspittle rough, known as Oxford George; always ready to cadge for a drink in daylight. Some years later, before Henley Regatta executive abolished the old-fashioned signal gun which used to be fired in the Lion Meadow, Oxford George, boozy and beery, got unguardedly near the cannon-muzzle just at the firing moment, and got his hind-quarters half carried away by the wad of the charge; but no undergraduate sympathy for the curtailment.

About that date, towards the close of 1860, a touring amphitheatre visited Abingdon. Tom Sayers, fresh from the honours of his Farnborough fight with Heenan, was the chief attraction in the show. He sported the championship silver belt—no longer meeting round his enlarged waist—joined with string. One Brown had been engaged to do daily exhibition sparring with him. Some of us went to Abingdon to see the world's celebrity of the prize-ring. That afternoon Brown, somehow, was not in a state to come out and spar at the hour fixed on the programme. Nobody cared much for the equestrianism of riders jumping through hoops; they had paid to see Sayers box; and it was not enough for them that he entered the ring in milling attire, sporting the celebrated belt, and bowing to the applause which greeted him. But Brown could not be brought out, and there was murmuring. Some officious friend sent word that I would put on the gloves in lieu of Brown. I had foolishly

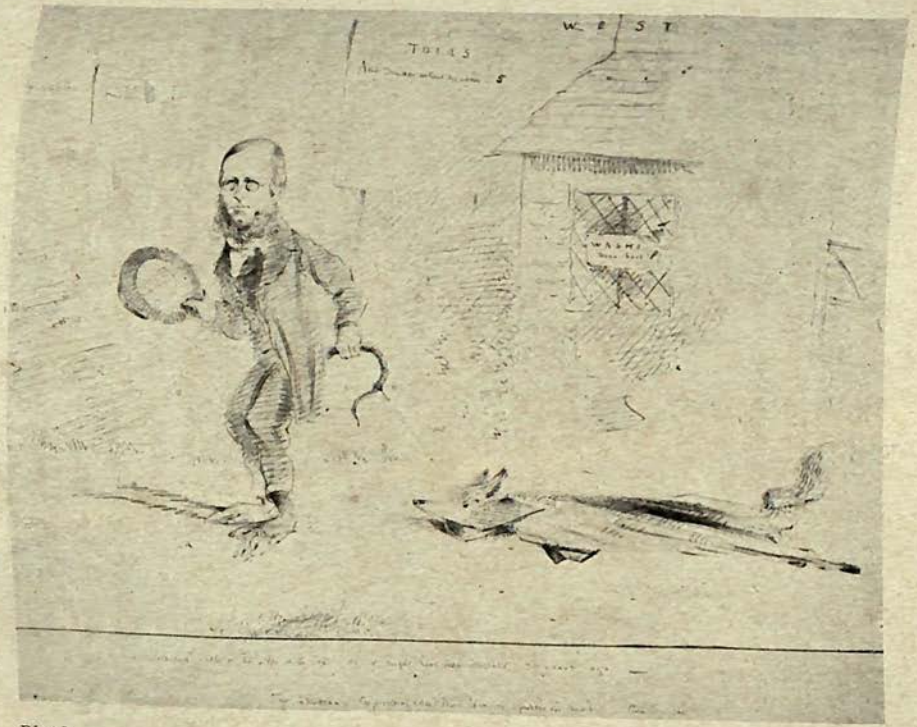
boasted a short time before of having had two or three lessons from Nat Langham, the only man who ever beat Sayers (Sayers was not fully trained for that fight, and got his eyes puffed till he went blind, and then the sponge had to go up). The result of my boasting was this call on me, and I could not well back out of it: luckily no proctors in the place. I put on the gloves—great puddings, double the size of modern boxing-gloves. We shook hands, and began round one. (There were to be three rounds of five minutes each.) The sparring was designed to be gallery work—give and take, tap, and tap back again. In my conceit I did not realize that the champion was playing with me, and allowing my glove to land periodically on his adamantine nob. When the first round ended—time called—I was vain enough to believe that a good share of the applause was for my (apparently) so far holding my own with the veteran.

Round No. 2 began. I got rash. Old Nat Langham had a trick of suddenly changing the feet, and making the right the sword arm, and left the shield for a step or two; a relic, perhaps, of the early century style of ambidexter sparring (which Tom Spring put out of fashion when he beat Langham on Worcester racecourse). I fancy that Nat was the sole Victorian era apostle of the trick. He had shown it to me. I had the impudence to try it on Tom, and landed him smartly with the right. Tom blinked and got crusty; I dare say he had some liquor in him, and was not in the mood to tolerate nonsense from a young 'un. Next moment, as I came in again at him, he cross-countered me in real earnest, on the collar-bone.

When you hit Sayers you hit a brick wall; when he hit you (for "business") it was the kick of a mule. He caught me much in the same place and style as when he broke Bob Brettle's collar-bone with one of his left counters, timed to a fraction of a second; only, Brettle's collar-bone broke to a bare fist. The pudding-glove saved me from fracture; but I turned turtle, like a wheel; and when I got up, silly and dazed, I was looking for Tom, and he was behind me. I must have clean somersaulted on my head. Some official of the show came up and expostulated with Tom, "not to knock that boy about too much, as he was saving the gate-money." The round had ended prematurely with my ignominious knock down. I was very nearly sick with the shake, but I just managed to stand up for round three. Once more we tapped and smacked backwards and forwards, for mere show, till time was up. I had my warning and lesson, and did not try any more fancy tricks with Tom. Then we shook hands, and Tom bowed and retired for a drink, and I with him. I invited him to come to breakfast or lunch in B.N.C.; Tom patronizingly snubbed my proffered hospitality, saying, if he were to accept all the grub offered him, "by God A'mighty, I shouldn't long be Tom Sayers."

Some more proctorial incidents of a sort. In 1863 one of Fowler of Lincoln's "pros" was one West—a Lincoln Fellow. He did a thing which was voted most unsportsmanlike by the junior section of the University. He "stalked" some undergraduates who were in Witney, violating a certain statute; he railed to that town, on a scent;

took off his coat; strolled up the street like an inn waiter on an errand; a subordinate carrying his official robes in a bag, unostentatiously, in the rear. Then when he reached the suspected abode, he rang, entered and proctorized the offenders; who were carpeted and sent down for the term. One of them was my neophyte college coxswain, whom I had been sedulously instructing for the impending summer eights. I had to improvise a fresh one, and felt the blow keenly. West was nicknamed "Washy West." Sidney Hall, famous in later years as a *Graphic* artist, drew a good squib cartoon of the incident. West, trailing a fox's mask and skin behind him: a weathercock pointing to "West," and on a street panel, to right of page, an incipient "Wash"—as of a laundress's notification of trade. When Commemoration day arrived West showed, with other proctors, in the usual area. His repute for this unsportsmanlike stalking (worse than vulpecide, liming a trout stream, or shooting a hare in her form) made him such a target for noisy vituperation from the undergraduates' gallery, that business could not proceed, for want of hearing, until "Washy" had been persuaded by friends to retreat out of sight. Then was the wrath of the gods modified, and degrees were conferred. I invoked some retribution on Washy before term closed. On the last Sunday of term our B.N.C. four, in training for Henley, went by rail to lunch in Abingdon and to walk home for a training exercise. Washy chanced to take a seat in the same train and carriage with us. We surmised that he was out for a stalk—of sorts. I had my terrier Jenny with me;



Photo] [*Hubert Giles, Oxford.*

CARTOON BY SYDNEY HALL, ILLUSTRATING PAGE 158.

Washy rather demurred to her society, and suggested dog box. I invited him to change his coach, if he objected to the society. He shut up. Train started. He made overtures to Jenny; patted her, which she condescendingly tolerated. He ventured to inquire if she was good-tempered. "Angelic," I said; "blow in her face, and she will kiss you." (Few dogs like the wind of human breath.) Confiding Washy was seduced to the experiment. Washy had a long peaky nose; Jenny endured the first whiff. At the second she sprang at his proboscis, and her teeth clashed like a steel trap, abrading the proproctorial snout. I am afraid we all smiled unsympathizingly, for Washy was hated. (Poor man; no doubt he thought his official tactics were moral duties, and only acted up to his lights, which had no public school leaven in them.) When we reached Abingdon Washy vanished; we put a spoke in his wheel for the day, posting on notepaper, warning notices on sundry closed shop shutters—

"GENTLEMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY
BEWARE!
WASHY WEST IS IN ABINGDON."

We heard afterwards that he bagged no birds that day.

In my time William Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York, was provost of Queen's College; a man of energy and ambition, a certain amount of talent, and deficient in tact. In Class Lists he had disappointed his admirers by obtaining

only a third in Classics: but he rehabilitated himself, and rose to latter-day dignities. Old Cotton, provost of Worcester, hated the sight of him. He used to say: "I was examiner in the School of *Literae Humaniores*, when one William Thomson presented himself as a candidate for honours therein. After a careful perusal of his papers, and an attentive audience of his *vivâ voce*, I came to the conclusion that relegation to the third class would fully satisfy, aye! and, perchance, more than satisfy, the merits of his attainments. I have never had occasion to repent of that conclusion."

Thomson wooed and won a charming and popular young lady of the University, Miss Zoe Skene. Her charm of manner went far to counterpoise the not unfrequent gaucheries of the provost. A story was current in my time of an unfortunate misunderstanding of which the fair Zoe was a victim. She had issued invitations for an "At Home." Among resources to entertain guests, she bethought herself of pictures. She wrote a line to a librarian in High Street to send on hire a portfolio of "loose prints." The portfolio came, and laid on the grand piano. Sundry guests lifted the cover, to see contents. Some dropped it, like hot potatoes, and retired blushing; some junior clerics among college Fellows glanced, nudged each other to draw attention and smiled sardonically. At last the style of the contents came to official ears, and the scandal-rousing portfolio was hurriedly removed. Next day the bookseller was visited and remonstrated with for his scandalous conduct, in sending such a selection

to a lady's drawing-room. He seemed nonplussed at first; then solution dawned on him; he explained. He had not carefully diagnosed the signature of the letter of order. He had unfortunately jumped at the conclusion that some undergraduate wanted the portfolio, and he had supplied such *loose prints* as he surmised would meet the demand.

Queen's one day produced a first-class of eminence. The conqueror's friends entertained him at a wine-party, to celebrate the honour. After the feast the first-class man was elated; when the party reached open air, he mounted the cupola over the college gate, and sat enthroned there; cheered from in college by friends, and from the street by an admiring crowd. Thomson came out to see the cause of hurly-burly. He invited the enthroned first-class to descend and retire to his rooms. "Retire! Mr. Provost! Not yet: this is the day of my life; I must enjoy myself a while." "But Mr. Simcox, please consider the repute of the college, and the disturbance of the crowd that you are collecting in the street. Pray come down; we can all understand your feelings." "Understand my feelings! You! Understand my feelings! You, who only got a dirty third! Not you, Mr. Provost." Poor Simcox terminated a distinguished career by mysteriously disappearing while touring in Donegal.

Apropos of Farquhar, whose semi-assassination in a Town and Gown row I have referred to—a story about myself has often been told of me, in relation to him. I admit that my own mind as to the evening referred to is mostly a blank.

My old Radley and B.N.C. friends, James Dunn (now a Reverend) and Walter Erskine (*supra*), used to aver the incident.

It was on a Phœnix night. A very small modicum of port easily affected Farquhar (he had no head for wine); he had felt "indisposed," and had retired to his room (ground floor right, No. 2 staircase) to lie down. I went, later, with others to see how he was going on, and to help him to bed, if required. The room was in darkness. Farquhar snoring on his sofa. I pioneered first into the room, feeling my way with my hands. In due time I lit upon the recumbent figure, and essayed to diagnose him by touch. My hands presently lit upon his patent leather dress boots. I stroked them scientifically and remarked: "Extremities are cold; beggar's dead! Better leave him," and cleared off. (Now Farquhar and I were excellent friends; hence my own incredulity that I could have been so callous, even after a Phœnix evening! But my two friends referred to never spared the story about me.)

The Rev. Thomas Short was Vice-Principal of Trinity: a tall, dignified stick-up collared cleric; colloquially styled Tommy Short behind his back, but *Mr.* Short, respectfully, to his face. A genial, witty, and kind-hearted man; one of a stamp calculated to win the hearts of undergraduates, even in the traditional cat and dog days of the fifties and earlier. I have often heard my lamented friend, the late Rev. Alfred Barker, relate how Tommy scored over him and his friends one Sunday morning (about Crimean days), when Barker had been dispatched as messenger to fetch

in hot breakfast under his gown from some Broad Street confectioner. Hot breakfasts were forbidden in many colleges on Sundays, Trinity among them. Brasenose and the "Tavern" (New Inn Hall) were untrammelled in this respect, and were in much demand among men of other colleges for Sunday breakfast invitations. Tommy Short was standing in quad when Barker came in with the concealed provisions. Tommy spotted the situation. He buttonholed Barker, and walked him arm-in-arm up and down quad, for some quarter of an hour; as if he had some urgent discourse to impart; yet talking absolutely irrelevancies. Meantime the hungry expectants were discontentedly peeping from the window of the breakfast-room, to see what detained Barker; and anathematizing Tommy, who smiled in his sleeve. At last he relented, stopped, pointed to the expectant faces, and said, "I expect your sausages are nicely cold by now; you had better take them to your friends." But of course he took no subsequent notice of this cognizance of violated order.

I recall Tommy meeting me and others one day near Trinity gate. He asked: "What do you know about this Duckworth horse that they are running for our Fellowship stakes?"

Our replies were unsatisfactory; we did not know the gentleman well enough. I volunteered that he was reputed to be a handsome young man, and an adept at Latin verse.

Tommy sniffed contemptuously:

"Scholarship! Yes, that's what King and Edwardes, and Sidgewick and Creighton[1] have

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough and London.

been trying to din into me, to commend him. I say to them, 'Do you flatter yourselves that Merton is able to teach Trinity any scholarship? Why! we've forgotten more than ever you knew. What I want is, can your man carve a goose and play a rubber of whist?'"

One of us suggested interrogating one Williams, a Trinity undergraduate, standing near, who was supposed to have better acquaintance with Merton postmasters than we had.

Tommy takes Williams by the scruff of the neck, like a kitten, and runs him up to the group, and questions him. In reply, Williams admits dining at postmaster's table; but without recollection of having taken stock of Duckworth's skill in carving: but as to whist, he ventures opinion that the candidate is fairly sound in that important science.

"But seriously!" Tommy cross-examines; "does he understand Blue Peter; and can he be trusted not to play Whitechapel?" (leading from a singleton). "You know, we can't afford to have the Common Room whist spoilt."

(Williams was a competent whist player, and was reputed to be now and then pressed into the service to make up a table in Common Room, if dons were short-handed for an evening.)

Williams cogitated, and came to the conclusion that, from what he observed of Duckworth's whist, that gentleman would be easily eligible on that score.

Tommy meditated and stroked his chin: "Well, I suppose, then, I must chance the goose, and vote for him."

Duckworth was elected. I wonder whether the subsequent Canon, and present Sub-Dean of Westminster is cognizant of and grateful for the timely good character that Williams gave him that day!

There was another clerical "Tommy," referred to already elsewhere—to wit, the Rev. Thomas Sheppard, "Chaplain" of Exeter College. This Tommy was a *bon vivant*, who did not think well of the Exeter Common Room cellar; he distinctly preferred the Brasenose tap: and he hung on to one or other of his various friends of the B.N.C. authorities whenever he could see opportunity for invitation to dine. Before long they met him halfway, by electing him an honorary member of B.N.C. Common Room; which had the effect of letting him in for paying for his own after-dinner bottle. This attained, they cheerfully submitted to the alternative expense of standing him the necessary preliminary dinner, which Tommy Sheppard's humorous and raconteur qualities fully repaid. When Tommy turned up to dine, once (or more like oftener) a week, the only question was, "Whose turn is it to pay dog tax to-night?" (*i.e.* to stand Tommy his dinner).

Tommy's humour often took a business-like form. One of the Exeter Fellows—Tweed—desired to take to equestrian exercise. Tommy obliged him, by selling him a horse. Tweed did not enjoy Tommy's society—anyhow when riding, for some reason or other; Tommy traded on this. He would say: "Tweed, you will ride with me to-day?" Tweed would excuse himself. "Then you are not going to ride at all to-day?" said artful Tommy. This put poor Tweed in a cleft stick.

He had to say "No," or else to assent to Tommy's society. Of the two evils he would select the less and stand down. Then Tommy proceeded to score. "If you can't ride, I had better exercise your beast," and Tweed had to assent, with simulated gratitude. Tommy hereby practically had a spare mount kept gratis for him, some two or more days weekly.

The Rev. Arthur Faber, Fellow of New College, was my Logic coach for a term: a man of much geniality and great intellectual ability. Later he became first head-master of the newly-founded Malvern College school. He was a first-class cricketer; and a very prominent Freemason: Worshipful Master of the Apollo Lodge, at the time of my initiation. (If I recollect right, Walter Erskine (Mar and Kellie) and I were initiated together. The latter went on, in later years, to high Masonic degrees in Scotland. I remained content with the raising to a Master Mason.) Arthur Faber made some big cricket scores at Lord's after he settled down as a College Fellow; but to accommodate popular prejudice he played as "St. Fabian." I recall his making three figures; I think the match was Harlequins *v.* Quidnuncs. In those early sixties, Lord's Turf was far less of a billiard table than now—100 runs represented higher skill than 200 in these days.

There was an Oxford bowler when I was a freshman—Cassan of John's, who had a deformed hand, that of itself imparted spontaneous mysterious twist to the ball. There was another bowler, Scott of Pembroke (who afterwards won knight-

hood for finance administration in Egypt). Scott was celebrated for his express pace: faster than any professional. He wound up once an innings at Lord's by taking wickets at an average of a run apiece; he only bowled one over; and as many wides as wickets; whether two or three of each, I forget. No bat touched a ball of his; his straight balls were unplayable.

I recall a smart repartee credited to an old Radley and Oxford friend of mine, one Majendie Brown, now, unfortunately, no more. He married a Miss Hall, whose brother was for many years a popular Master of the Heythrop hounds, and who also at one time sat for the constituency of Oxford City. The mother-in-law, a widow, was a lady of religious mind, and used to hold Bible readings at her abode on Sundays. Mrs. Majendie Brown filially attended them. Her husband, if he drove her over to this Bible *séance*, preferred to adjourn to the harness-room, to smoke, till the meeting was at an end. Sundry other friends (or relatives) were also constant attendants at these domestic Sunday observances: uncharitable rumour alleged that they therein had ulterior motive, beyond that of theology—to wit, formed hopes of being sooner or later remembered in the old lady's last will and testament. One evening Majendie, tired of waiting, puts his head in at the door, and signals his wife that the horses are ready.

Says some sycophant—

"Here comes that impious Majendie: he never listens to the Word of the Lord; I undertake that he does not know one line of Scripture."

"I bet I do," retorts Majendie.

"Let's hear you, then," was a challenge.

Majendie makes a speaking-trumpet of his hands, and roars out: "You devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; but you get the greater damnation."

(Exit—slamming the door.)

George Morrison, the great oarsman and coach, was a leading character in my time (and before it). He stood some six-feet-two or more; was high-shouldered, and walked with enormous strides. I recall his once having to push his way home, along Cornmarket, on a Town and Gown night, through a yelling mob of miniature town roughs. He was not going to condescend to molest them, so long as they left him alone. They parted, and made a lane for him to stride down; any temptation to assail him was quenched by a warning voice from one of the mob: "Let 'im alone; there 'im goes—long, strong and okkard."

Morrison's coaching of our 1862 crew was energetic and devoted; but had a comic side. Floods were out: attendance by the tow-path was an impossibility. But Morrison would not absolutely abandon his duties as hopeless. He had his knife into A. R. Poole of Trinity (afterwards Q.C. on Western Circuit, and now dead and gone). The day's coaching consisted of the following. Morrison would scull a dinghy down to Freewater Stone, which was the only object on the bank above water between Iffley and the barges. Seated on this, trying to tuck his legs out of the swirling flood all round him, he would shout some abusive epithet at Poole, as we shot by on a four-knot current. Then he would paddle

across the fields to the Abingdon road, mount a horse there, gallop to the railway near Nuneham, mount the (then wooden) bridge over the river, and wait till the eight arrived. From that elevation he would once more shout his opprobrious epithet at poor Poole; and in another five seconds the stream had swept us out of hearing. Morrison had a deep voice. One could hear him coaching half-a-mile away. One day when the river was more normal, he was steering the eight round the last corner above "Isis Tavern." It was a calm, sunny day. Right in our track lay a becalmed sailing dinghy, with one occupant, a self-assertive Worcester freshman. "Look ahead there!" roared Morrison; but the freshman lay in the stern, and ignored the order. "Look ahead!" once more, and then we were into the obstacle.

"Hold her all!" shouted our coach; and we saved our nose from a smash; and just shaved the dinghy. Morrison let fly his best vocabulary. "Why the —— don't you get out of the way?" "What the —— do you mean by lying across the river like that?" and so on. The freshman surveyed him calmly and retorted, evidently impressed with the force of Morrison's lungs—

"Why don't you *blow*, then?"

Morrison simply foamed and boiled over.

"I'll show you how I blow; hold her stroke side—let me get at him. I'll blow him out of the water."

But the freshman by this seemed to become alarmed; he jumped up, grabbed a scull, and pushed his craft to the White Willow bank, nipped out, and made tracks like a rabbit across

the fields to Iffley village. We saw no more of him. By the time that we had turned the sixty feet of eight oar, he had too long a start, and Morrison remained unavenged.

It was that same spring that for a silly bet of a sovereign, I did a silly performance that ruined a suit of nearly new evening dress attire. It was on the evening of the Wednesday in Passion Week. Jack Morley of B.N.C. bet me a sovereign that I would not walk straight away from where we were (Pearce's Hotel, 10, Bury Street) to Oxford, and I took him. I changed my dress coat for a serge jacket; but made no other alteration in my rig, and was off in a few minutes. I regret that I did not take the exact time; but it was a very few minutes past 9 p.m. I began badly—going over Hammersmith Bridge, instead of sticking to the Bath road. I had to recross the river at Kew. I did not do fair heel and toe all the way. I jogged much of the distance; at a sort of cart-horse trot of some six, or less, miles an hour. I reached the door of Red Lion Hotel, Henley, about 6 a.m., and from a porter who was sweeping out the arched entrance got a drink of stale milk and a crust or two: then pushed on. I got into Oxford just as the bells of a church near Magdalen which some called the "Boiled Rabbit" (from its architecture) were finishing the call for 11 a.m. service: and reached 88, High Street, where I had just taken lodgings for the Easter term. My waistcoat and trousers were badly spotted with the perspiration that had dripped all night from my face. My kid, elastic-sided evening boots (the fashion of that day) had split

between Benson's and Nuneham, and I had torn my pocket-handkerchief into strips to bind them up. After I had tubbed and breakfasted, some B.N.C. friends, up reading for vacation, must needs chaff me about alleged fatigue; so, for wanton bravado, I went down to the river, got my sculling boat, and sculled to Nuneham Black Bridge and back. I slept well that night, and was impious enough to lie in bed instead of doing church or chapel on Good Friday morning.

There was a somewhat celebrated character of those days in Oxford, known as "Dick Swallow." What his real surname was, no one seemed to know. He had met me on my arrival dishevelled at my lodgings, and was full of paternal concern when he heard of my escapade. He called twice a day after it, to know if he was required to attend my funeral.

Dick's chief vocation was, firstly, to read aloud from a translation to pass men who were cramming for schools. He really ranked this task as equivalent to coaching his patrons. He would say, "I am reading with Mr. X. and Y. and Z., and we shall get them through all right." When he got their "testamurs" from the clerk of the schools, he would flourish them, and tell all whom he met *en route* how many of his "*pupils*" had that day succeeded in stumping the examiners. Dick also did business in writing (or getting written) impositions which some dons used to set to idle men who did not duly get up lectures. I have also heard of his being employed to go round to tradesmen with a sheaf of bills to pay them. Dick was scrupulously honest, and could be trusted with unlimited gold.

His nickname of "Swallow" arose thus: He once on a time had access (whether as compositor or what) to the Clarendon Press. Some Christ Church man (or men) who had a difficulty in passing schools suborned Dick (in dark ages, long before my day) to sneak copies of the printed examination papers. By aid of this, the difficulties of the examiners were overcome. Suspicion arose; Dick was detained and searched. He chewed and *swallowed* the incriminating papers; and the mystery was never traced to the youths who had instigated the "plant." Dick lost his official job, nevertheless, and had to eke out existence as aforesaid. He was offered liberal reward to betray his clients, but declined, and was staunch. He never mentioned their names in after years, though in other details he would narrate the Clarendon Press scandal with a chuckle. He used to hint that his patrons, who by his instrumentality had thus passed, had (one or more) become Ministerial magnates; and it was generally understood that they did not forget their old co-conspirator, and sent him annual pension.

Looker, the dog-dealer caricatured in *Verdant Green*, was extant in my time; "Filthy Lucre," or "Old Filthy," was the usual sobriquet. I, however, never had a deal with him. The river took so much of my time that, apart from the question of £ s. d., I did not do many days' hunting in a season at Oxford. But now and then, in my lightweight days, I got mounts on friends' horses; and later, in spare hours, hired, on and off from Tollit or Charley Symonds. John Day, the head man at Charley's, was a humorous character. He perpe-

trated more than one jest at the expense of Frere of Trinity, known as "Mighty" (or "Mitey") Frere. This sportsman affected a very horsey style in dress. He also had largish feet. Tom one day defined him "the 'ossiest man on foot, and the footiest man on a 'oss, as ever I seed!" Frere, in his turn, had a quality of humour. He used to say grace at Trinity Sunday luncheons, which were rather elaborate, to atone for the statutable cold breakfasts at that college. The text ran—

"For what we are going to receive, thank God we have not got to pay for till next term."

In Symonds' stable was some horse that had the reputation of being an unpleasant hack—possibly a rough goer; anyhow, he was for choice relegated to harness. Frere heard of him, and perhaps thought the unpopularity for saddle duty was due to restiveness, and requisitioned a mount on him to test the animal. When he brought him back to the yard he volunteered expert opinion to old John Day that there was no fault to find with the animal, in *his* hands, and that it had been quite quiet to ride. John looked down at "Mighty" Frere's extra long boot-soles, and meditated aloud, "Perhaps he thought he was in the shafts."

CHAPTER IX

OXFORD (*continued*)

STAMMERING usually has a comic effect, and I recall one which, according to Walter Erskine, occurred when he went up to matriculate at B.N.C. in Lent term, 1859. Three other candidates were there. One was a son of a celebrated Polish exile—Lach Szyrma—the other two were Robert Shepherd and Grissell. Bobby Shepherd in due time became one of our most valuable oars : rowed bow of Oxford in 1863, and won pairs and fours with me at Oxford and Henley. Grissell was a non-athlete, but quiet and refined and popular; later he changed his creed for that of Rome, and became a chamberlain to the Pope. Both these last two stammered, but each from a different standpoint. To articulate, the subject has first to blow the bellows from the lungs ; secondly, to frame consonants and vowels with lips, teeth or tongue, as the case may be. Now, Bobby Shepherd was all right with the bellows business ; but lame in action of lips and teeth. *Per contra*, Grissell could work the mouth and its appliances all right, but was out of gear with the bellows, and used to gasp and as likely as not utter his words inhaling, instead of exhaling. If the two could have been dovetailed into one being, Bobby to blow the bellows, and Grissell to frame the letters,

the joint operation would have produced clean oratory.

Now Bobby was inclined to be peppery, though otherwise full of good-fellowship. While he and Grissell were waiting with the others for a summons to the examination-room, Bobby for good-will, accosted Grissell.

"Have you c-c-c-c-ome here t-t-t-o m-m-matriculate?"

Grissell politely essayed to reply—gasping and inhaling his words—

"Y-y-yes—I h-h-have come h-h-here to m-m-matriculate."

"D-d-d-d—n you; you're m-m-mocking me."

"N-n-no; I'm n-n-not m-m-mocking——" and so they went on, till the Common Room man summoned one or other for official audience.

Erskine said the scene was more comical than even the *Porter's Knot* or *Regular Fix*, with Robson at his best.

Bobby improved in elocution, somewhat. He could—curiously—always *sing* without stammering; it was in ordinary conversation, especially if excited, that he now and then got stuck. In due time he took his degree and prepared for orders. He went—so we heard—to Gilbert (Bishop of Chichester, a former Chief of B.N.C.), for interview—as a candidate for title to orders.

Gilbert noted his somewhat halting speech; and put him on to read an epistle.

Bobby, very nervous at the unanticipated ordeal, lapsed to his worst freshman's form—

"R-r-re-joice in the L-L-Lord al-w-w-w-way. . . ."

Gilbert intervened, and suggested an interim study of elocution before further candidature.

Bobby rejoined his friends, as angry as Naaman the Syrian, complaining: "D-d-d—n the m-m-man! as if I c-c-c-couldn't speak p-p-plain if I ch-ch-chose."

However, to his credit, Bobby got sufficiently over his failing before long to qualify for ordination.

He was a most sterling man in a boat: very game; and lots of stamina. He had a younger brother, Arthur, who, after Bobby had graduated, was invaluable to B.N.C. as a stroke to take them head of the river, and to keep them there.

In 1865 he rowed stroke of the college and went head. In 1866 Duncan Pocklington (who had rowed stroke for Oxford in 1864) was elected to a Hulmeian exhibition to read for orders, and was at first installed stroke and Arthur Shepherd relegated to No. 6. B.N.C. had Corpus behind them—stroked by L. Bridges, an old Etonian with a marvellous catch at the beginning, which he efficiently inculcated in his crew. Good old Hanbury, late Minister for Agriculture, was, as No. 4, one of the Corpus mainstays. Somehow, Pocklington's hand had lost its cunning, and he misjudged his pace of stroke (like many another good stroke, before and since his day); Bridges was a devil to rush a spurt, and he chopped B.N.C. under the Willows, and Corpus became head.

I was down, out of residence. The news of the disaster was telegraphed to me at Kingston, where I was preparing a Kingston crew for Henley. B.N.C. were as savage as bears with sore heads,

at the idea of being bumped by a smaller college, such as Corpus. They held a council of war in Hall, after supper that night, and decided to reinstate Arthur Shepherd at stroke, putting Pocklington at 6; and abandoning the new ship in which they had been bumped, taking to their old vessel of the year before. They did a private a.m. paddle in the new order; vowing vengeance. In the race that evening Shepherd rushed off at "n + 1" to the minute, and chopped Corpus at the Freewater Stone, just as B.N.C. were at their last gasp, and could hardly have wagged to the next corner. However, the headship was regained. (Q.E.F.)

I was not present; I was told that the scene when the crew returned to barges was unparalleled. When the flags (of order of racing) had been adjusted in the usual manner, after the night's casualties, all were taken down save B.N.C., and this bit of bunting was left to float alone, and to be cheered by each crew as it passed. The superseded Pocklington was the very first to telegraph the result to me, before 8 a.m. Of course I ran down to Oxford next night, to see the phenomenon, half fearing a counter *coup* by Corpus; but B.N.C. easily held their own to the end of the races. Corpus behaved so nicely, and were so sportingly warm in their congratulations to B.N.C. on the unique *coup*, that an instant especial *entente cordiale* was inaugurated between the two crews; and for long years afterwards no bump supper of either college was complete without the attendance of the whole crew of the other.

In the following season I was up for the summer

term to coach B.N.C., not meaning to row; but as often as not I coached Corpus, while Bridges instructed my men. (Coaches each learn a lot, by swapping pupils like this; otherwise they have a tendency to run into a groove, and to get blind to one fault while laying siege to another.)

Just as the races became due, F. Crowder of B.N.C. (afterwards M.F.H. of Southwold hounds), who had rowed 6 for Oxford at Easter, got seedy; and I had to take his seat at scratch, to hold the headship. This we did, in spite of Bridges' nightly vicious rushes at the "crossing," to which Arthur Shepherd used to respond at Saunder's Bridge. One night we had a near squeak. We went down last to stations, with all the confident swagger of a head boat. In the gut some one looked out; there was a lurch, and No. 7's oar (R. F. Rumsey's) snapped like a carrot. Just at that instant, first gun fired; leaving just five minutes to the start.

There was a friend on the bank, who observed the disaster—Bullock, captain of Lincoln (coaching his own crew, but not rowing; a man with one of the best floss-silk beards that I ever saw). He was a friend in need. In an instant he posted sprinters to race up to barges, more than half-a-mile, to fetch a fresh oar. Meantime we lumbered with our seven oars to our starting post. Off the Green Barge I saw McCalmont of Oriel, uncle of the Harry McCalmont of later Turf fame, in a gig with ladies. (O.U.B.C. rules forbade our starting with seven oars.) I hailed him, to loan a scull, or oar, to make our statutory complement of weapons. He came across, and gave us the best sort of stick

his craft could produce ; of little use, beyond that of a lady's fan. We made bow hand his oar to No. 7 and armed bow with the substitute, and waited for the worst. Second gun fired. Then we heard Bullock hail ; and saw the spare oar coming down the bank twenty miles an hour. It reached us 25 seconds before the start, and was threaded into the bow rowlock ; we pushed off from bank at 10 seconds or less to last gun-fire, and kept our place. Corpus came *en masse* after the race, with their usual cordiality, to congratulate us on our salvation. There was an almighty big drink in college after the races ; with Corpus and Lincoln eights as guests, besides captains of leading clubs.

I had the luck never to be bumped in eights ; and only once in torpids, with a broken oar (*supra*). The only bump which befell B.N.C. during my career, in and out of college eight, from 1859 to 1867, was in 1861, by Trinity, and I was out of the boat that day—crippled. Our coxswain—"Sally" Parkin—(so called from playing the slavey "Sally" in *Whitebait at Greenwich*) had made a swipe at my face at dinner, forgetting that "she" was holding a knife. I just parried it, to save my nose, and got it in the fleshy outside of my right hand. It had to be sewed up : I remember that when the blood spurted, our tall No. 5, "Long Coxe"—now Rector of Stoke-Bruern, Northants, gave a grunt and turned over, falling like a log on the floor. (Blood upsets some stomachs, after a full meal.) The wound kept me out of the crew till the middle of the races, and even then I had only a hand and a quarter, but I had to rejoin to save more disasters ; for meantime, Trinity, a fine

crew stroked by Couchman, had caught us, and went head next night. Couchman was a fine stroke. If Walter Hoare had not been in possession of the 'Varsity strokeship at that date, no better stroke could have been found to oppose Cambridge, than Couchman of Trinity.

It was the fashion in those days to have one's rooms pictured by Ryman with one's chief *intimes* in it. I had mine done; there was one non-Oxonian in my group—Oldham (now Colonel Sir Henry Oldham of the Royal Body Guard)—a very old Radley pal. When I look at the pictures it is sad to reflect how many of that group joined the majority too soon. Heap, the crack sprinter, who won the "Prince of Wales" 'Varsity challenge cup the first time of asking; Walter Erskine, Weldon Champneys (my partner in divers Henley crews), Burton Leach, Billy Allgood, younger brother of the celebrated Jemmy Allgood of Hexham, who had ridden over the dining-table at Aylesbury (*vide* John Leech in *Punch*)—All gone! R.I.P.

I find myself extant in a group in the rooms of Charles E. Harris St. John of B.N.C.—generally known as the "president" in my time. His ground floor rooms were such a recognized lounge for the idle, that some friends named the suite the Brasenose Club, and did him the honour of electing him president of his own domain. Besides, later on he became president of the Phœnix, and so was double-barrelled in title. He was one of our best judges of port. I fear he pays for it now—at West Court, Finchampstead, where he lives, when his enemy—gout—takes him in "tow," and away from "port," with his feet in a bandbox, not to

S. E. Illingworth. W. Champneys. W. B. W. W. Heap. R. Burton Leach. W. Allgood.
Walter H. Erskine H. Garnett. (Rev.) Sidney Phillips.
(E. Mar and Kellie). (Col.) Sir H. H. Oldham.

W. B. W.'S ROOM IN BRASENOSE, NO. 5 STAIRCASE, FIRST FLOOR (DECEMBER 1861).

bear even the pressure of a sheet! No one was more popular in his day. He never took the trouble to graduate; but conscientiously leaves his name on college books as "Senior Commoner," in which capacity the Common Room invite him specially at Jubilees or like orgies of seniors. I was glad to see a son of his, as a chip of an old block, get D.S.O. after a bullet through the chest, in the Boer War. "Baby" Plowden, the celebrated "beak," figures in the select coterie of the "president's" rooms. He looked sweet and innocent in those days. He made quite a pretty girl, as a lady of the harem in *Barefaced Impostors* before our present gracious King and Queen in 1863.

In that same year I had the honour of being one of the four who manned a boat to row the then Prince and Princess of Wales down and up river, at the time of "procession of boats"—a pageant now obsolete. I still have the special programme of that day, printed on white satin, lettered in dark blue, and gold fringed. I think only five such copies were printed. (The Princess used mine for reference, while the boats passed up to the saluting point.)

In the Whitsun term of the preceding year, 1862, the University Cricket Club approached the University Boat Club for leave to wear dark blue at Lord's. Till then, broad dark blue ribbon, and blue coats with no crest on them, had been the monopoly of the University eight. Oxford elevens had no specified colour; at Lord's they had been in the habit of performing in all sorts of shirts and ribbons: here Harlequins; there Free Foresters, Bullingdon or Perambulator. The result was that

spectators often were puzzled, on arrival, to know which side was in the field.

In 1861 a preliminary attempt had been made to secure some semblance of uniformity; and at the last, white shirts were agreed upon. I remember that I had to lend Jack Morley a white flannel shirt to perform in. He possessed none whiter than Harlequin. The outcome of this was, in 1862, a suggestion that the eleven should wear blue. But as a matter of sporting etiquette, the authorities of the eleven sent a formal application to us for leave for the adoption. It must be borne in mind that at that time there were no Inter-University athletics; though they were in the air, hatching. Besides the boat race, cricket, rackets, billiards (started in 1859) and Aylesbury steeplechasing were the only passages of friendly arms between the two *Almæ Matres;* and of the relatively minor sports, none had dreamed of sporting light or dark blue, which were regarded as Boat Club colours exclusively. But cricket was a major and not a minor contest; hence the suggestion to put it at last on a par, as to colours, with the Boat Race.

The O.U.B.C. Committee consisted of the regulation five members, of which I was one. W. M. Hoare and C. R. Carr each had enough cricket talent to play, when occasion allowed, for their colleges. W. B. R. Jacobson, A. R. Poole and myself, the other three of committee, had no such skill, and were pure wet bobs. We three, last named, were adverse to the proposal, but did not wish to hurt feelings of cricketers. We proposed an alternative, to be submitted to each University, for mutual approval. This was, that blue, light and dark,

should remain as before distinctive of the aquatics, and some other shade of light and dark (*e.g.* pink and crimson) be allotted to the eleven ; leaving for the anticipated future of Inter-University athletics, primrose and orange, and so on.

Under this scheme, to be a "blue," a "red," or a "yellow" of his University would of itself denote the branch of sport to which the performer belonged ("light" *versus* "dark" being in all cases the rivalry of colour in any competitions).

The cricketers had meantime flattered Hoare by electing him a Harlequin, which was usually a compliment reserved only for such as at least soared to the standard of a University fifteen or sixteen.

When the day for Committee arrived, one of our three wet bob dissentients had unexpectedly had to be absent, for some family obsequies. I forget whether the absentee was Poole or Jacobson. The effect was, to divide the Committee, two and two for and against. Hoare, as president, claimed a casting vote, and by it the eleven got blue, subject to conditions—one, to wear the ribbon only on variegated straw, not white ; and secondly, not to bind their blue coats with blue silk trimming.

I have in later years felt that perhaps the defeated alternative would have been unanimously adopted by all of our Committee, if they had foreseen the result, generations ahead, of the arrangement with the eleven : all sorts of minor branches of sport now taking French leave and helping themselves to light or dark blue, as if the two hues were officially representative of all Inter-University competitions. The athletics obtained official leave for blue, a few years later by joint agreement of eleven and eight.

All other wearers of "blue" have pirated it, and the "coinage" has been debased in consequence.

About the same time Clare College, Cambridge, wanted to start colours; and as there were already endless combinations of red, blue and white in Cambridge, they bethought them of black and gold, of which, till then, Brasenose had monopoly. They, with sportsmanlike good taste, wrote officially to our college club for leave to adopt our colours. Of course, we assented; and to show that the concession was ungrudging, our Secretary (W. Chambers Harris) went to Cambridge one day to coach the Clare crew, and was most hospitably received.

One of the last things that I did, in my closing year of undergraduate life, was to found Vincent's Club. The foundation was a sudden one at the last; though I had been contemplating organizing a coterie of that nature for some time past.

Before the Oxford Union moved to their own premises, they had rented rooms at Vincent's, the publisher's in High Street. The migration occurred while I was still at school. Old Vincent, having lost these customers, started a "reading-room" of his own, in the old suite; open only to members of the University, and at 13*s.* 6*d.* a term, to undersell the Union, for which latter the terminal fee was a guinea. For many years he had a full list of subscribers. Contiguous colleges, like B.N.C., University, Merton, Corpus, patronized him freely; besides casual recruits from other colleges. But by degrees his trade grew slack; and at last he closed his doors, about 1861. I had, like many B.N.C. friends, always been a subscriber; we grudged the

closed doors, and cursed the Union for attracting the youth of the day, to our inconvenience. We also crabbed Union membership, for a certain technical reason, as follows.

The Union professed to pass all candidates through the ballot-box; but, statistically, for £ s. d., they went "into the highways and hedges" for subscribers; and all through my time such an event as black-balling had been unknown, even for certain of the blackest sheep who had been notoriously expelled with ignominy from public schools.

Now, the University Book Club was open to all members of *Alma Mater;* without proposal or seconding. So long as the Vice-Chancellor passed a candidate for matriculation, that sufficed; hence, it was no reflection on the O.U.B.C. if a man of shady social status joined the U.B.C. Barge. The latter was the only reading-room open on Sundays, in those days; hence, it had patronage from many a dry bob, who never ventured afloat.

But the Union went through the farce of socially "vetting" every candidate, and after all, passing all sorts and conditions of men as "sound," despite notorious antecedents. For this reason a strong and *élite* section of B.N.C., University and Merton cold-shouldered the Union.

About the opening day on the river of Lent term, 1863, I was on B.N.C. barge, when the Hon. C. Ellis and C. S. Stanhope of Merton hailed me from the tow-path, to come and talk some matter over with them. (Ellis was stroke of Merton; Stanhope was in later years a prominent Freemason. "Sharks" Stanhope he was familiarly

called at Merton. I last saw him returning from consecration of Truro Cathedral, at which Freemasons officiated, and he was Grand Chaplain.) Well, I hailed back—where should I find them after dressing? Stanhope called, "Come to the Union." I replied, "Hang the Union! I wouldn't be seen there at a dog-fight."

The retort was, "Well, then, when are you going to give us that select club of yours, that you have talked so much about?"

My dander was up, and I called back, "This day week."

Having thus committed myself, I had to keep my word. I at once went to old Vincent, and discussed terms with him. He wanted £100 a year for his two rooms; same rent as Union used to pay. I got him to let to me for £60 up to Long Vacation, to see if meantime I could float the required club.

This settled, I set to work to book my special friends, as a nucleus for starting. I selected 40. In the official lists of Vincent's Club an error was made of recording as "original members" all those whose subscriptions figure as paid in at the old Bank during the Lent term. Whoever compiled the list knew no better, and had nothing to guide him beyond the bank book; but, as a matter of fact, a large number of the subscribers in Lent term, 1863, went through the ballot-box and joined us thus, a week or so after we opened. Many intimate friends who already had sunk their term's subscription in the Union, hung back for the first week, thinking me over-sanguine and waiting for developments, but joined later. All Christ Church

declined my overtures; they had "Loder's" and "Rouser's" clubs, which sufficed for them. However, I got my 40 original members, and we met in W. Heap's room in B.N.C., No. 3 staircase, ground floor right—to draft rules. Twelve o'clock was striking, and all rules drafted save the name. Burton Leach suggested "The Century," as one cardinal principle in the foundation was a limit to a magic number—100—to give prestige; and to include, if possible, in that 100 all the leading men of the undergraduate class. But the strike of St. Mary's clock sounded the closure, for many of us had to knock out of gates. So we hurriedly named the club "Vincent's," *pro tem.*, and rushed for the gates. We opened our doors within four days of my passage of arms with Ellis and Stanhope; and had a further general meeting overnight in my lodgings in High Street. One of our novelties was provision of mild refreshments, and leave to smoke. The Union tabooed tobacco and had no drinks, not even temperance, in those days. There was some doubt whether proctors might intervene if we sold drinks. So, for safety, we decided on free beer, tea and coffee for all members. (To the best of my belief these fluids are still supplied free at Vincent's.)

The first Sunday after opening there was a meeting to elect candidates, of whom there were already many. We had in our new rules a stiff qualification—if I recollect aright—one black ball in eight (or nine) to exclude. The candidates' names came on in alphabetical order. Accordingly, the first name on the list was that of one C—— of Magdalen. I knew the man, and in my opinion

he was quite eligible as good company; but he had, perhaps, a somewhat pushing style and carriage, which possibly produced unfavourable impression on some who knew him only by sight, and not personally. Anyhow, when his ballot-box went round, it turned out that he had some five, or thereabouts, enemies in the room, and he was not elected. This rejection put up the backs of our four Magdalen original members, and they retaliated by pilling every one else! Result (as four pills among about 35 members in attendance sufficed to debar), no elections! Strange to say, the report of this exclusiveness of the new club so far from deterring, seemed only to stimulate candidature for so select an assembly. We had more names down by that day week, and held another sitting, whereat we agreed that there might have been some misunderstanding on the preceding Sunday, and in consequence passed two preliminary resolutions: one, to put up all the last Sunday's rejected ones again; the other, not to announce result of ballot until all candidates of the day had passed through the mill. Then the ballot proceeded. The bulk were elected, but poor C——'s five enemies would not leave him alone, and he was pilled again. Forthwith, my four Magdalen friends in disgust resigned, *en bloc*. This reduced the "originals" to only thirty-six (or thirty-seven). I endeavour to give a list of them, so far as memory serves me, after forty-four years—

C. Bill, A. Brassey, H. A. Brassey, J. H. Forster, C. Forster, P. Green, F. H. Kelly, A. Makgill, J. Hill, from University College; C. C. Cheston, T. F. Dallin, Hon. C. Ellis, E. R. Everington, T. A. Gooch, W. H. P. Jenkins, C. W. Spencer-

Stanhope, Merton; W. H. Dunn, L. Garnett, A. W. Grant, C. E. Harris, R. Burton Leach, W. E. Heap, S. E. Illingworth, P. A. Latham, S. Phillips, A. C. Plowden, Brasenose; Douglas Arden and P. E. Poppe, Pembroke; H. R. Finch and J. H. Horner, Balliol; J. M. Haygarth, C. J. Manning, Corpus; E. Farquhar and W. Prowse, Exeter; E. Hume, Trinity; and S. C. Voules, Lincoln.

I am proud to relate that of this pick of personal friends to support me in my new venture, a large majority historically have made their mark in the world, one way or other; of the few who are not so well known, early death generally accounts for their more limited distinction.

C. Bill and A. Brassey were well known at St. Stephen's, and the latter still more as Master of Heythrop. Dallin, as a scholar and classic. C. Forster as M.F.H.; Jack, his brother, as a wondrous stroke, and winner of Grand, Ladies' and Stewards' in one day at Henley (defeating myself). W. H. Dunn as M.F.H. and standard judge at Peterborough Kennel Shows; "Pea" Green as a popular man of society (married Lady Camden); C. E. Harris (now "St. John") as a J.P. and Hants Squire. Heap as winner of 100 yards and quarter-mile at Oxford. Haygarth, Hume and Voules, University eleven; Makgill, as Scottish advocate and one of Jack Forster's Henley colleagues in victory. Sydney Phillips as a hard-working parson (now Vicar of Kidderminster), A. C. Plowden, as a godsend to Press police reporters in need of "copy." Ellis as naturalist and as an excellent college stroke. Spencer-Stanhope as a leading

Freemason. T. A. Gooch, as a historic representative of Oxford for jumping *v.* Cambridge; W. H. P. Jenkins as chairman of National Hunt. If I have lost sight of one or two others I apologize to them, or to their *manes*.

Since this foundation of a nucleus, whence to select a picked "century" of the University, for each term, a galaxy of future statesmen, divines, and athletes have adorned the club. I may cite, from memory, Bishop Glyn, of Peterborough; Archdeacon Seymour; Lords Jersey, Lansdowne, Bath, Donoughmore (late), Curzon, Ampthill, Desborough, Rosebery, Sir Courtney Boyle, His Honour Judge W. W. Wood, Sir Matthew White Ridley; R. E. Yerburgh, M.P., Hon. F. H. Smith, M.P., Sir S. Crossley, Sir E. Grey, Akers-Douglas (late Home Secretary), John Eldon-Bankes, K.C., Hon. R. O'Neill, M.P., Col. Willan, oarsman and Hants County factotum; W. North, Police Magistrate; Lord Lovat, Lord Selborne, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cranborne, Lord Randolph Churchill; Prince Christian Victor, Herbert Gladstone, Canon Claughton, Archdeacon Houblon, Lord Antrim; Sir John Edwards-Moss, Bart., and his late brother T. Cottenham Edwards-Moss, M.P., W. L. Courtney (man of letters), Sir H. Seton Karr, Cecil Rhodes (Empire builder), C. S. Newton (oarsman, gentleman rider, and Jockey Club), Lord Hugh Cecil and his brother Lord Robert, Dr. Burgh, Head Master of Winchester, W. Hayes-Fisher, and others.

However, in spite of a somewhat inauspicious first ballot, Vincent's at once acquired a special prestige, which has never left it; the club quarters

have changed at least four times, and it is now far more commodious and luxurious than the cramped suite in which it had birth. Proctors do not veto it having a commissariat; and the latter, for meals of all hours, sets an example as to quality and tariff combined, to nine out of ten London clubs.

I still live in hope that some day the modern executive may see their way to incorporate the old idea of "Century" and "Centurion" respectively, as at least suffixes to the titles of the club and of its chief officer. There may be a score of "presidents"—of one sort or degree or other—of clubs, of colleges, of societies in *Alma Mater*, but to be "The Centurion" of Oxford would be, at the least, a unique title that would speak for itself.

Vincent's started life with one servant—steward, waiter and petty cashier, rolled into one—John Brown. I picked him up through old Vincent, who knew of him and his trusty character. He was invaluable, and did much towards our success; when his health began to fail, his son acted as his deputy, and in due course worthily succeeded him; he is still extant, a greater swell than his old father was—High Steward of the establishment. Vincent's without ("Young") "John," now surely well past fifty, would hardly be recognizable by old habitués.

The Oxford and Cambridge "Unions" reciprocate compliment to each other by conferring honorary membership on the members of each other. It took me years to engineer something analogous to this for Vincent's; but about a generation ago, with aid and canvass in Cambridge by the late Hon. Charles Stuart Erskine of Downing

(brother of my old B.N.C. friend), a similar reciprocity was arranged between the Cambridge "Pitt" Club and Vincent's, which, I am told, works well to this day. I live further in hope that there may be some Jubilee celebration of Vincent's foundation when A.D. 1913 comes round, and that Providence may mercifully spare me to witness it.

Early in the life of Vincent's, during the sixties, but after I had ceased to reside, so great was the demand for membership, that a proposal was more than once made to extend the sacred number, say to 140 or 150. On each occasion I hurried from London to the meeting, and appealed to the new generation not to destroy the magic and charm of a picked century, "limited," lest by doing so some prestige should be lost; and I am grateful to record that they graciously listened to my plea and advice, and stuck to the old limit.

The number of members who have in later life made their mark in the world, or to some extent, in evidence from the various *Vanity Fair* cartoons of statesmen, orators, administrators, colonial governors, and the like, who in youth adorned Vincent's *salons*, I endeavour to give a list of some of the more prominent of them. I do not include herein University athletes, of land or water, of the hour, who have figured in *Vanity Fair* pages while still undergraduates, by virtue of athleticism, and who doubtless will in most cases in later life rise to as much distinction imperially as of old in field or in flood, but confine my schedule to those whom "Spy," etc., have sketched in maturer manhood, as public national celebrities.

Such are, or were (for some have crossed Charon's

ferry), Lords Jersey and Lansdowne; Donoughmore (the late), Desborough, Randolph Churchill, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Ampthill, Hayes-Fisher, Akers-Douglas, Yerburgh, Herbert Gladstone.

In connection with old Vincent the publisher, I recall that one day, while his old "subscription rooms" were still extant, he met me on the stairs and asked if I would like tickets to go and see Rarey perform. Rarey, the horse-tamer, was one of the sensations of the season. He was an American. He jumped into fame by undertaking to handle Lord Dorchester's notoriously savage horse Cruiser, that only one privileged groom dared to approach. Rarey did tackle the horse; and subdued him. I am not sure whether he went so far as to lie down, pillowing his head on him, as he did with some of his subjects; or beating a drum over the head of the recumbent horse. Anyhow, the Cruiser conquest rushed Rarey into fame, and he exhibited in circuses as tamer in a few minutes of unbroken steeds. There were speculations as to his methods: some critics suggested the use of some secret drug, the odour of which had magic effect on equine temperament. Anyhow, he displayed nerve and strength. He would walk up to an unbroken animal that laid its ears back, and showed the white of the eye, hold out his hand, and quickly make friends. (Erskine and I went to the show.) That day Rarey was exhibiting in Oxford. The horses brought to him were nothing of the Cruiser stamp; but were warranted fairly vicious, or unbroken, or both. No collusion, in my opinion; the owners of the animals were public local characters; and the

horses themselves known, as to antecedents, by a plurality of occupiers of land in the district.

Rarey's process was to walk up slowly, with extended hand, letting the creature smell it. Then he handled, gently; presently he picked up a foreleg, and strapped fetlock to knee. Then by an effort of strength, threw the animal flat. Then more handling and caressing. Then gallery play, of bedding himself alongside of the horse; lifting its passive legs round his neck. Then sitting on it; beating a drum over its head. Finally, releasing the tied leg, making it rise, saddling it, and riding it round the ring. The farmers who brought colts, assured the ring that their animals had never been backed till that day.

Apropos of Gooch of Merton, one of the Vincent originals. He was a great jumper. He won for Oxford at the first Athletic match *v.* Cambridge. A feat of Gooch's was to jump in and out of "Merton Walk." This avenue, between Merton and Corpus, is now tortuous; diverted to make room for the new buildings of Merton; when I first resided it ran straight, at right angles to Merton Street, till it entered Merton Meadow. It is fenced both sides with iron spiked railings some 5 ft. 2 ins. in height. The path between them is, I believe, about 8 ft. wide. Gooch used to take the double fence "in and out," landing on the path from Merton, and springing straight into the Corpus side of the garden. It must have wanted some nerve to do this. Magdalen had its leaping representative, known as Jumping Jones. Out of Magdalen cloisters into the turf of the cloistered quad, stand, or anyhow stood, some iron spiked

gates. I think they were just half-an-inch less than 5 ft. Jumping Jones exhibited over them; but unfortunately did so once too often. The cloister flags were slippery one day; and he got badly spiked. I wonder whether any twentieth century Oxford talent ever emulates these feats; at the same time pray that my narrative may not tempt any incompetent, nor one possessed of iron nerve, to his own destruction.

The wilderness pulpit in Magdalen threshold quad had been abandoned before I came up. Legend as told to me was, that this open-air stone rostrum was preached from once a year—of old, on June 24 (St. John Baptist Day) to recall the Baptist who "preached in the wilderness." But one learned divine, performing therefrom, contracted pneumonia, and perished. Then the old ceremony died out.

Æstheticism had not developed in Oxford in my day; though the Union had broken the ice, with pre-Raffaelite frescoes. As an illustration of Oxford bad taste: in my (second) rooms, B.N.C. first quad, No. 5, first floor right, there was an elaborately carved old oak mantelpiece and overmantel. It had some six coats of paint on it; choking the interstices of the carving. Most first-floor rooms were panelled; covering all was paint daubed over the panelling; and some had even canvas stretched over the panels, to carry wall-paper. My old B.N.C. mantelpiece would, I surmise, now fetch three figures, if in the Wardour Street market. In the panels were two Norman arches; and these arches each contained an oil painting, copies, no doubt, but interesting, representing two chapel

scenes, one the initiation of a nun, and the other of a monk. Vandal friends used to try to impress me with the wisdom of cutting out these paintings, and of replacing them with mirrors to lighten the room. No doubt, if I had elected to do so, the dons would have said nothing, and the paintings would have become my own perquisite. But I refrained. When I last got leave to peep at my old rooms, I was glad to see that latter-day taste had restored the oak carving, got rid of the paint on it, and had cleaned the old paintings.

During my undergraduate career I augmented my income for some two years by writing sermons at a guinea apiece. I fear that my *coup* in this respect may read as fraud and false pretence; but I had not designed fraud when I embarked in the enterprise; imposture attached itself later, and fortuitously. I saw an advertisement for original sermons: if I recollect right, it was in the *Guardian*. I replied, offering my services. I never stated that I was in orders, but the confiding advertiser, a Midlands curate, seems to have taken for granted that I was a brother cleric, and addressed me as the "Rev." W. B. W. I did not feel bound to repudiate the soft impeachment, and came to terms with him, for a weekly sermon: I to select text and topic, unless specially instructed to the contrary. Sermons in those days ran to about thirty or thirty-five minutes' delivery, so the job was no sinecure; but I kept at it for some two years, by which time my employer, whom I never saw in the flesh, married; and I believe married money, and settled down as a black squire. I heard indirectly from another source, that some spinster well *dorée* fell in

love with his pulpit eloquence, and set her cap at him. I got no commission on the transaction, beyond my trade terms; but the cheques always came with praiseworthy monthly punctuality, so long as the business lasted. One of the sermons, at least, was printed! The curate sent me a copy of it. I fear I left it behind at Oxford. Another sermon for Harvest Festival was a *fiasco*, and had to be re-written, under telegraphic orders (I had neglected to allude to potato disease!).

There were several very effective and genial characters among the trade of the town. First and foremost, I suppose, would come old Tommy Randall, a hosier, who had been a great oar and general athlete in his day, and who to the day of his death was as keen as mustard in all University aquatics. It was he who presented in 1869, to the O.U.B.C. a chair made of some of the remains of the ship that carried the "Seven oar" crew at Henley in 1843. His daughter became Lady Stainer, wife of the great composer. A Putney or Henley week without Tommy Randall to join forces and criticisms, would have been as incongruous as the absence of old Charley Symonds the horse-dealer from the paddock at Epsom, so long as either of these two celebrities had a leg to stand upon.

There was stout old Dayman, of the solicitor firm of Dayman and Walsh: no better judge of port in England; and, according to repute, usually consulted by the St. John's Common Room before any pipe of that fluid was laid down. *On dit*, the ordeal was, to get Dayman to try a sample of it, to a skinful; and if he reported that next morning

his breakfast did not require cayenne, the pipe was warranted and ordered. Dayman was full of anecdotes as to how, in days of arrest for debt, he engineered the safe exodus to the Continent of one or two embarrassed Fellows of St. John's, who could not venture outside college gates, for fear of sheriff's officers.

Then there were the Bickertons; the elder a solicitor and oarsman, who was the mainstay of the Oxford City "Wave" crew, that won at divers provincial regattas: and his brother, who in the sixties used to ride his cob up to various college grinds, and oblige undergraduates by making a book for them on the various steeplechases and flat races of the day. I was glad to see him in the flesh still, only lately, at Brighton. Foster junior, head of the tailors' firm of Foster and Co., was another friend of mine. I last saw him alive in the early seventies, when on summer circuit at Oxford; and spent the evening with him. Only a few days later he was victimized in the great Wigan railway accident; at least, he came back from it only to die of blood-poisoning from a lacerated arm. The elder Spiers, who had a large fancy goods emporium in the High, was a great Freemason, and a constant guest of ours at the Apollo Lodge. He and my father had forgathered and travelled together in Switzerland in the thirties, before railways profaned solitudes, and when the Continent was reckoned a far cry for even Long Vacation relaxations.

I was by no means one of those enthusiasts in racing who feel constrained to back daily some fancy or other; I could look on for two days out of three or more, and be content not to bet, and to

employ myself in studying form, for what the study might be worth. If at last I thought that I saw my way to a sound small speculation, then I ventured. I seldom placed reliance on so-called friendly tips of alleged certainties, by effusive casual acquaintances who posed as philanthropists, burning to impart priceless information. Such benefactors are either "lumberers," or flats who have been imposed upon by one of that trade.

Once, however, I went all the way from Oxford to Windsor, to back a tip, because I could trust the source whence it came. The late Duke of Hamilton was running Garus in the chief steeplechase at Windsor; he came into somebody's room where I was overnight, and assured all friends there that he had a good chance. The tip came off. Garus won cleverly. He started at 4 to 1. I had a fiver on him, in the lists; and after drawing my stake and winnings—£25 in all—was flat enough to book the numbers of the notes, holding them in my hand. That booking was fatal to me. I had been paid in two Bank of England ten-pound notes, and a Reading bank note for £5. I rolled the lot together and stowed them in a waistcoat pocket; I made no other bet that day. In due time I turned to leave the course. I was wearing a class of overcoat in vogue in that day: a sort of thick stuff frock coat, large enough to button tight over an ordinary coat; but not so long as the "Newmarket" coat, somewhat similar, which succeeded it.

I had a good deal of valuables with me. Beside my winnings aforesaid, I had some other cash of my own, in gold, also my watch and chain; also

the watch, chain and a handful of gold belonging to W. H. P. Jenkins (a well-known rider of the day), who was riding at that meeting, and whom I had to meet later at the White Hart.

As I reached the roadway, I hailed a four-wheel cab ; just as I was stepping into it, three or four unexpected strangers rushed simultaneously to the door, jamming me in it, and ejaculating that it was their cab. I backed out, as soon as I could extricate myself ; and as I did so, the interlopers seemed to change their mind, and remarked to each other that another cab would do. They quickly vanished. I re-entered the cab. At this juncture some bookmakers whom I knew came up : among them one known as broken-nosed Taylor. He said, "You were in very bad company just now ; I hope you have not lost anything." I at once examined all pockets. My own watch and chain were safe ; also that of Jenkins and his gold. So also was my own reserve gold. But the £25 in notes were clean gone ! Not a button of my tight overcoat was displaced ; but the right-hand waist-coat pocket had been duly fingered, and the plunder taken. Gold, lying below these same lost notes, lay intact. It was cleverly done. I journeyed to Windsor with Taylor and his colleagues for protection.

There is a sequel to this. I at once wired to Coutts' to "stop" the two Bank of England notes. This they of course could not do save at my risk ; but they duly informed the Bank of England. A few days later one of the notes came in, through the London and Westminster Bank ; it had been paid in to somebody's account there, with a lump

sum of three figures ; name and address of customer were given to me. A week later the sister note came in, from the same bank, and through the same customer's account. His address was given to me (. . . .) York Street, Lambeth. I called there. The door was opened, *on the chain*. The householder was not in. I was refused admittance, also all information when and where to find him, unless I would state my business. I retired. I tried again at the house twice more. Same result. Then I gave it up.

Two or more years later I was relating my disaster to some one. He said : " What number, York Street ? " I told him. Then he enlightened me.

" I am landlord of the house. The police sent me word that it was disorderly, also a gaming house, and advised me to get rid of my tenant ; and I did so. Gaming went on there nightly." " Jack Coney " ran the show.

This seems to explain how my notes came in, with such large payments to the customer's account. The payments were the week's harvest of gaming tables, and my poor notes had been " melted " there, over a faro or chicken hazard table.

CHAPTER X

LATER OXFORD TIMES

I WAS, as a rule, too busy with the river during my Oxford days, both before and after graduating, to have much time for racing or hunting; but when spare moments allowed me, I was keen enough on both of the latter. I became (after my first year) too heavy to have any chance at the then usual catch weights in college steeplechasing; but I had lighter weight friends who were good horsemen, and with them had some useful partnerships in my own welter days at Oxford. Both these two friends are now well known in the hunting and racing world—Russell Monro of Somerby, and Charles S. Newton of Oakham, a member of the Jockey Club. An old screw I partnered in turn with each, Dr. Lightfoot, a pale chestnut, by Neville: a big and bold fencer, but a rash one when excited; and also favoured with a doubtful suspensory ligament. Monro and I picked him him up cheap for £25 from the Old Berkshire Hunt, where Tom Duffield had been using him as a whip's mount for the cubbing season, and not liking his doubtful foreleg, got rid of him. He carried Monro well to hounds. We thought we could win a race with him at Reading steeplechases; Harding, valet to W. H. P. Jenkins, rode him, and the horse looked like winning half-way,

then chanced a fence, and staked himself badly. We feared he would bleed to death; but Flanagan, the Reading vet., was on the course opportunely, and patched him up. His excitability made him a failure for cross-country racing; we raffled him: Newton and I won the raffle, so I once more became half-owner, leaving Newton to decide his fate. Newton fired him, hunted him, and found he had good speed, and put him to the duty of "scurries" on the flat at College grinds—not trusting him again over sticks. At the new game, in those able hands, he paid his way well; and won us, if I recollect right, some £50 or £60 in these small stakes. When at last he was worn out he was sold. Some years later an Oxford cabman hailed me outside Vincent's, where I was up for the day, and wanting a lift to the station. "Won't you take a turn behind your old horse?" Sure enough it was the old Doctor, perky as ever, his frail forelegs thick as bolsters, but otherwise going sound, and up to his job, never needing whip. He rattled me fourteen miles an hour to the station; and relished a bit of sugar that I cadged from the refreshment-rooms. I hope he has found by now good pastures in equine paradise.

I also picked up cheap a "rogue"; a splendidly made chestnut, Highland Piper, by Mountain Deer, out of Canary Bird; no better hunter when in a good temper; but with a conscientious objection to the very sight of a silk jacket. A mere view of it, and he at once set himself to get rid of his jacket. He had once belonged to "Macaroni" R. C. Naylor of Hooton; and Goddard, who trained him as a three-year-old, broke his heart by

asking him too big a question for the Northamptonshire Stakes, up the Warren Hill at Newmarket. The colt never forgot or forgave that day's punishment. Like a fool I ran him once at Warwick, W. H. P. Jenkins up; but he sulked and would not face the starters, and was left at the post. After that I never raced him for myself; but good "Jockey Jervoise" (late Master of "H. H.") of Merton had a try with him on his own hook. Thus: there were College grinds at Bletchingdon; R. H. Monro won the hack race on a horse of Charley Symonds'—ennobled in horsey stable nomenclature as Lord Lyon. I rode, on the Piper, round *outside* the course to view this race, a probable 400 yards longer than the course; but eased as to fences by at least three open gates. Jervoise noted the chestnut striding long, carrying some three stone more than Lord Lyon, and keeping easy pace with the latter. After that race he asked me to enter him for the final scurry on the flat, a sov. a head sweep; and to let him ride. I replied: "You may ride him for your own profit if any—if you like," and Jockey at once said "Done," and thanked me effusively. I warned him to get ahead, and not let the brute get a view of silk. He got off well, and led half-way; but the big animal needed some turning round the top of the cramped circular course; and while Jockey was steadying him for the turn, Jenkins, on a filly—Little Ellie—headed him half a length, and silk came into view. In an instant the devil was roused, and he cut it, whipping short round on the near foreleg, a nasty and common trick of his when sulky, and poor Jockey shot into air like a bolster,

landing flat on his back far ahead; two horses jumped over him as he lay, but providentially without scathing him. Meantime the field raced on, and the Piper commenced coolly to graze, and submitted to be recaptured. This was his very last appearance in racing. He carried me well to hounds. Eventually I sold him at Tattersall's; his looks alone put his price up to £70, and I heard later that he had killed some rider by shunting him unexpectedly in the same style as he had disposed of Jervoise.

But the best venture that I had was another partnership with Russell Monro, in Laura, by Neville, a well-made bay mare, just over 15.1. She had won a scurry over country at Moreton in the North, ridden by her then owner, a farmer near Chipping Norton, named Whitbourne, beating a slow but sure fencer of mine, Sea-mew. Whitbourne was hard up: Monro did the deal with him, and made a bargain to hire the mare for a month for a loan of £50, with option of purchase for another £50 if the loan was not repaid by then. Monro and I found the needful on the course, and took the mare away. She won the Christ Church Strangers' race, Monro up, a few days later; also the Aylesbury Hunters Stakes, H. Wilson up; beating Hobson's Patience. This put us well in funds, and at the end of the month, Whitbourne being still impecunious, we paid the other £50 for absolute proprietorship. Whitbourne somehow gammoned Monro (behind my back) to let him train her for her next venture; so we let her go back to Chipping Norton, and entered her for the Kidderminster Hunt Cup—Monro to ride. Now

Whitbourne had a fancy to win this race himself, with his own Rocket, to whom Laura as a winner of the Aylesbury open race aforesaid would have to give 7 lb.

So, when I arrived at his stables to take the mare on to Kidderminster, he raised objections that I brought no written authority from Monro, who had delivered the mare to him to train.

Monro, meantime, had gone direct to Kidderminster (but in a wrong train, arriving extra late on the course).

Whitbourne kept me waiting till he hoped I was too late to box the mare at Chipping Norton. So I was; but I had a hack, and led her at a gallop by road to the junction, and caught the train, which was late, and got her boxed.

When I reached the course, my partner was not there! I knew Miller Corbet (a well-known coursing and generally sporting solicitor), secretary to the Hunt meeting; and he obliged me by keeping the saddling bell ringing for a good quarter of an hour! Just as I was thinking whether it would be worth while to ride her myself (in trousers, and 21 lb. over-weight at least!) Monro appeared, and got to the post just as the flag fell. The mare made all the running and won by a field; the course mostly light plough, near "Goodness Gate," Hartlebury (a meet in those days of the Worcestershire Hounds). Whitbourne on Rocket was second, tailed off, and furious at being thus disappointed of his expected *coup*.

Somehow he made his peace with Monro, and induced him to accept explanations that he was really under belief that I had no authority to call

for the mare; and once more Monro allowed him to train her.

Result, when next we wanted her to run, Whitbourne flatly declined to part with her, at one time denying the sale, though Monro held the receipt; and later, simply swearing that he had sold her too cheap, and that he wanted another £50 before he would yield her up. He had, meantime, evacuated his farm and stables, under landlord's pressure of some sort; and had stabled his stud at the White Hart, Chipping Norton.

Monro, in distress, called on the Mayor of Chipping Norton, and told his troubles. The Mayor, a sporting doctor, told Monro, *sub rosâ*, that Whitbourne was hardly worth powder and shot for action-at-law, and advised him to capture the horse by force, if he could, but not to compromise his Worship by giving him away as mentor.

Monro wired to me: I counter-wired my plans from London; and we met at Oxford station. We had ordered an Oxford tandem to meet us at the White Hart gates at a given hour; and Monro brought with him saddle, bridle, and a trusty stable lad—one Bellingham, who carried a crowbar hidden in a sack.

We reached Chipping Norton, and strolled unsuspected up the town to the inn, and into the yard. Monro knew the box where the mare stood. Before any one in the "sleepy hollow" had divined our business we "broke and entered." Bang went the crowbar; to pieces flew locks and bars; we grabbed Laura and saddled her. Stablemen rushed out at the noise, and showed fight. To keep their hands busy we loosed some more of Whitbourne's

horses to career in the yard. Whitbourne was absent (riding Jacob, *alias* Knebsworth, *alias* Little Rogue—a horse that won some races, and which, after Whitbourne had to sell him, had his name changed twice, the last time to libel the late owner).

While the bear-fighting was going on, the landlady—a single dame—came out of the inn to inquire the cause of the uproar. Monro and I told her our story. Good, motherly soul! she sided with us at once, bade the militant stablemen retire and open the yard gates, which one of them meantime had locked. Just then our tandem rattled up. We chucked Bellingham into the saddle, and sent him ahead to Oxford. (The tandem had been a precaution in case of any attempt to detain us at the railway.) We gave our names to the landlady, and told her to send us her bill for damages. (When it came, one sovereign was all that she asked—God bless her!)

Then we made tracks for Oxford. On the road, Bellingham met Whitbourne on Jacob. Spotting the mare, Whitbourne made a dash at her bridle. Bellingham put her standing at a stone wall, and sailed home across country. As a parting salute to the bested farmer, he put his thumb to his nose, and spread his fingers out. Once more Laura was safe in our hands.

She ran badly in her next race; Monro could not get away to ride, and a quasi-gentleman jockey, who shall be nameless, rode her. It was not her true form, by a ton. We were sold, somehow.

Easter Vacation came, and to keep her safe we

took her to Reynolds' stable at Knightsbridge, and actually trained her in Rotten Row for Cardiff races in May. Reynolds petitioned to ride her. He was a decent fellow, very ambitious to be "qualified" as a gentleman rider—a very pretty horseman, but not a strong one. I fancy he had a weak heart; but, anyhow, he went straight, which was something. Monro could not reduce to ride the weight: besides, he was at work for his college eight, exercise which puts on weighty muscle, and militates against "Wasting."

Well, we entered and ran her for the Great Open Steeplechase at Cardiff. Wales in those days was a stronghold of steeplechasing: witness "Old Oswestry," "The Colonel," and other celebrities; and W. R. H. Powell, M.P., of Maesgywne, had always a strong cross-country stud under his trainer Purnell. The field for the race was a strong one. W. H. P. Jenkins up on Cabin Boy, a grey that he had bought after it won a big race at Carmarthen; George Stevens on The Flea, a big, raking chestnut mare, which Jenkins had also bought; Philosopher, a big dark chestnut of high class; and two of Powell's, Daisy and Flyfisher, both winners of prior big races. There were also some smaller fry. Laura made most of the running for the first round and a half, at a hot pace. Down toppled The Flea and Stevens, second round at the brook. On the far side of the course our mare still led easy: I hoped that she was safe home; but . . . She never liked a whip; and she heard it crack on Philosopher's ribs to rouse him to close with her; she swerved and struck a flag on a fence, and the touch

swept Reynolds from the saddle, and all was over for us. Flyfisher and Daisy came in practically alone.

But Powell's eyes had been opened to the mare's capacity. He came to us after the race, and wanted to trade. Our first impressions were that we had a mine of gold in Laura, and ought to stick to her; but Powell assured us we should always be posted as to when and where she was going to run, if we let him have her. Besides, the steeplechase season was over: a trainer's bill for the interim would run to some £60; and in the end we let her go for £250, and another £50 first time she won a race.

Laura's subsequent career in the British Isles was not creditable. Powell aimed at the Liverpool with her, and set to work to "ready" her, and to obtain a light impost from Topham. He ran her for some small plate at Worcester Autumn Meeting. On her form we expected her to win, but she lagged behind. Then she was sent for an "airing" at Croydon, and "the fat got into the fire"! Thus: Laura was extra fit, and took it into her head to bolt with her jockey, Pope. Having "losing orders," the lad took her wide at all the bends, losing some fifty yards at each corner. Even this did not stop her: she rushed for the lead up the "straight," and Pope had literally to hang back and hold her head, to let Flandrin, a French horse, win by a head. The *coup* was clumsy and patent; there was a riot, and the mob followed Pope to scale, and nearly tore him from the saddle. The stewards at once reported him to the Grand National Hunt. I was

not on the course; I narrate from the views of spectators, and of *Bell's Life* of the day.

A few days later I received a call from a friend of Powell's, a well-known turfite—Thomas Vaughan Morgan (who won the St. Leger with Hawthornden in 1870). Morgan was genial, and explicit. "We all do it, but Powell has done this so badly!" was his text; and the question was whether I would help him out of the scrape. I was known to go straight, and possibly the Committee might listen to me if I explained to them that Laura hated the sight or sound of a whip. This last was correct. I have told how Philosopher's side-binders scared her at Cardiff; and, moreover, when Monro had been winning the Christ Church race on her, she swerved from the whip and jostled Ace of Trumps, that ran second to her. Lord Lansdowne (then Lord Kerry), who was in the box as judge, told us after the race that if John B. Cookson, who rode Ace of Trumps, had objected for the jostle, there would have been no alternative but to disqualify our mare. But Cookson was a friend and a sportsman, and he let the bump drop, avowing that he was convinced that the better animal had won.

Well, these statistics as to abhorrence of whip were all that I could say to the Committee, when I met them at Wetherby's, except to add that I had an interest (the £50 contingency aforesaid) in Laura winning a race as soon as possible; and that, for this reason, I had warned Powell of Laura's plegaphobia, which might account for Pope not punishing to win!

Eventually they sort of found Pope "not guilty,

but don't go and do it again!" and he got off with a reprimand and caution. But Laura's sin recoiled on her innocent head. Instead of 10 st., which otherwise might have been her Aintree impost —to do battle with The Lamb (the winner) and Pearl Diver (the second) in 1868—Topham honoured her with 11 st. 8 lb., and there was nothing left but not to accept at the weight. She was entered once or twice more elsewhere; but handicappers felt forced to remember the Croydon scandal, and they uniformly crushed her with weight, till Powell, in despair of a favourable chance of getting his money back, sold her to go to France.

There she changed her name, and ran as "La Reforme." Poor Powell's troubles were not over, for she won abroad freely, and he had to pay us the stipulated £50 all the same, for her first win!

He formed an exalted opinion of the acumen of Monro and myself in thus scoring over him, though, really, it was he who had overreached himself, and had spoilt his own game by crooked tactics. He regularly sent us notice of all his sales of horseflesh, in hopes of another deal with us; but this was our only trade with him. He dubbed us the sharpest youngsters he had ever dealt with; but I think he gauged our capacity too relatively as against his own blundering. He ought to have made thousands out of Laura, by simply running her on her merits.

The Bicester and Heythrop were the packs which, when I had time and an available mount, I mostly cultivated. Jem Hills had not quite finished his huntsman's career with the latter, when I first

hunted from Oxford. I can recall his expletive, when some of we thoughtless undergraduate tribe overrode hounds and wantonly larked over needless fences. "God bless 'em—and drat 'em, they fears nothing, a'cause they knows nothing!"

He was a one-er to lift his hounds over those cold fallows: knowing from long local experience the run of nine foxes out of ten. One day we had found at Tackley, where some of us had been entertained at breakfast by W. Evetts of B.N.C. A fox was holloaed away—to the west. Jem lifted his hounds at a hard gallop, and made for Barton Brook. A field short of it, he pulled up, and held out a warning hand: "Hold hard, gentlemen; he has not come yet!" After about a minute's pause there was a holloa to the right, where some hanger dips to the water. "All right; he's there now," quoth Jem; and galloped on to the holloa.

Scent and its vagaries furnish unlimited themes for natural history theories. I suppose we may take it that there is always scent somewhere, if the hunted animal has any to dispense; but the question is, whether it is lying within range of a hound's nose; or needs a camel—or a hound in a balloon, to find its level. Here is an instance. In Edgecott woods, when the late Mr. T. Tyrwhitt Drake hunted the Bicester, a fox was sinking, close in front of the hounds; but when the covert was reached music stopped, and not a hound seemed able to own him. Drake was sitting his horse in a ride, cheering on his hounds with his specially musical voice: but all in vain. Suddenly he exclaimed: "If they can't wind him, I can; here give me"—(I forget the hound's name)—"up

here on the saddle! and she'll speak to him." Before the whip could realize whether the M.F.H. was jesting, there was the usual scuffle in a ditch not ten feet from the Squire, where the beaten fox was lying. The hounds had walked into him at hazard, without aid of scent: while the Master was—so he averred—actually winding him with human nose. Possibly the last of a hoar-frost was just then evaporating from the dead leaves of the ditch; and carrying aloft with it the scent, to a level that only a hound on stilts could reach. Anyhow, the incident is interesting.

During early undergraduate days I had an amusing experience of the tenacity of commercial travellers for etiquette and rights in their privileged hotel retreats. I had railed breakfastless from Oxford to Bicester, for a meet. I repaired to the King's Arms for a meal, and stabled my horse. There was an hour and a half to spare before the meet. I was shown into the commercial room, where there was a snug fire; the public coffee-room being fireless and tenantless. A bagman in due course joined me; and seemed surly when I ventured some would-be amiable juvenile overtures for small talk about weather and crops. I took him for a farmer: I think he divined my blunder, and resented it the more. At last my meal finished, I lit my pipe, and bade him a polite good-day. Then he let fly at me the choicest of commercial vituperation. "D—n your impudence, you —— cub of a coachman. Next time you come into a commercial room take your hat off, and don't speak till you are spoken to."

It is amusing to recall the various set-downs one

has experienced in callow youth. (I related one by Furneaux of Corpus towards myself, apropos of the Plowden lamp-breaking anecdote.) Here is another which flashes back to memory. The University eight were doing a short course day, twice to Iffley and back. The captain of my college asked me to give the torpid a coaching during the interval. I stood in the stern as usual, and proceeded to animadvert and instruct. Soon I noted No. 3 steadfastly regarding his blade, so it seemed to me, instead of gazing conscientiously on the back in front of him. "Eyes in the boat, three!" I hailed. No amendment of gaze; and I reiterated the order: in vain! "Why the dickens don't you keep your eyes in the boat, three?" and I railed at him; and finally, I surlily said: "Oh! it's no good trying to teach you—you're hopeless."

In due time we landed at the College raft. There No. 3 came to me, and quietly said—pointing to his eye, which had a cast in it: "Woodgate, I assure you I was looking in the boat all the time; but you kept looking at the wrong eye!"

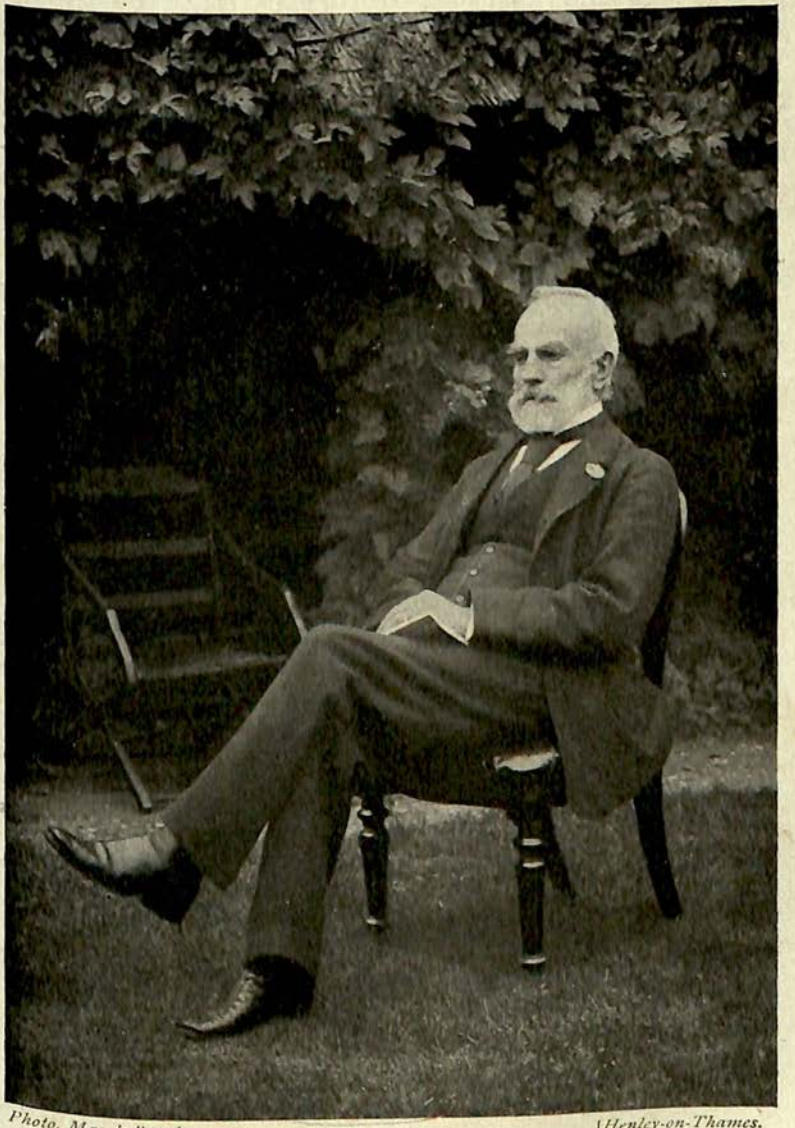
One of the most important aquatic matters in which I was concerned during my Oxford days was the reform of the system of drawing up programmes and order of racing at Henley regattas. Until 1862, competitors had been cruelly tyrannized by Lane, the vice-chairman. His theory was that interests of audience were paramount to those of performers; that leading features, such as Grand Challenge and Ladies' Plate, should come, the one just after lunch, by which time even late spectators had reached the course; and the other as a grand

finale to the piece. Also, that there should be variety on the card; not two races of the same class consecutively, lest spectators should be bored by monotony: heats of sculls, pairs, fours, eights in turn; and then another relay as a second course. As to whether the same oarsman might thereby be sent to the post thrice in two hours, did not concern Lane; so long as he could propound a menu to his own tastes. Under his influence the regulation had for years been that the Grand Challenge should come on at 3 p.m. just after luncheon; and the Ladies' Plate be the *finale*.

In 1862 I was heavily entered, and naturally wished to avoid having to row three or four races consecutively—if it could be avoided. I talked the matter over with the other leading oarsmen of other clubs, and between us we drew up a card for the first day's racing, complete in all details as to hour and order of racing, saving the draw for stations. When the usual Stewards' meeting took place to settle the card, I propounded my programme.

Old Lane, in the chair, was at first simply contemptuous and indignant at competitors daring to take such a liberty as to draft a card on their own account. He inveighed strongly against the absolute iniquity of starting the day with two heats for the Grand Challenge: he had never heard of such an idea! Why! half the ladies would not be out of bed in time for a twelve o'clock spectacle of the two chief races of the day; nay, possibly he himself might not find it convenient to be on the course so early as noonday!

Fortunately there were a majority of *confrères*,



Photo, Marsh Bros.] [*Henley-on-Thames.*

J. PAGE, ESQ., A HENLEY REGATTA STEWARD.

Stroked the Henley "Dreadnought" Club Four at the Henley regattas of 1840, '41, '42, '46 and '48, winning the Town Cup on each occasion, and the District Cup in 1840 and '41. He has seen every Henley Regatta since its foundation in 1839, to date, and ran up with the first University match, 1829.

Stewards who were less selfish and more sportsmanlike. They brought their influence and votes to bear, and overruled the old tyrant. Our programme was accepted *en bloc*, and the Grand Challenge heats opened the sport at midday. Strange to say, the next day Lane abandoned his opposition, and let us draw up our order of racing without the slightest remonstrance; and in following seasons so long as I myself rowed at Henley and for many years after, the scheme and order of each day's racing was always presented by me to the Stewards, and passed by them. Of course I had, in each case, previously conferred with all competitors as to the scheme for each day. Where of two competitors necessity compelled that the one or other must have a longer rest than a rival, our practice was to settle this by a toss; and the sportsmanlike sentiments of the various oarsmen always sufficed for thoroughly amicable and equitable mutual concessions. So far from ever again cavilling at the moral right of competitors to agree among themselves as to the order in which they should bring off their respective heats, Lane in later years used to preface proceedings by asking me if I could oblige with a scheme for the day; and at once accepted the ready written draft, on hearing that it had been approved beforehand by all who had to row more than one race in a day. The old tyranny over competitors, as to order of racing, came to an end thenceforward.

I do not contemplate recording my own racing at Henley. Various aquatic records exist already of Henley and Putney results from earliest to latest times. I may, however, mention one or two rather

amusing incidents connected with regattas there. In the same year (1862) in which we belled the Lane cat as to programme, some enterprising speculator, having temporary tenure of the Poplar Point meadow, proceeded to erect for his own emolument a wooden rival grand stand at the "point," somewhere about the site now annually occupied by the official grand stand. In those days, when races ended at the bridge, the official stand stood as an annex to the outer wall of the Red Lion stables. Local county people used to line the north side of the bridge with their carriages, often sending carts and wagons at dawn to seize locations, until the family coach arrived to supplant. Others took their vehicles into the upper tow-path meadow, just behind the upper poplars. The effect of this new speculative stand would be to block the bird's-eye view of the regatta reach against all vehicles on the bridge or in the meadow. It also shut off the line of sight from the Red Lion windows, where in those days crews trained *en masse*. We watched the rise of the structure with apprehension which developed into indignation. It was all complete the evening before the regatta. Then University College eight and Brasenose four, dinner being over, sallied forth in alliance for Lynch law. We had no tools, but we simply pulled the whole thing to pieces with our bare hands. Public local sympathy was obviously with us. The whole township cheered, on both sides of the water. Half-a-dozen police came down to look on, but in no way interfered until, the last timber being flat on the turf, one of the University hands, to beguile time further, essayed to heave some beams and

planks into the river. Then the sergeant in command courteously asked us to spare further ruin, pointing out that floating timber might damage navigation and foul Weir paddles at Hambleden; and we assented.

The operators were of course all known by name, but none of us were summoned for malicious damage. The whole Corporation was on our side and grateful to us for taking the law into our own hands. In subsequent years the Corporation, forewarned by the march stolen by the speculator in this case, arranged to get the tenure of the meadow under their own control, otherwise the popularity of the regatta, and trade accruing therefrom to the town, would have seriously suffered, if such excrescence structures were to become perennial.

It is almost needless to mention that the overthrown stand was not rebuilt for the regatta of the morrow: there was no time for it; so our lawlessness well repaid us, and also the Corporation and county folk.

Jack Forster, the University College stroke, got his little finger badly crushed in the *mêlée* of falling beams, during the demolition, but he managed all the same to win the Ladies' Plate from Trinity, Oxon., doing the course in what was then about a record time. Good old Jack! he was a marvel in a boat, if anything a pound or so lighter than his coxswain; but he did wonders, especially in the following year, when he won Grand, Ladies' Plate and Stewards for his college. Barely four years ago, forty years after this feat, he got his entire old crew together for a festive dinner in town; a

quite unique event. He broke up very shortly after, and joined the great majority. *R.I.P.*

It was, I think, a year later that from the windows of the Red Lion one sultry afternoon we witnessed a curious illustration of blended sagacity and stupidity, coupled with some innate foreboding, on the part of two fat bullocks that were destined for crews' steaks and sirloins. They pastured, for the day or two between the purchase from the farmer who had fatted them and the date of execution, in accommodation grass of one of the lower tow-path meadows, opposite Fawley Court. The butcher's assistants went down to fetch them for the slaughter-house. Whether the official blue blouses conveyed any special information to these beasts (possibly bearing some occult odour of blood, which cattle can keenly scent) I know not. But, somehow these two beasts declined all amicable overtures to quit that field and to march into Remenham Lane, and persisted in evading pursuit, and in careering round and round the meadow. The hunt lasted over an hour, at the end of which time both beasts and butchers were in baths of perspiration.

Then the butcher boys tried new tactics, and retreated to the town for beer at the Little White Hart, and to borrow a couple of milch cows. In due time they once more marched down Remenham Lane, taking the milch cows with them. The diplomacy at first seemed to promise success. On the two matron cows being ushered into the meadow where the bullocks had been standing siege, the two bachelor beasts appeared to welcome ladies' society, and the conspirators left the four alone for a while, to get accustomed to

each other's company. Presently the milch cows were summoned to make exit by the gate, and did so with normal complaisance, the bullocks keeping them company. Up the lane the procession went and over the bridge. Victory at last seemed to be with the butchers. Just as the bullocks breasted the Angel Inn they suddenly swerved to the right, and set off at a gallop along the river front of the Lion, while the two decoy cows strolled on up Hart Street. Whether a whiff from the slaughter-house just above, borne by west wind, alarmed the beasts, I leave naturalists to divine. Anyhow, the interim placid demeanour of the beasts seemed changed in a twinkling and they were rabid again. The butchers were taken unawares, and their prey escaped them. Down the road they careered till they reached the shelving shore opposite New Street. Then they took to the water like ducks, and swam down river for safety. They landed well below the point, somewhere opposite the lower end of Phyllis Court, and then galloped, at score, back to their pasture, leaving the out-generalled butchers cursing on the water's edge at New Street. There was no time to manufacture beef that day, and the beasts forced a respite for themselves. They were still undisturbed at sundown; but we noted that the pasture knew them no more at breakfast-time, and inferred that some malign treachery or force of merciless humanity had, during the early morn, compassed at last their removal to the scaffold.

I can recall various Oxonian sporting matches which were instructive as to the correlation of speeds pertaining to certain modes of progress.

One was—Horse *v.* Man.

"Springy" Colmore of Brasenose was matched to run 90 yards while a horse did 100. Colmore (afterwards for many years stipendiary magistrate for Birmingham) was probably about the fastest sprinter for 85 yards that any running-path ever saw. He did not quite stay at his best pace for the last 15 of 100 yards: and used to come back to his field a bit towards a finish; but his one rush, from about the 30th to the 80th yard was simply marvellous: to an onlooker he seemed to be in air all the time: his feet—to the eye—off the ground all the way, like an artist's sketch of a galloping horse. He won the 100 yards for Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and also the Championship for the same distance.

The "horse" against him was a small thoroughbred roan Irish mare, barely 15 hands—belonging to Bobby O'Neill of the same college, now the Hon. R. O'Neill, M.P. The course was *turf*—and in spring-time, when it would be much less elastic than in summer.

Colmore made the best of his start of 10 yards; and half-way down the course was leading by more than his start. O'Neill rode and punished with whip from the fall of the flag, and got level about the 90th yard, and won by about two lengths.

The backers of the horse had the best of it. We had a private rehearsal a day or two before, in Nuneham meadows, while the University eight, whom I was coaching, were landed for a rest after long course. The sprinter had been W. W. Wood (now County Court Judge), and the horse a half-bred hack which I was riding.

Neither trial performer was up to the class of the two matched; but we saw enough from the rough up to feel morally sure that 10 yards were not enough start for the pedestrian in such cases.

Another sporting match was of the nature of Walking *v.* Running. The course 100 yards—the walker to have 40 yards start. The late John Graham Chambers, old Cantab blue, was the walker; the runner was Powell of Brasenose, who had won the College 100 yards, and also a heat in the 'Varsity sports; but was not equal to the celebrated Colmore. The latter was barred, as Chambers was out of practice and condition.

The course selected was a stretch, east to west, of the Christ Church broad walk.

Powell was beaten some four yards, and *his* time was *said* to be 10¾. If so, Chambers must have walked at a terrific pace; very little short of 12 miles an hour for this spurt. But it was undoubted fair heel and toe, plenty of competent critics on the spot, and not the slightest impugnment of his gait.

It was about that date that, on the eve of the Boat Race, I was in Evans' Supper Rooms, and had £20 to lay out at 2 to 1 on Oxford. "Evans'" was a market for such speculations among University men at that time. The head waiter came to me bringing a young Jew, barely 21, with a *soupçon* of "floss" for a moustache, giving the name of Rothschild (!) and wanting to bet on Cambridge. Whether he really was a scion of that house I know not. He was in evening dress and diamond-studded. He wanted to bet

in hundreds. I informed him of my modest limit of £20. He sneered; said such paltry sums were not worth his taking, and wound up by saying, "Money makes a man." I was a bit hurt, and retorted: "We can believe you, seeing it takes only *five hundred* pounds to make a *monkey*." (A gibe older than myself, but perhaps apropos of that situation. To the uninitiated, in Turf slang £25 make a "pony" and £500 a "monkey".)

ROYAL ASIATIC SOC

PART II

LATER LIFE
REMINISCENCES AND MOODS

CHAPTER XI

PROFESSIONAL LIFE

DURING my life I have had divers dealings with journals and publishers. I assisted at the birth of the first numbers of *Vanity Fair* and of *Land and Water*. I was associated with the *Pall Mall Gazette* within a few weeks of its start in 1865, when Mr. Frederick Greenwood was its editor, when it was a twopenny "evening newspaper and review," and had the strongest voice of any journal in all Europe. I was asked by the late Mr. Walsh to write for the *Field* in 1876, and have done so on a medley of topics at various times—hunting, racing, steeplechasing, agriculture, aquatics and social matters—ever since, as occasion or editorial instructions might require.

If herein I may be vain enough to blow my own trumpet and that of my editor as reformers, I may record that having had to hammer at certain grievances until reform should ensue, I did so with success in certain important matters. Steeplechase reform, *quâ* the making "the horse for the course, and not the course for the horse," was one good result. We in time got the Marcus Beresford Committee; then the late E. C. Burton asked me to draft my proposed amendments to existing law, and they were practically passed *en bloc*. The "open ditch" lies at my door. I have

been often reproached for the coroners' inquests which it has occasioned, but I fail to see that I am to blame if owners send imperfectly taught ex-flat racers to race at speed over obstacles.

Burton and I drafted reforms for point to point on August Bank Holiday three seasons ago, sitting in a punt bottom-fishing at Daventry reservoir. He passed them into law the following Christmas. The Agricultural Rates Bill was, I may say, practically the outcome of *Field* crusades in this line, until at last we won over the late Mr. A. F. Jeffreys, member for Basingstoke Division. The "Sparks" Bill, to come into force ere long, is another minor concession to *Field* advocacy for justice to farmers.

Long prior to these reforms, the modification of "Queen's Plates" of £100—first to consolidated and larger turf prizes, and later to horse-breeding premiums—was a result of *Field* homilies. A succession of sound and far-seeing editors has given the *Field* a voi ' in agricultural and sporting matters which I believe is listened to in Parliament more than that of most, if not all other journals; the more so since the journal ignores political parties, and preaches only from its own conscience as to interests of sport and of agriculture. Party questions, not germane to such topics, it refrains from dealing with, and looks on, impartial and mute.

I once had an opportunity of realizing the power of the Press to right a wrong, and to educate popular sentiment on a current topic.

Dr. Livingstone was said to be "missing" in 1870 and '71. The Geographical Society wanted to find him—the scientific section for the sake of

knowledge of Africa, the trade parasites of the Society for the sake of pabulum for publications. The real truth was that Livingstone's salary as "Consul to the Interior Tribes," a delicate Government *douceur* to facilitate his explorations, had been economically abolished by Gladstone's Cabinet when they came into office, 1868.

This cheeseparing riled Livingstone. In August 1869, he wrote to Lord Clarendon (at Foreign Office), dating from Lake Bangweolo. He therein announced his intention in future to keep his discoveries to himself, for publication as provision for himself and his family. (Till then, in return for his Consul's salary, he had sent his news gratis to the nation.)

The Doctor added reproachfully that he regretted being compelled to adopt this new course, in self-protection, inasmuch as "the accidental upsetting of a canoe may result in the loss of all my journals."

(*Vide* Blue-books of that date.)

Now, the Geographical Society sent round the hat for funds for a Livingstone hunt. Had the truth of Livingstone's disappearance and its cause been public, purse-strings might have not been so loose. Accordingly there was drafted a circular of appeal for funds, which—quoting this latest letter from Livingstone—carefully excised those passages of reproach which betrayed the real merits of the situation.

Money, of course, flowed in for a "rescue" expedition; the circular disingenuously suggesting that Livingstone must be "starving" somewhere, or sinking from illness; whereas the

wirepullers were well aware that his silence arose from dudgeon.

Cash being collected, two naval lieutenants—Dawson and Henn—were requisitioned to command it. Written instructions were given to them. They were to find the Doctor, furnish him with any supplies he might need, and to "*obtain and bring home copies of his journals.*"

Thus instructed, the officers reached Zanzibar just before the great hurricane, 1871.

This hurricane was peculiar in one respect; the latitude is some two degrees south of the line, but the cyclone revolved in the rotation presumed to be the monopoly of the northern hemisphere! The cyclone was a truant, so to speak; had broken bounds, and had trespassed into the domain of southern cyclones, but without having the politeness to conform to their habits.

It first blew from the east; its core and the calm pertaining to it passed over Zanzibar, and there was interim lull. Out sailed Bishop Tozer, in canonicals, down street, to return thanks to Providence in his cathedral. He met Dawson and Henn, and invited them to join him in prayer. They were busy barricading the Consulate windows against the counterblast immediately expected. Dawson replied—

"You carry too much sail, Bishop! Take in reefs and get to port quick; the worst half has yet to come."

Tozer wanted to argue. Dawson cut him short and bade him run for his life. Tozer yielded, and survived. In a few more minutes, *Spank!* came the wind, from west, like a giant's box on

the ear. Down went shutters, mattresses, and all barricades which Dawson and Henn had built in Kirk's sea-front windows. Wind and spindrift swept through the house; Dawson and Henn held to pillars in the hall a few feet apart, and could not hear each other's voices for half-an-hour or more. Poor Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Kirk baled three buckets of sea-water out of her best pianoforte, and all shipping, save one mail liner that steamed to its cables, went ashore. (And all this because this mischievous cyclone defied meteorology and trespassed.) Henn used to say that Tozer was the serious subject of the story—an old wheeze, of episcopal benediction for blasphemy. I ask pardon from those who know the chestnut.

Scene: steamer in monsoon.

Bishop, nervous, interrogating skipper as to safety of ship. Skipper, pooh-poohing apprehension. Bishop suggests that skipper is too optimistic, and that the rest of crew do not share his confidence in ship's seaworthiness. Skipper leads Bishop to forecastle, where sailors are smoking, cursing, and swearing.

"Listen to their language," says he.

"Shocking!" says Bishop.

"But these men are all Christians, Bishop. Now, do you suppose that they would be indulging in such bad language if they believed, as you aver, that they were likely to be in the presence of their Maker before morning?"

"Well, no—I suppose—hardly so," is Bishop's admission.

"Well, then, you can believe me, and get to your bunk and not be afraid."

Bishop retires submissively. Meantime, about eight bells, weather being perhaps a fraction worse than before, Bishop is seen creeping up the companion, hanging on to stanchions, till he gets within earshot of forecastle. Then he pauses, and listens in tension and anxiety. He clasps his hands and raises pious, grateful eyes to Heaven.

"Thank God! They're swearing still."

(Excuse digression. I now return to Livingstone and Co.)

Meantime, Gordon Bennett had wired to Stanley to go on his own account to find Livingstone, and he had the start of Dawson and Henn. He had found Livingstone at Ujiji, had hobnobbed with him, explored the Rusizi (confluent of the Lake Tanganyika) with him, given (not sold) him such supplies as were welcome, and had declined to blackmail him for news, but accepted just as much as Livingstone, for good-will, felt disposed to spare him.

Meantime Dawson and Henn, as guests of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Kirk at Zanzibar, had been casually shown the suppressed Blue-book text of the Bangweolo letter (*supra*). This let the cat out of the bag, and disclosed to the officers that they were being employed as cat's-paws to squeeze Livingstone; and that the latter was desirous of keeping to himself, and investing for his family, the remaining results of his travels.

Kirk had no idea, till the officers produced the *soi-disant* "copy" of this letter, faked up for the begging circular, that the full truth of this Bangweolo letter had been suppressed from the British public. A council was held, and I believe I am

correct in stating that Sir John acted as Mentor, and—as an honourable man—fully approved of the course decided upon by these two now enlightened commandants of the Relief Expedition. They made up their minds to carry out their marching orders only to the extent of finding Livingstone, and of relieving his necessities (if any) ; and under no consideration to make such supply conditional on his transferring to them any records of travel or discovery which he might not wish to part with. They declined to lend themselves to any bargains or blackmailing on behalf of the Geographical Society.

I should mention that, besides the hardship of cutting off his salary (without notice, and leaving him, when landed in Central Africa on the strength of it, to find his own future funds out of his own pocket), Livingstone had another—minor, but quite legitimate—grievance against those at home who had been fattening on his enthusiasm and toil.

It was this: they amended and tinkered his topography to suit their own preconceived crotchets; *par excellence*, they had gratuitously tacked on another 1000 feet elevation to his "boiling water" calculations of 1800 feet for Tanganyika. Some Cape scientist had, I think, first suggested this tinkering, and the home geographers greedily adopted it, and published reasons for deciding that Livingstone must have blundered by 1000 feet.

The reason for this conclusion on their part was, that they (so soon as Tanganyika had been *re*-discovered by Livingstone) promptly took for granted that it must be one of those two traditional lake

sources of the Nile. Mercator had made a like error, and when Portuguese caravans struck it on the line of march from the Congo mouth to Zanzibar, assigned it to a place of honour as a Nile head; mapping it as "*Nili palus orientalis*," while he dubbed Bangweolo and its sister lakes as "*Nili palus occidentalis*." Now, both Albert and Victoria Nyanza are higher than 1800 feet: so, to make Tanganyika flow to them in theory, the latter required a lift, and home faddists promptly conceded it, ignoring Livingstone's survey. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Clements Markham were carried away by the rush of enthusiasm for an unlimited length of Nile, and adopted the home map-maker's fad. (See *Ocean Highways* of that era.)

Livingstone got his back up badly when he heard of their lie direct to his careful surveys. The world now knows that he was right and the home faddists wrong. The veteran was triumphant when Stanley and he explored the muddy "Rusizi" river which enters Tanganyika from the north, and satisfied themselves that the watershed had no Nile connection.

To return to the naval officers. They duly crossed the Straits after they had collected native carriers of stores; leaving behind them, of their equipment, only "Galton's field-gun telescope—useless for survey and cumbrous for transport" (to quote the words of Dawson's subsequent manifesto).

At Baga-moyo they met Stanley journeying homeward. From him they learned that they had been anticipated; that Livingstone was as jolly as a sand-boy and wanted for nothing; that he had

his knife into the Geographical Society; and did not wish to have any further dealings with them, nor with the cheeseparing Foreign Office that had knocked off his salary.

This put a still newer phase on the situation. If their own personal interests alone could be consulted, nothing would have better pleased Dawson and Henn than to have a free journey of exploration at public expense, under a nominal excuse of a Livingstone hunt.

But they felt, not only that the funds placed at their discretion or disposal had been squeezed from the British public under a sort of false pretence and *suppressio veri* by the Geographical Society; but also that the same subscribers had a right to be consulted as to how their funds should be dealt with, now that the original ostensible cause for collecting them had entirely collapsed. The subscribers certainly might be game to embark the cash in an independent African exploration tour; or alternatively prefer to receive back their contributions for Livingstone's aid which were no longer needed. The officers did not feel justified, without further special orders from subscribers, in indulging in an African jaunt for their own pleasure with no tangible gain to Livingstone.

It would take no longer to go home and report progress in person than to write dispatches and await replies: besides, personal interrogation and explanation would be more practicable than correspondence.

Accordingly, after again consulting their Mentor Kirk, they took ship home.

The Geographical Society were rabid. It was

bad luck that Stanley's expedition had forestalled them, but the Gordon Bennett emissary had brought back such a limited post-bag of news from Livingstone that the trade section of geographers thirsted for more, and were wroth with Dawson and Henn for not paying Livingstone a duplicate call, and trying to get more out of him.

A meeting of the Society promptly passed a violent vote of censure on the two naval officers. The official report of the meeting, and the garbled allegations in the inflammatory speeches of the leading denunciators went to the Press in the usual way.

Even honourable members of the R.G.S. such as Sir Henry Rawlinson and the late Admiral Richards, then head hydrographer, were at first carried away—in ignorance of full facts—by the storm of R.G.S. censure.

The Press—knowing nothing better, and unconscious of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* which emanated wholesale from the R.G.S. wirepullers—preached homilies in leading articles on the situation; censoriously condemning the "heartlessness" of the two naval emissaries, in leaving a helpless fellow-countryman without a word of consolation, or an ounce of supplies, to fight his unaided battle with fate.

Such was, in effect, the tone of all leading London journals at the first blush of the news. A sense of national humiliation at Stanley's successful forestalling of the R.G.S. expedition, accentuated matters. Willie Henn and his younger brother, Frank Blackburne H. (who was then reading law in the Temple, and is now an R.M. in Ireland),

came to me, and showed me letters from their father, Rice Henn, Q.C.—Galway chairman and County Court Judge—in which the pater implored W. Henn to try to let the truth be known for the sake of his naval reputation. The venom of the R.G.S. had actually imputed *cowardice* as a reason for the return journey. This, of Willie Henn ! who held a decoration for a plunge in the shark-infested Mozambique Channel to save a drowning bluejacket !

I had known both the Henns from their early boyhood. They were of my old school—Radley.

I set to work, single-handed, to vindicate Dawson and Henn. I wrote the true tale of the expedition, quoting from Blue-books, and exposing the chicanery of the wirepullers of the R.G.S.

Various letters, duly paraphrased but otherwise relating the same facts (as *supra*) were sent by me to sundry leading London journals, under different *noms de plume*—I cannot recollect all ; but I was " Barrister-at-law " in the *Times*, " Quæstor " in the *Standard*, " M.A." in the *Globe ;* something else (perhaps " Mentor " or " Observer ") in the *Morning Post ;* and I believe I had a look in at the *Daily News* also. The *Telegraph* I did not tackle—I forget why: but probably I had run dry of paraphrases and signatures. (All these allegations can be tested by reference to back files of these journals in 1872, shortly after Stanley had landed. It was all over by or before Goodwood week.)

I also looked up Stanley, in Duchess Street, Portland Place, where he was working hard at his book, *How I found Livingstone.* I got him to write a letter to the *Times* to refute the imputation of want of

courage which R.G.S. malice-mongers had hurled at the two Lieutenants R.N.

The effect of these appeals to the London Press was most satisfactory. *En masse* they editorially referred to the new situation thus disclosed, with favourable comments on the two officers, and generally intimating that the onus of explanation was now cast upon the R.G.S.

No such official disavowal emanated from Savile Row: and wisely so. It would have made bad worse for them. The executive seemed to elect to grin and bear—but, as I was not behind their scenes, it is quite probable that the honourable non-trading section of the Society were as much astonished by the revelations as the Press and the public, and were ashamed of the manner in which wirepullers had compromised them.

There were some anonymous retorts to my exculpation of Dawson and Henn: but the R.G.S. remained officially mute so far as I can remember.

Finally Dawson, as the senior officer, decided to issue his own manifesto officially to the Press. He did so. I helped him to draw it up, and it was "carboned" in copies, for simultaneous delivery to the leading morning papers. This was, I think, towards the end of July 1872. The manifesto can still be found in Press files. In it Dawson specifically and verbatim charged the R.G.S. with "*fraud*" ! (*inter alia*).

It would have been expected that such an accusation, made in public by an officer holding the Queen's commission, would at least demand official reply from the R.G.S. None came. The Society

let "judgment go by default," so to speak. Meantime the reputations of my two friends were vindicated, and the spleen of the R.G.S. made to recoil on its originators.

As illustrative of the interpretation which the Admiralty placed upon the conduct of the Lieutenants, Dawson was promptly given a command for surveying in the Pacific. Henn married an heiress, owner of a Scotch island, and gave up the service and took to yachting. He sailed an (unsuccessful) match for the "America Cup," and has, I regret to say, since then joined the great majority.

In connection with the issue of Dawson's manifesto, one unsavoury incident remains to be told. The *Globe*, after publishing my "M.A." explanation, had, like other journals, editorially commented on the amended situation propounded, and in sympathetic and flattering terms for the two naval officers. I had personally seen Armstrong, the then editor. On the eve of the issue of Dawson's manifesto, some underling of the *Globe*, hearing of it being brewed, called on me and made a demand for first publication of it, overnight, to anticipate the morning papers. He was politely told that this was not practicable, in view of the importance of obtaining publication by as wide a section of the London Press as possible; for it was probable that leading daily papers would decline to play second fiddle to any evening paper. The *Globe* would be tendered a copy for publication on the afternoon of the morning issues.

The *Globe* emissary then proceeded to threaten. If his demand was not conceded the *Globe* would

"make it hot" for my friends, and would recant what it had just said in their favour. However, Dawson wisely declined to be intimidated in the matter.

The *Globe*, to eternal journalistic discredit, kept its word. *Litera scripta manet.*

The tergiversation can still be perused in files of that journal. Sure enough, the *Globe* recanted, as threatened, its own words, and recorded its opinion that prior favourable comments on the two officers had been erroneous and premature, and that it had finally arrived at the conclusion that they were undeserving of sympathy!

Such was (some) London journalism in 1872. But I trust that this sample was exception and not rule.

In book publication my humble efforts have chiefly been confided to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. But I had one—for me—important venture with Bell and Daldy, in my text-book on oarsmanship, *Oars and Sculls*, the chapters of which first appeared in *Bell's Life*, and which has had a steady trade for three dozen years. It has been rendered into French, Spanish and German by various enterprising instructors of aquatics over-sea, and only last year the Admiralty flattered me by asking leave to cite passages from it in their pamphlet of instruction and advice to teachers of rowing in the Navy.

I also had a deal with Longmans, the reminiscences of which are not so pleasing. I was asked by them to write "Boating" for their Badminton Library. Unfortunately, I in the

contract bound myself by certain conditions of editorship (virtually sub-editorship—for the late Duke of Beaufort's editorship was but titular) which to my mind made a Laocoon of me. I found myself saddled with responsibility of writing to orders—in conformity with some dictated scheme; and had but little free hand in compilation and selection of subjects germane to the title. I had a silly chapter, by a fourth-class oarsman (whose style and management had been the bane and wreck of Third Trinity and of Cantab style generally in '62 and '63), foisted upon me. Likewise, various illustrations which to my mind were quite irrelevant and in some instances erroneous, but which sub-editorial autocracy of a scribe who had no aquatic science insisted on inserting; while illustrations suggested by myself as more appropriate were shelved on the pleas of space and economy.

Another absurdity occurred thus. Prior to writing this work, I had published, in *Field* and *Land and Water* respectively, certain chapters of aquatic history—the one of Henley progress—the other of logs of college eight racing at Oxford earlier than the "charts" of races—and earlier than the records of the University Boat Club. No one else had unearthed them—they came from the diaries of old Tom Staniforth, the first O.U.B.C. stroke (1829).

The respective editors of those journals gave me leave to reproduce their records. It was simpler than rewriting each in paraphrase. As such, I embodied them in my MS. of a chapter of the rise of Amateur Aquatics. When proof-sheets came in I was disgusted to find that the sapience of this

landsman sub-editor had excised both these quotations and had relegated them to an "appendix": thereby leaving a huge hiatus of aquatic history, in each case, in my chapter of professed history *ab initio* of aquatics.

Conceive—if the analogy is not too grandiloquent—a writer instructed to compile History of England, having already written for other papers, say, *Wars of Roses* and *Reformation*—and he simplifying matters by embodying these his earlier pages of history in the subsequent fuller volume. Then to find the same excised and appendixed; leaving in his main record absolute and unexplained blanks on these topics.

My remonstrances were in vain. This sub-editor had his own ideas of literature and was deaf as the Biblical adder. Later, when asked to revise for further editions I stipulated that I should have a free hand,—this being outside my late lamented contract,—and that this peculiar person should no longer have *carte blanche* to tinker my work. This attitude on my part eventually led to final rupture and abandonment of business relations between myself and the firm.

The illustration question was a sore point in more than one direction. My contract did not specifically bind me to supervise the same. I was responsible only for text—none the less, no author would like to see his text made ridiculous by unsuitable illustrations. When requested, later, to suggest pictures, I, among other labours, journeyed to Henley with some photographers employed by Longmans, to illustrate certain good and bad points of style. I recollect that my best sample fuglemen

of correct action taken from oarsmen training there, were the late D. H. MacLean and Scott Montagu (now Lord Montagu). Their illustrated faces and poses in a boat may be easily identified in the volume, by those who knew them in the Oxford days. If all illustrations had been as freely engineered by me, I should have had no grievance on this score. But these were exceptions. The bulk were sub-editorial crotchets and crazes and cranks: and I was weekly inundated with requests for appointments for conference with the sub-editor's selected artists. No less than 137 letters, fixtures and interviews were thus saddled upon me, outside the original contract of work. Many of them took an hour or more,—I often sitting as model, to endeavour to explain to a non-aquatic artist the correct pose of trunk, arms or legs, etc.

When all was over, and the book ripe, I thought I might put in a reasonable request for some *quantum meruit* for this work of supererogation. At first I was pooh-poohed altogether; but after renewed remonstrance I managed to squeeze an extra 10 guineas for these 137 extra jobs (less than 1*s.* 6*d.* each).

Subsequently I had another experience with this firm, which I narrate, as it may be instructive and premonitory to others situated as were my family in regard to certain matters.

A "Life and Letters" of Dr. E. B. Pusey was propounded—under Longman auspices. My late father and Pusey had been intimate friends. Application was made by Longmans to my mother for loans of correspondence between the two divines.

Accordingly, my father's budgets of old letters were duly ransacked. Pusey epistles were separated and examined. Those which seemed reasonably relevant and which did not refer only to weather and crops, were copied and sent as requested. Of these twelve were retained and the rest returned with thanks.

In due time the first two volumes appeared.

I ventured a line to Longmans, suggesting that it would be a civility and *quid pro quo* if they were to offer to my sisters (my mother having meantime passed away) a complimentary copy of what had appeared.

Longmans refused! I still keep their letter as testimony against them.

It is not for me, not in the trade, to lay down what would be the expense of paper and binding of an extra copy or so for the various (gratis) contributors to a work of this sort. It suffices to draw attention to the fact that it takes days to ransack correspondence hoarded by a septuagenarian defunct, and to pick out missives relating to some one friend of a good half-century's standing, peruse, sort them and copy, etc. The simple copying if relegated to a law stationer at only 1½*d.* per "folio" of 70 words, would run to some shillings (and copyright is thrown in). A clerk—paid ordinary rates to do this drudgery—would want far more wage than the cost price of book production.

Of course, when such labour of love, to do justice to revered dead, is undertaken by survivors, huckstering for lucre is not likely to occur on their part. But this fact does not seem to alter the moral of the story as I tell it. That moral is—to persons

similarly situated and similarly appealed to for contributions to fatten a publisher—make terms, in future, before consenting to give toil and trouble and copyright. Even if it is felt to be *infra dig.* to ask for emolument for oneself, it is always open to bargain that Lord Mayor's fund, or some hospital shall be benefited *ad valorem* as *quid pro quo* for the contribution.

On the subject of journalism I may relate a story of editorial oversight of nuggets. The Russo-Turkish war cloud of 1877 was bursting. Military critics and correspondents were reviewing in advance the prospects of the campaigns—time, places and phases—all this galore in daily and weekly Press.

The late General Sir William Russell, Bart., C.B., came to me. He had served in Mutiny and Crimea and now he had been inditing letters, to amuse himself and to ease his mind, to *Times*, *World* and *Saturday Review*, propounding in each a strategic critique of the situation; before the Danube had been crossed. Few knew the locality better than he. He happened to have been dispatched there in 1855, in the breathing space between fall of Sebastopol and signature of peace, in order to organize Turkish cavalry for a counter campaign towards Kars and Erzeroum. He volunteered to prophesy (at a date when London journals seemed to be daily anticipating Czar's legions to be sent south of Danube) the exact spot of crossing, and the day when, at earliest, it could be essayed by bridge of boats, not for weeks to come. He pointed out the best strategy on both sides, and how Turks, properly handled, could prevent any

substantial crossing until winter's ice should bridge the water.

None of these crack journals would listen to him. He asked me to find him an outlet for his Cassandra pages. I knew the editor of the newly-floated *Whitehall Review*, and he was glad enough of the veteran's offer.

The article duly appeared. Some three weeks later (I think, if not more), the Russian crossing took place at the very spot and within twenty-four hours of the time anticipated by Russell, who based his calculations on statistics of rail facilities for Russian mobilization. The prophecy seemed to me to be good enough for eventual history. As his friend Colonel (afterwards General) Keate, Royal Artillery, remarked to me, if old Billy Russell had been in command on the Turkish frontier, there could be little doubt that no boat bridging, still less crossing, would have been effected for long months. The Turks would have had time to erect forts and batteries to command the only two available crossing-places on the whole frontier. What a feather this would have been for a big journal, to have spotted actual acre and hour of "first blood," so many weeks in advance!

As to the Bar, I fear I never stuck tight enough to it; I have taken it much too casually; my heart being more in sport and its surroundings. My legal recollections are many of them too dry to be interesting. I once was myself plaintiff in a *cause célèbre*, April 1886, when I brought an action for libel against Peter (afterwards Sir Peter) Edlin, Assistant Judge of the then Middle-

sex, now North London Sessions, sitting at Clerkenwell.

It arose thus. Edlin had a grudge against me. I did not heed it at the time, and it turned out to be a mare's-nest on his part. Some one had caricatured him in a paper called *Life*, and I have been (subsequently) told by friends of his that he put it down to me. As it happens, I never wrote a line of any sort for that paper. However, Edlin showed his teeth at me, and I was puzzled to know why. At last he, thinking he had found some breach of professional etiquette on my part (too prolix for detail here), put his foot in it by writing a libellous letter concerning me to one George Griffiths, a blind Member of the Bar. The "publication" was aggravated by the fact of Griffiths' blindness rendering it necessary for him to employ a clerk to read his letters aloud to him. Griffiths handed the letter to me. I in my turn was wroth, and determined to humble Edlin.

I at once wrote him demanding an immediate apology and retraction, adding, as fuel to flame, a polite memorandum that my letter would be without prejudice to adoption of civil or criminal proceedings against him, if he hesitated to knuckle under.

Edlin did not reply.

I laid the case before various persons for redress —to wit: Home Secretary, Lord Chancellor, and the Benchers of Edlin's Inn of Court (Middle Temple). All replied that they had no jurisdiction over a judicial functionary in such a situation.

I appealed to my own Bar next to inquire into Edlin's imputations on me, and they did so, and

sent a formal memorandum to Edlin, recording that he was in error, and that my conduct had been proper.

Still Edlin sulked in silence. Then I tried Barstow, the sitting magistrate at Clerkenwell Police Court, for a criminal summons for libel. Barstow was nonplussed. At last he said to me *sotto voce*, "I shall hold that this letter is not a libel, as the simplest way out of this *impasse*. You can then go for *mandamus* to order me to 'hear and determine,' and that will relieve me of further responsibility."

Finally, after a talk with Staveley Hill, who combined at that date the important functions—leadership of Oxford circuit and Treasurership of my Inn (Inner Temple),—I decided to fall back upon mere civil action for libel.

Edlin pleaded privilege.

S. D. Waddy, Q.C., and Dick Harris appeared for me; Murphy, Q.C., and Lord Alverstone, then Sir Richard Webster, for Edlin.

Baron Huddleston tried the case. At the close of my evidence and that of my friends Court adjourned for lunch. On reassembling Edlin, under counsel's advice and a hint from the Bench, caved in, apologized and paid all costs; a juror was withdrawn, as it was *infra dig.* in the opinion of all my friends and advisers to press for damages when once my character had been vindicated.

Every leading daily journal had a leader on this passage of arms between Bar and Bench. Weeklies like *Saturday Review* and *Spectator* also had their say. I may state that without exception they were one and all flattering to myself, and censorious

of Edlin's obstinacy and vanity that induced him, knowing he had blundered, to decline to make *amende honorable* till the eleventh hour. *Punch* chimed in with versification, and so did *Sporting Times*, while minor journals all took up their parable on similar lines. My clerk filled me a volume of eulogistic extracts.

I quote only one—that of *Punch*—

"The Baron heard
The case preferred
By Woodgate against Edlin;
And said, this quite
Serves Edlin right,
For muddling and for meddlin'!
Apologize
And fraternize,
Both gentlemen I bid to;
Apologee, swore Woodgate he
Would get it, and he did too."

One Stevens, who used to practise in Edlin's Court, until appointed Inspector of Factories, was a high-class caricaturist, and daily amused us with pen-and-ink sketches of the "Bench," with touches to the life of the man's inordinate vanity and crabbed temper. They would fill an album and be worth a mint if extant. I recall one, of Edlin upbraiding Rumbelow the usher for allowing conversation in Court: Edlin waving his dictatorial hand, ejaculating his normal "Pause! oh Pause," and then these lines (of Stevens)—

"Hearken to me, Rumbelow!
Still the noisy scum below,
Are they not my thumb below?
If they be not dumb below
D——n 'em, out they tumble-oh!"

Huddleston was a kindhearted man, and always highly popular with the stuff gowns of Oxford circuit when he led it; he did me many a kindness.

The late Lord Brampton also I always found to be a good friend. Good lawyer though he was, he on the Bench undoubtedly found it difficult to divest himself of the old instincts of the erst advocate, when he had formed a strong opinion of the merits of a case before him, and before it was ripe for the jury. I remember once in a house agency case, where my client had been obviously sharped by a house agent, Hawkins practically took my brief and put some searching questions to the defendant: my client, a zealous but hardly discriminating solicitor, kept nudging me from behind, making suggestions for cross-examination. I preferred to let the judge have first bite at the game, as he seemed so keen to be in at the kill. I at last turned to my client and said, "Don't ask me to interrupt my '*leader*,' he's winning the case for me"—and he did so. I cut my further questioning and my address to the jury as short as I reasonably could, not to mar the effect of the judge's apropos questioning—and left him to sum up dead in my favour; with the best results as against my learned opponent (Wildey Wright).

Sometimes, on the other hand, Hawkins happened to take an equally strong fore-judgment against some client of mine. Once upon a time this led to a very brief friction; I was contending for some technical point as all important, in my opinion, to my case, and Hawkins kept interrupting me in the middle of argument, cutting short my attempts to demonstrate logical conclusion from

premises. In despair I pulled out my watch and said, "If your lordship would only not interrupt me, and would let me finish a grammatical sentence for forty-five seconds, I could make myself clear to you."

Hawkins fired up. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, my lord. I only want to do justice to my client."

"Go on, I will listen to you." And he did, quite patiently. Then he said, "I agree with you"; and I got a verdict.

After reaching chambers I wrote him a line expressing regret if I had seemed to be disrespectful, and deprecating his entertaining the idea that I would be so to "a judge from whom I had always received so much kind consideration."

Hawkins wrote back, by hand, within an hour—

"My dear Woodgate,

"I had forgotten the incident so soon as it passed. Don't distress yourself; and many thanks for your flattering remarks as to myself."

He was just as genial as ever when next we met.

On another occasion I was indirectly responsible for his giving what probably was the briefest judgment ever given by a judge in Banco.

He and Mr. Justice Cave were sitting in Banco. Dickens, Q.C., was arguing a point. I wrote, and sent by the usher, a private note to Hawkins on a sporting matter (irrelevant to justice). Hawkins

had my letter in hand just as Dickens finished and sat down. He gave judgment, as senior judge—

"Order quashed. Go on, Cave." The last three words were nominally *sotto voce*, and not part of the judgment; but they were audible in the court where I sat. Cave then proceeded to deliver a more elaborate judgment, while Hawkins employed himself in penning a reply to me.

It was Hawkins and A. L. Smith, two of the best friends that I had on the Bench, who formed the Divisional Court that decided "Woodgate *v.* Great Western Railway." The G.W.R. issued tickets for a certain train connection to Bridgenorth at a moment when fog was thick, and a collision and block at Slough was known at Paddington. I got stuck for hours *en route*. Of course I would not have travelled that day if I had known of the block.

I wanted compensation. I sued in Marylebone County Courts before Stonor. The defence was a condition printed on the ticket that the Company would not be responsible for delays, except as "proof of wilful misconduct by Company's servants." This ruse practically barred suitors; for to have the burden of proof not only of misconduct, but also of *wilful* ditto, when one had no knowledge as to what was the name—or duty—of any given official, was an impossible task.

However, *pour rire*, I ventured it, and got a verdict for thirty bob. Stonor "stated the railway out of court"—in technical phraseology. He found, as a fact, that omission to inform passengers booking beyond Slough of the collision

and block there, so as to deprive them of the option of abandoning the journey, was of itself an act of "wilful misconduct" by some official or other unknown. My old "aquatic blue" friend, Wightman Wood, now County Court Judge, was for the railway. He approached me. Would I, as a sportsman, consent to give the G.W.R. a run for its life, and agree to a statement of case for appeal, which would leave open the issue whether or not their muteness as to the Slough block was enough to amount to *wilful* misconduct, or could be possibly interpreted as nothing more than unadjectived misconduct or negligence, however culpable.

To oblige, I assented; case was stated, and Hawkins and Smith ruled against me, that I just fell short of direct evidence of the necessary *wilful* phase of misconduct, that I must lie on the bed which I had made by buying a ticket with this condition on it.

At that date a subsequent *obiter dictum* by Lord Justice Lindley on railway liability had not been uttered, else this Divisional Court might have been found by it in my favour.

The G.W.R. had previously agreed to bear all costs of appeal, both sides—if I made the sporting concession asked for as to statement of case.

So I lost my thirty shillings damages; but the winners stood a sumptuous dinner at the Whitehall Club, to bury the hatchet (if any) of nominal legal conflict; and I think I managed to take on board quite my valuation of abandoned damages in good liquor. And the G.W.R. and I have been the best of friends ever since.

CHAPTER XII

PROFESSIONAL LIFE (*continued*)

ARCHIBALD LEVIN SMITH—in due time a Lord Justice of Appeal and Master of the Rolls—was, I think I may say, the most all-round popular judge of the century. I do not think he had an enemy in the profession. He was always a splendid friend and mentor to me. Our friendship began in 1862, when I first got a seat in the University eight. "A. L.," as every one called him, had then just settled to the Bar after a brilliant Cantab aquatic career.

He had, besides his legal ability, a deep sporting instinct in all possible subjects wherein the element of sport could enter: a keen shot and angler, and a competent cricketer on the top of his first-class oarsmanship.

He was always game to bet me a new hat on the Boat Race whenever we forgathered on the old time-honoured "Umpire's Boat" at a Putney match. He would do so on principle and from patriotism to his flag, even when public favour and market odds might seem to be dead against the hopes of his own club.

His sporting principles stuck to him on the Bench. I recall dining with him at Worcester one night when he was judge on the Oxford circuit. He was relating a very bad manslaughter case which

he had been trying at another town. His parable ran as follows :

"It was touch and go : just one of those cases where the border line between murder and manslaughter becomes almost invisible—a very bad case. It only needed the tiniest turn of the screw on my part, the wee-est indication from me to the jury of a view that it amounted to murder, and that chap would have been a goner. But I said to myself : 'No, ye beggar, I'll give ye a fair run for your life—I never trapped a fox nor shot a hare in her form—and I'll give you every chance that's fair.' So I let him run loose, and left the jury to settle it. When they found it only manslaughter, I could not give him less than twenty years."

Dear old A. L.! we could ill spare him when the King of Terrors so prematurely claimed him.

He and his red setter used to tramp home from the Law Courts to Cadogan Gardens, for the sake of constitution and condition. I recall a rencontre with the pair in Leicester Square, shortly after "A. L." had been raised to the Appellate Bench. I asked how he liked the new work. His view was—

"The extra strain is more than the extra pay. There's no '*otium*' with the extra *dignitas*. There's a nut to crack every time ; no chance of a forty winks, which you could sometimes snatch at *nisi prius* when some counsel was extra prosy."

I have still the letter of friendly chaff which he wrote me, in condolence, after deciding against me in the Great Western case mentioned *supra*.

"A. L." used to say that Lord Halsbury, when Solicitor-General (A. L. being "Attorney-General's

devil"), used to display abnormal faculties for picking up the gist of a case in a few seconds, when he had not even glanced at his brief. That more than once "Mr. Solicitor" for the Crown at the Old Bailey had caught A. L. by the arm as they went down-stairs to Court, admitting no time to read the brief and asking for an outline of the case. A. L. would epitomize it, step by step as they descended, and Sir Hardinge would proceed to open the case lucidly—in all salient branches—as if he had sat up all night noting up his brief.

If one may be so presumptuous as to concede priority in forensic eloquence, force and phrase to any one of the many luminaries whom I have listened to in my time, I should place Lord Llandaff (Henry Matthews) as first, for polish of phrase and flawlessness in metaphor and grammar through elaborate conjunctive sentences. As samples of high-class English not Burke, not Carlyle or Elia could, with "*limae labor*" thrown in, surpass many of his off-hand utterances, and yet I do not think he got verdicts to the extent of Huddleston, Lord Russell, or the matter-of-fact Sir John Holker. Matthews' oratory was too often over the heads of even the best special juries (pearls before swine).

The late J. McConnell, K.C., chairman of North London Sessions (who succeeded Edlin), was another luminary imbued with sporting principles and was a genial soul. I recollect instances. Once I was instructed in some petty prosecution before him. It seemed likely to come on that day. An inspector of police, who knew that I had been guilty of the river in my youth,

approached me and sounded me whether it would be possible to let the case stand over to the morrow; because a young policeman engaged in it was stroking a police four, and the police regatta was going on that day at Hammersmith. I at once entered McConnell's Court, and made application for adjournment, boldly telling the true reason for the request. McConnell at once said: "Any application from you on an aquatic matter has every claim on the Bench"—and at once made the order.

Off went the young stroke, as happy as a sand-boy. Next day, when I attended for the trial we heard that he had won two races, thanks to McConnell's sporting good-fellowship.

Another time, on the morning of a Tuesday of a Henley regatta, I put in an appearance in McConnell's Court, hoping to finish what I had in hand before lunch, and to catch a train to the river. To save time in changing clothes I had donned a Leander Club dark serge coat and waistcoat, with the club gilt buttons, thinking it would pass muster sufficiently under the folds of a gown.

McConnell divined the costume and situation as he nodded to me from the Bench. He dropped a pencil line by an usher: "Dear W., your attire is more aquatic than forensic: you had better catch the first train for Henley. I will see that your interests are duly looked after here!"

There was a time when I used to write some critique on University Boat Races, for the *Pall Mall Gazette* at one time, and at another for its offshoot the *St. James's Gazette*. On such occasions the respective editors of the journal for which I

was writing used to send me a ticket for the Press Boat to "admit the Editor of the, etc." However, I preferred the company of old blues in the "Umpire's Boat," and accordingly used to stand myself one for that select coterie, and to offer the nominal function of representing the "Editor" to some meritorious sportsman who otherwise would not have got a berth on one or other of the steamers. Sometimes some stranded and belated brother blue got my literary nomination; but as often as not the beneficiary was some legal luminary. Among those who at one time or other thus voyaged, I can recall Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Richard Harris, K.C., S. D. Waddy, K.C., Mr. Justice Grantham and A. C. Plowden, stipendiary magistrate. Dear old Waddy could hardly claim to be deeply imbued with sporting proclivities like the two eminent judges (*supra*), but he was keen to improve his mind by seeing what a University match was like. He was well known to put in appearances now and then in the pulpit at Nonconformist places of worship; and some scribe of the Press who noted him on board must needs eke out copy by chaffing S. D. W. in his own journal upon this combination of sporting journalist and preacher. Waddy read the article, and his feelings were, I think, somewhat hurt at it. He complained to me; but I was helpless in the matter and it was too late to mend; but he never again had the courage to run the gauntlet of the Press Boat.

Apropos of the time-honoured proverb of "Honour among thieves," I once had practical illustration of this. It was in 1878: the Queen held a Solent review after Disraeli's "Peace with

Honour" treaty at the close of the Russo-Turkish War. I saw it from the deck of the celebrated *Sunbeam.* After all was over, the late Lady Brassey —a cousin of mine—asked me to dry-nurse to London one of her guests, the late Maharajah of Johore (afterwards "Sultan" thereof). He had a secretary with him, who was not very *au fait* at British travel among holiday crowds—and no "bruiser" in case of a row.

I accepted the charge; and we landed and journeyed to Portsmouth Station. My own kit was but a night's outfit in a bag; but the Maharajah had a lot; and among it a jewel case and a gold or gilt-fitted dressing-bag. There were a roughish lot on the platform, suspiciously like depredators, and the difficulty was to find a porter. I had enough to do to stand sentinel forcibly over the baggage, and to keep off divers shady volunteer hands who wanted to give us a lift. I could not go off guard to secure a carriage. There came up to me a spruce young man in neat black coat and bowler hat, looking like a gentleman's servant. He accosted me by name, and asked if he could help. I replied that I badly wanted a first-class carriage, an empty one for choice. Off he went, and promptly returned, saying he had secured one. The rough crowd stood back at his order; as if he were a Company's official. He helped me to stow everything in the carriage; and when the Maharajah and I had taken our seats, my anonymous friend lifted his hat and was bowing adieu, when I stopped him and fumbled for half-a-crown which I thought he had well earned, in view of the valuables at stake.

"Oh no! Mr. Woodgate—nothing from you." Then seeing I looked mystified, he added: "Don't you remember me, sir?" and still I was at a loss, but thinking that he had the air of a superior domestic or major-domo I tried to feel my way for identity by asking—"Let me see, are you Lord X.'s valet?"

"Bless you, no, sir—my name is (. . . .). Don't you remember me now? You got me out of trouble before Mr. Dunnington Fletcher."

Then the situation dawned upon me. I had defended this man upon a charge of "receiving" at Clerkenwell Sessions House only a few weeks earlier. He had previously "done time" for a similar offence, and, if convicted, would probably have got penal servitude. His gratitude was most valuable; no doubt the crowd which thronged us were of the criminal class, and would have ramped the kit if possible. But my friend was a sort of king among them—and under his wing we were secure (every item of baggage was loaded up quite safely).

On another occasion an old friend of mine—Marischal Keith Frith, in his day an eminent defender of prisoners—was (after luncheon) blandly surveying the Epsom Downs scene on a Derby Day; thumbs in waistcoat sleeve-holes—coat unbuttoned. Light-fingered depredators were closing round the obvious "mug" to relieve him of watch and chain; when a leader among them recognized and ejaculated: "Steady, mates; it's Keith Frith!" Then lifting his hat he approached, apologized for the mob's demeanour, and offered advice: "Don't flash your ticker, sir, like that, in case there's some of our lads as don't know ye!"

Talking of Keith Frith, he is responsible for a serious scandal against me. I relate it on his, not my own authority.

My silk hats are built to my own taste: some say they look somewhat episcopal or diaconal—low-crowned and curled in brim. I was passing Hatton Garden; a news-boy—yelling "Special!" "All the winners!"—steered badly and bumped his head into my waistcoat. So soon as I got breath, I anathematized (venially, I am sure, under the circumstances). Keith Frith, just behind me, solemnly and spitefully avers that the *gamin* remarked to a pal: "He never heard a Bishop swear like that before."

The resources of old lags in prison are doubtless manifold; they and warders are old acquaintances and sometimes old friends. That even prison officials have their price, both history and human philosophy testify.

Here is an illustration.

A man called Loraine was charged with forgery and fraud; two carmen employed by him were in the dock with him. I defended the whole lot at the Mansion House; when the case reached the Old Bailey the defences were split; I taking the two carmen, on a theory of absence of guilty knowledge, and Loraine, under another learned friend, disputing his own identity.

The story of the prosecution was this. Letters reached various traders, ordering goods for shipment: they were written on printed office forms; giving the name and address of an irreproachable wharfinger—("Clinskill," if I recollect right)—and purporting to be signed by him. These orders

used to add in postscript, that the ship on which the goods were to be shipped was on the point of sailing; and that, to save time, the writer's carmen would call in a few hours for the goods. The name carried credit with it. A van duly called—in went the goods and were never seen again. In due time, when payment was asked for, it came out that the office billheads and the letters and signatures were one and all forgeries.

At last a clue was obtained and the gang were arrested. The main evidence against Loraine lay in the handwriting on the forgeries: samples of his own hand tallied to an ounce; even without the aid of "experts" in writing.

Now, while Loraine was in prison (not on bail) awaiting trial, and also during the trial which lasted two days—letters kept pouring in; at first to the prosecution; later, after trial began, to the foreman of the jury, to the Judge (Hawkins) and, if I recollect right, to the prosecuting counsel (probably Sir Harry Poland or Sir C. Matthews, or both).

The tenor of these letters was (in effect):

"You are prosecuting the wrong man—an innocent party. See—I, the real criminal, am at large; I write on the same billheads as the alleged forgeries, and in the same hand. Can you doubt that you are on the wrong scent?"

Postmarks of Clapham and Brixton direction were visible on some (or all of) the envelopes of these missives. Those addressed to the judge and the jury were handed to counsel on both sides to peruse.

There could be no doubt that they were in the same hand as the forgeries; and the billheads

were also identical. On the other hand, equally obvious similarity existed between undisputed samples of Loraine's own caligraphy and the forgeries.

Unfortunately for Loraine, the jury failed to be convinced by these letters posted outside prison walls. There was, of course, mystery as to how these came to be so written and posted; but none the less they found the whole gang guilty. Loraine —as an old convict—got a long spell of penal servitude.

Accepting the verdict of the jury as sound, only one solution of the mystery of the letters seems possible. To wit: Loraine had command of cash. Warders were venal. They visited his secret lair for him, fetched him these billheads *à la* Clinskill; on these he indited in prison; and the bogus letters were then taken away for him and posted far from prison walls.

Police inspectors used long years ago to have lucrative opportunities for fees for "amending" charge sheets, where young men of substance were taken up as drunk and disorderly. I experienced this twice, with my own eyes; when fetched late at night to bail some indiscreet youth whose parents I knew. One occasion was at Bow Street, the other at Vine Street. (Each was before 1890.)

On each occasion the inebriate had been just sober enough to give his true name and address: a Hertfordshire park in one case; a good South Kensington house in the other. When bail was discussed, I was victimized and sent for, as a handy resident at the Temple, and friend of the family. The wily Inspector would then let drop solicitous

sympathy that the gilded youth had been so indiscreet as to tell the truth as to his identity. The culprit in his turn was on thorns as to what parents would say when they should read police reports in daily Press. "Could the Press be squared?" was the natural inquiry. Simpler and more reliable was the Inspector's resource. Amend the charge sheet as to name and address! It could be done for a sovereign: and soon it was so. "William Jones, 299 Long Acre," or some such description, would describe the quiet culprit who surrendered next day to his bail.

The Inspector would advise, when releasing his captive to my care: "Best say nothing in the dock, except that you are very young and very sorry." And ten shillings then purged the offence of the *incognito*.

In one case my young friend simply amended his name by erasing his surname, leaving his two Christian names to stand as prenomen and cognomen. These happened to be identical with the real names of a then prominent public stump orator on the Land Question! Whether the latter got the credit of the conviction, I never heard.

One often hears and reads of the theoretical element of uncertainty in purely circumstantial evidence. There are moralists who hold that capital punishment should not be allowed to ensue upon any conviction that has been based upon solely circumstantial evidence; on the principle that a mistake may be just on the cards, and the sentence is irretrievable.

I confess that my own code of legal morality,

being based upon *salus populi* theory, does not agree with the above view. I will admit that it would be exceedingly annoying to be hanged in error for murder committed by some one else. But at the same time I would reckon that my chance of being thus victimized by the law, is far less than might be my chance of assassination if the assailant could rely on immunity so long as there was no actual eye-witness of the deed. Accordingly I accept the sweet and bitter mixed, and under the rules of chances and probabilities consider myself safer under the law as it stands.

And yet I can recall a situation of circumstantial evidence in my own career, which, if the original circumstances—or chattel—had been somewhat different, might possibly have been fatal to my social repute though not to my life. It was this:

In 1877 I was engaged to pay a visit in Ross-shire. I took the Doncaster St. Leger *en route*. I got to York in the evening; dined at the North-Eastern Hotel, and waited for the night train to take me to Dingwall. I killed the time by writing; I had a sort of wide-mouthed dispatch-bag with me: it stood open on a chair beside me.

When the hotel porter came to tell me that it was getting near the time to start for the platform, I tossed my papers into my bag, and it, with the rest of my kit, was duly trucked to the station platform.

When I got down to Dingwall I found property in that bag which did not belong to me! It was nothing worse than a wooden pipe; horn mouth-piece; a monogram of initials rather cleverly carved upon the bowl.

But the problem was—how did it get there? It certainly had not been in the bag before I set to work to write; and it was difficult to suppose that I could have picked it up with my papers when I bundled them in on being summoned by the porter to start for the train.

Besides, who on earth would have gone out of his way to lay the pipe among my papers; and how could he have done so under my nose, and unperceived by me?

I seemed at last to solve the mysterious advent of that pipe thus. A vague recollection survived of some stranger entering the room to call for a drink while I was engaged in my work; and that stranger carrying an overcoat on his arm, had slung it for the instant over the back of the chair on which my open-mouthed bag had been standing.

Such coats often have breast-pockets: such a pocket would be inverted when the coat was slung across a chair-back: and its contents *might* fall out. If the pipe had been in such a breast-pocket, this situation might, by a wide stretch of circumstances, account for its fall into my bag.

So far so good, as far as the pipe. But it may occur to readers as it did to myself—grateful to Providence that the case was no worse! Bear in mind this was a Leger day: race-goers were in plenty at York station; many of them burdened with winnings. Suppose the escaping chattel had been a well-filled purse or pocket-book; and its owner had raised hue and cry on missing it! Conceive further an inquiry of me, the only other person in the room when it was missed; no one knowing more of me than that I was a dining and

not sleeping guest. Suspicion might reasonably attach, in default of due explanation. Suppose I were asked to stop, and a search of my pockets and kit suggested. I fear that the bare proposal would have riled me enough to make a football of the complainant down the hotel steps: matters would have been aggravated; and in the end the lost pocket-book have been found in my possession! Caught red-handed!

What defence could I have set up in such a quandary, short of good character? My solution of the slung coat would have sounded almost ridiculous to most juries. It would have been a terribly awkward matter for me. It hereafter made me ruminate upon the possible eccentricities of real truth that may be lying behind some apparently incontrovertible case of circumstantial evidence.

On inquiry at the hotel, by letter, no clue of an owner of the pipe was to be found. It was barely worth eightpence when new, and I did not take the trouble to pack and post it to the hotel, the more so as, possibly, no customer of theirs had even lost it.

It lay among rubbish in my chambers for about another quarter of a century, when I came across it and identified it on doing some cleaning of my Augean stable. A brother member of my profession, seeing it and hearing the story, asked for it as a curiosity, and got it.

I have always had an idea that I was more or less an indirect factor in Pasteur's researches into inoculation for hydrophobia.

To the following extent :

I had my own views that the disease originated from a microbe, and not from a virus in the dog of the class of snake virus. On the other hand, Walsh—"Stonehenge"—then editor of the *Field*, himself a medical authority, was tenacious of the theory, then generally favoured by the faculty, of a chemical virus generated in the dog under certain circumstances, and injected by the puncture of the bite.

For this reason Walsh, who was a good friend of mine, hesitated to allow me to air my own theory — editorially — in his Kennel or Leader columns, and advised me to tackle some other journal "which had not a character to lose"—as he expressed it—in matters of sport.

What had set me cogitating and theorizing had been, firstly, the strong similarity (according to report) of the symptoms in the death of Commodore Goodenough (by poisoned arrow) and those often attending tetanic sufferings of hydrophobic human subjects. Next, there came to my knowledge a tragically candid story, from a member of a family concerned in it. An incumbent of Chertsey, Surrey, of a past generation, was moribund from typhoid fever, and knew his end to be approaching. He asked to kiss his favourite pupil; in doing so, and in a paroxysm of the moment, he bit the pupil's cheek! He died, and shortly after that the pupil developed symptoms of the tetanic and hydrophobic order, which were said to be unmistakably localized to the cicatrix of the scar of the defunct clergyman's bite. Besides, no dog had bitten the pupil. The pupil's case was hope-

less ; he sank under it, and, I believe, was buried in the same churchyard as the author of the tragedy.

All this seemed to point to inoculation of some breed of microbes, and not to mere injection of some alkaloidal virus secreted by natural causes in the salival glands of the diseased subject.

Eventually I broached my theory, under the title of " Hydrophobiana," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, somewhere early in the " eighties." The articles appeared editorially, and not under any signature. (Paris papers copied them, and attributed them to some premier London M.D. of the day! So I heard.)

My contention was, that the principle of toning down the virulence of microbes until they were suitable for prophylactic inoculation, which Pasteur had already carried to a successful extent in his earthworm dilution of the " anthrax " germ, might with reason be experimentally applied to the typhoid microbe of rabies in dogs, which produces hydrophobia in humanity. (So I postulated.)

It was significant that the Chertsey tragedy arose from the infected saliva of a typhoid patient ; no allegation of prior dog bite was recorded to account for the condition of this moribund incumbent.

Hence it seemed as if there might be some community of breed in respective microbes which (1) poisoned South Sea arrows in the Goodenough case ; (2) killed the pupil whom the parson bit ; and (3) normally are to be found in blood and saliva of rabid dogs.

If so, then some clue as to origin of rabies at once suggested itself : to wit, " typhoidism " in the

dog; a sort of canine blend of human diphtheria and typhoid combined.

The delirium of human typhoid patients seemed to tally with that of the rabid dog: only, the raving human patient does not as a rule bite, while the dog does, and thereby succeeds in transmitting his ailment to scores of his canine brotherhood, in a sort of apostolic succession, till the evil spreads far and wide.

Once eliminate it by isolation and muzzling, and it is extinct until the comparatively rare advent of a spontaneously typhoid dog reoccurs.

I wanted to see some experiments tried with inoculation of rabbits and the like with blood and saliva of human typhoid and diphtheric patients, and the results compared with those of inoculation from undoubted rabid dogs. Pasteur did not to my knowledge go the length of this last step, to solve whether there is identity or blood relationship between germs of typhoid-diphtheria and of mad dog: but he anyhow went far to solve the problem of dilution of the poison for prophylactic inoculation, and thereby has saved many lives. Whether my brochures, translated to French Press, in any way inspired him in this line, or whether he spontaneously started experiment herein analogous to his anthrax discoveries, I am unable to say. I wish he had gone one step further, and tested the possible cousinship between the germ that makes a typhoid humanity delirious, and that which makes a rabid dog extra vicious in its paroxysms.

Apropos of alleged cures for hydrophobia, there may be readers who can recall the discussions which in the sixties and early seventies arose in some of

the Press upon what was styled the "Bishop of Birling" cure. A clergyman of that district of Kent, and the Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh, strongly advocated Government purchase of the "secret" from its teacher—one Bishop, a carpenter of Birling.

I suppose that by now Bishop has gone the way of all flesh. I hear no more of him; but I recollect once having a business transaction with him. There was a Mr. William Wallace Rodger, previously of Exeter College, Oxon., who had been champion billiard player of Oxford. (His youngest brother, the only survivor of the Rodger family who then lived with their parents at Hadlow Castle, is now Sir John Rodger, Governor of Cape Coast Castle Colony. He married a Miss Tyser of Hildenborough. "Johnny" Rodger, when just fresh from school about 1870, was a good-looking youth, and about the most faultlessly dressed young man in Kent. I have not seen him since those days.) Well, his elder brother, William, bought a fighting dog from one of the officers quartered at Maidstone and brought it home to Hadlow Castle, I accompanying him. The gladiator dog had more pluck than judgment, and on being released in the stable-yard, instantly went for a big house-dog, chained there, and met with more than his match. The heavier house-dog rolled him over, got him by the scruff of the neck and shook him like a rat: and seemed like to kill him. Will Rodger, anxious about the life of his new purchase, was unwise enough to try to pull them apart by the muzzles, and got badly bitten through the hand by one or other combatant.

Then I interfered, and separated them by the standard process of a handful of ashes over their noses to make them open mouths and gasp for breath, backed by two buckets of water. Then we grabbed their tails and there was a truce.

I have no doubt that both dogs were in perfect health; but Rodger was in alarm about himself, and made up his mind to drive over and consult the "sage of Birling" (as the Rev. E. V. Bligh styled Bishop) without delay. He persuaded me to accompany him thither next day.

The carpenter sage, when we arrived, was engaged in constructing a coffin; I think this gave Rodger an extra turn. Rodger showed the wounds in his hands, and told the tale of them.

Bishop delivered himself oratorically, in an artificially sepulchral voice, obviously for the sake of melodramatic effect on his customers. Quoth he—

"No one yet has perished, no matter what dog bit him, so long as he applied my remedy *in time*" —laying especial emphasis on the concluding, all-important qualification.

Said Rodger: "These bites were only done yesterday afternoon. I came as quick as I could." "Let us hope that it is in time," was all that the Bishop would commit himself to. He left us to sit in his parlour, and retired to concoct the remedy. In a few minutes he returned with a black wine-bottle, corked, and feeling warm to the touch. His fee was a guinea before he parted with the bottle. No instructions were labelled on it: he gave them verbally. "One wine-glass daily, fasting, before breakfast; and abstain

from greasy food at breakfast while undergoing the cure."

This was all that we could glean from him, and we drove back to Hadlow.

Rodger—panic-stricken—conformed conscientiously to the instructions till he had swallowed seven glasses out of nine in the bottle. Then he plucked up courage and threw the rest away and devoured his fats. He said the doses made him feel sick, and spoilt his appetite. He is now no more, but he lived long years more, and certainly did not die of hydrophobia.

I myself have little doubt that antimony blended with herbal decoctions was a main feature in the Birling cure.

The report of the Commission on police morality is just out while I pen these pages and betrays weird incompetence. The various anecdotes which I here append, and scores more, were tendered to Brynmor Jones, the Chairman, and he elected to burke them.

To my mind it is strange that there is not more perjury in the force, bearing in mind the system on which police are nurtured.

Certain London stipendiaries have gone out of their way to foster false swearing by police ;- by putting cart before horse, and preaching openly from the Bench that unless police evidence can be trusted they cannot administer justice ; and therefore, as a corollary, they must not doubt police testimony at any time when it conflicts with that of the layman.

The judicial enunciation of such a tenet is

enough of itself to corrupt any force; and the environment of a policeman is, of itself and independently, calculated to make him treat oaths infinitely more lightly than the normal layman.

The latter is sworn, perhaps, once or twice in his life, in a court. If he has any conscience the responsibility of the situation impresses him and makes him careful. But the normal bobby is sworn weekly—almost daily; the glamour of oath and its sanctity naturally fade somewhat in the mind of the subject.

Next, even the most conscientious narrator must blunder now and then, and the young officer soon learns the discredit which attaches to him if he is halting, lame and contradictory in the box. Hence arises temptation, if he once does make a slip, not to own it, and to make the best or worst of it. Credit overrides conscience; after this, perhaps, "*facilus descensus.*" Accidental false testimony having passed with impunity, temptation intrudes itself to "gloss" here and to touch up there; and as the conscience becomes seared, at last even to invent—(in "zeal"—as it is called—for justice).

Now, when a Post Office official (who only steals "trash," *quâ* Shakespeare) is even suspected of peculation, his own superiors lay traps for him; "test" letters and the like; and if he be detected Treasury counsel prosecute. So far so good; for, if the Post Office cannot be relied on for integrity commerce is badly crippled.

Yet, somehow this principle is not applied officially when and where the theft of "good name" is alleged or even suspected—as to a

constable. The rest of the force rally round him, instead of requiring him to clear himself or resign: and seldom does the Treasury intervene to investigate and prosecute. Private sources have to bear the cost of issues of "Police *v.* Public." One never hears of one of the many Police Commissioners playing "Haroun al Raschid" in mufti, to keep an eye upon some police-constable whose evidence with regard to some street charge has been seriously questioned and may have been even doubted or dismissed by a Court. The *esprit de corps* of the force seems to inoculate the actual commanders: they deprecate any scandal and seem prone to snub even a suggestion of it.

I recall an incident: a system of blackmail of Edgware Road street bookmakers by police, came to my knowledge. I gave the names of police who levied five shillings per head weekly for "toleration"; and of "bookies" who paid the dole. This was to Lord Llandaff (then Home Secretary, 1887), who at once bade Scotland Yard investigate and report upon a statement made out by friends of a prisoner whom I defended at Clerkenwell. Commissioner Howard had the job. (I think he is now knighted and retired.)

The scandal arose thus: a client of mine had been convicted by the jury. After sentence a young man met me in the corridor and said he was brother of prisoner, and that Detective X. had just apologized for having "made it so hot" in his evidence, being unaware, till too late, that the accused was the speaker's brother!

I asked why this affected the case. Reply: "He and I do business. I pay him five shillings a

week for leave to bet in the Edgware Road." Eventually, being furious with what he considered to be treason by Detective X. to the family in question, my interlocutor assented to Lord Llandaff being informed of the facts; and the result was the fizzle which I here narrate.

How should a normal, even thick-headed police-constable go to work, if he wanted to trace such fraud? Why not scrape acquaintance with the "bookie," and do a small fancy bet, in the way that police *do* when they want evidence AGAINST a betting man? Once on business terms with the bookie, then on a subsequent day, when just doing business, cry out "*Cave*"—"Ware 'tecs!" as if fearing police; and then see what the bookie says, as to whether police molest him; and if they do not, why he obtains immunity.

But Commissioner Howard had a more astute plan than this to test whether my allegations were reliable.

He called on the bookmaker in the latter's absence, and *left his card* as Police Commissioner! Then, when he called *again*, bookie had *absconded!* This much the astute Howard smilingly and sneeringly subsequently admitted to my face; when he told me that my alleged discovery of police corruption was a mare's-nest and that he had reported to the Home Office that my alleged blackmailed bookmaker was "*non est inventus.*"

I told this same story before the Betting Commission—it is to be found in the Blue-book thereon.

I myself never doubted the truth of this imputation on certain detectives: but the ill-advised

tactics selected by the Commissioner had the effect of burking investigation from the outset.

Until the governors of the force are more strenuous in espionage against the proceedings of their own black sheep, it will be only human nature for that proportion whose consciences are seared, to make a business of corruption; and until these are officially weeded out as in the Post Office, the police oath cannot attain that abstract reliability which is so all-important for jurisprudence.

When perjury (involving, if successful, ruin to an accused individual) is established against a police-constable it should be treated (on the "trash" purse *versus* "good name" theory) as far more heinous than any "Claimant's" perjury; and the more so because of a necessarily very remote chance of the false swearing being brought to light. And yet, if we may judge from the judicial appraisement of the Sergeant Brennan case, no such terrors await the force.

Brennan was ordered to trace a crime. He deliberately and falsely accused men whom he knew to have nothing to do with it; but their conviction would have vindicated his repute for sagacious quest, and would have aided his promotion: enabled him to climb in his profession over the corpsed reputations of his victims.

His perjury came to light, providentially. He was tried at the Old Bailey and got *eighteen months* only! If a Claimant deserved fourteen years for perjury to win estates, what price for an attempt at social murder of two men's lives and happiness, and perpetrated for the sake of the petty percentage

of lift in the profession which a secured conviction would accredit to the operator?

To-day as lapses from morality by police enjoy such prospects of non-detection, and of lenient treatment when brought to light, the tone of the whole force is imperilled by impunity to offenders; and the nation may query: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"

Under the late Sir Edmund Henderson's rule I once observed a police-constable on point duty (to keep order) outside Strand Theatre, bear-fighting with some member of the public; kicking him, indulging in bad language and threatening to "pull his head off" when he wasn't so busy. The dialogue between them implied mutual bad blood as the outcome of rivalry for some lady's affections; nothing to do with street order. I wrote a report to Henderson. He sent an Inspector to call on me; with a message to ask "what punishment" I desired to be inflicted on the police-constable.

My reply was, that I was not personally injured; that I left the case in the commissioner's hands; but tendering my personal opinion that this police-constable was unfit to be a member of the force.

The Inspector then volunteered that the police-constable when interrogated on the subject by his superiors, had expressed opinion that it was "very ungentlemanly" for a member of the public to take exception to a police-constable's conduct and to keep silence at the time, instead of at once accosting, remonstrating and tendering name and address. The Inspector added rudely that his opinion was to the same effect!

My reply was that I had no moral doubt that if I had intervened and had revealed the fact that I was intending to report the set-to to Scotland Yard, I should promptly have found myself arrested on a bogus charge of assaulting police in execution of duty ; and of obstruction backed up by the normal corollaries in such cases, of being "drunk and disorderly." It is common knowledge that such is the fate to be anticipated by any member of the public who has the temerity to take a police-constable's number.

Hannay, or Bushby (I forget which), once openly enunciated at Worship Street police court that to take a police-constable's number was "*like showing a red rag to a bull*," and was a most dangerous proceeding for any layman.

I once had professional experience of this trait—at that same police court. I had to defend two Post Office clerks on a charge of "drunk and disorderly" and attempted rescue.

The story was this : curtailing and combining both versions ; there were cross-summonses against the police for assault.

The two clerks had been on extra late duty at St. Martin's-le-Grand till it struck midnight. They had been regaled at the G.P.O. with the normal G.P.O. supper given to clerks thus employed—to wit, bread and cheese and a pint of beer. *No other alcohol* could reach them in the office between luncheon hour and dismissal at midnight.

At 12.43 a.m., two miles and a half from the G.P.O., they observed police "frog marching" a prisoner who was bleeding profusely from the head, and was blood-staining the pavement. This seemed

to them to be brutal; they followed to the station to tender their names and addresses.

Inspector Palmer, in charge, brusquely bade them begone; adding that the police station was not the place whereat to lodge any complaints as to police misbehaviour.

The clerks turned to go: a file of police were marching in at the moment; and within hearing of the Inspector's utterance. One of these incoming police slung his cape from his shoulder and slapped the leading clerk in the face with it, jeering at him; and marching on.

"Take his number, Walter," called the assaulted clerk to his friend astern.

The two held consultation outside the station, and rashly decided to return and beard the lion in the den, and denounce the assaulting police-constable. (Note, they had left the station *unaccused.*)

When they reached the office, the head-wounded prisoner aforesaid was in the dock, waiting the making out of charge sheet.

That ceremony over, they stated their business. That done, with no further word, each was collared, placed in the dock and charged—"drunk, disorderly—attempting rescue," etc.

They were locked up all night. Next day, cross-summons being applied for, there was an adjournment on bail. The real battle was in the adjournment.

Glibly and freely police by the dozen swore that the two clerks were "drunk," "very drunk," "reeling drunk," "helpless drunk," and so on, and that they repeatedly "refused to quit the station" when requested to do so.

The allegation of "disorder" was supported by testimony that they had been "shouting at the top of their voices."

Technically this last was correct—in that the assaulted clerk had hailed his friend to read the police-constable's number, and the other had called it out to him.

The magistrate unhesitatingly dismissed the imputation of drunkenness after hearing the evidence of G.P.O. superiors as to the supper supplied to the clerks, and the able manner in which they had done duties impracticable for inebriated persons. They must have been sober when they went off duty at midnight, and could not have got drink later with public-houses closed; still less have walked at nearly four miles an hour to cover the distance (in the time) between G.P.O. and the place where they first met the police. It was "*obvious that the police must have been mistaken*" in imputing drunkenness. This evident flaw in police veracity vitiated all their other allegations, and the clerks were vindicated. As to the clerks' counter charge of assault, there was firstly doubt as to identity of the police-constable who slapped his cape; secondly, a possibility that the action might have been unintentional; so charges failed on both sides. But the incident strongly illustrated the Hannay-Bushby advice to avoid riling police by ostensibly taking their number.

Similar anecdotes might be multiplied, to tedium; but perhaps this illustration of the peril to the public incurred by an open attempt to impugn police conduct may be instructive.

Readers may recall scores of Press records of "Police *v.* Public" issues in police courts, and draw inferences as to the real merits of many of them. There can be little doubt that, but for the official ear-marking of the sobriety of these two Post Office clerks, and the unimpeachable evidence as to the hour—the torrent of organized police perjury on the charge of intoxication might have been fatal to the reputations of these two young gentlemen who ran their heads into lions' mouths in the cause of humanity (to protest against police bumping on the pavement a half-stunned prisoner whose head was bleeding profusely from their violence).

I can recall another illustration of similar police perjury to stop the mouth of a witness of police violence who was indiscreet enough to openly take a police-constable's number. I did not witness it, but have no reason to doubt the narrative of an old school and college pal (Mr. S. E. I.).

He looked me up one summer day in 1872, and confided in me his adventures of the early hours of that day.

He was walking from St. James's Street to his father's house. He heard screams. In Regent Street he saw two police haling a woman: twisting her arms behind her and kicking her along. He approached till he could read their collars; and proceeded to take a note. One of them dropped his hold of the woman and said, "What the h—ll are you doing here?"

Said indiscreet but veracious Mr. I., "I am taking your number." The police-constable rushed at him, took him by the throat, pinned him against

the wall, and struck him in the face. Then blew his whistle, and on the arrival of another policeman my friend was arrested.

At the station he found himself charged with being drunk and disorderly and attempted rescue of a prisoner.

He thought of sending to me for bail, but decided not to disturb me, as it was late.

Next day he conducted his own defence, asking that witnesses might be out of court. This resource upset the police plot, and gave no opportunity for the one to endorse the others as to details. They hopelessly contradicted themselves, and the magistrate (Knox, I think) stopped the case and remarked that he totally disbelieved them.

The assaulting police-constable had led off with fluent narration, ascribing to the prisoner the very treatment which he had applied himself, swearing that the accused, 5 ft. 8¼ ins. in height and 11 stone, seized him, police-constable, by the neck and hammered his face. Cross-examined to show what marks, if any, this "hammering" produced, he broke down. He of course had none to show. *Per contra*, prisoner had a bruised face, a loosened front tooth and the imprint of the tooth across the police-constable knuckle.

The other police, not having had time and forethought to dish up a homogeneous story, contradicted each other *ad lib.*, till magisterial credulity could stand no more. The accused, desiring to rebut the imputation of inebriety, asked the magistrate to adjourn for evidence from the two friends who had been dining with Mr. I. at the New University Club (Lord Dundonald and

the Hon. Robert O'Neill, M.P.), as to potations. The Bench said it was unnecessary; he entirely disbelieved the police. Then the discharged defendant asked for summonses for perjury. The Bench said: "I wish you could prove it: they deserve it; but one single witness would not support an indictment. I shall mark my opinion of the case on the charge sheet." No doubt that but for my friend's wit in asking for witnesses to be out of court, he would have been helplessly and hopelessly at the mercy of each perjuring police-constable who had stood and heard his pal's prior version of the occurrence.

Moral: if casual life incidents of one individual disclose such phases of police morality, how many more such slumber undetected?

The late magistrate, Newton—of Marlborough Street,—by his blind and bigoted acceptance of all police evidence as irreproachable, did more to sap morality in the C division of police than the devil himself: and induced the force of that division to reckon themselves impregnable in the witness-box whenever they had a fracas and ran "amok."

In one's salad days, on holiday from Oxford in London, I have had my fling in evenings at the many places of doubtful entertainment which were so peculiarly rife nearly half-a-century ago.

Among other sprees, besides hobnobbing with prize-fighters like Nat Langham and Tom Cribb at their respective public-houses (Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, was one), I have been cicerone'd to the notorious night house, "Kate Hamilton's," somewhere between Panton Street and Oxenden Street if I recollect right; where light society and

gooseberry champagne were in plenty at the divans till daylight reappeared.

The police periodically made "official" inspections of Kate's saloons, to see *pro forma* whether any intoxicating drink was being sold on these unlicensed premises. There was one of these farces when I was there.

Admission was obtained by ringing a bell at the end of a long passage: a janitor then peered through a trap door, and inspected the applicant before deciding as to admission.

When police called on inspection a special "warning bell" rang in the saloon; giving time for drink to be veiled before the outer door had been unlatched and the long corridor traversed. Inspector in command of his file of some eight police was said always to halt on entrance and to inquire (as if quite uninformed ! !) what was the place which he had entered, and who was the tenant ! ! This formality gave extra time for the saloon to get ship-shape; and enabled the officer to earn his weekly or bi-weekly *douceur*—reputed to be £20 per entry.

Meantime, on signal being given, all glasses and bottles (save some ostentatious jugs of lemonade which always stood as a blind, untouched) were at once removed from sight: some under the bar counter: some under sofas, or beneath ladies' skirts. Then the company seated themselves in an orderly manner to await the "raid." In marched the police: in file, right round the room; in dead silence. No indelicate search was essayed: no one went inside the bar to examine what was below it: nor looked under sofas. Still less were any ladies'

skirts profaned. The file simply stumped stolidly round the saloon; completed the circuit, "eyes front," noses in the air; careful not to glance right or left in case there might be an inebriate. They "saw nothing," and stumped out, and down the passage to the exit, as peacefully as they had entered. Inspector's report went officially to the Yard — "Kate Hamilton's saloons inspected: company orderly—and no sale of drink to be seen."

There were other similar saloons, similarly "inspected," about a decade later, such as "Lizzie's" and "Rose Young's"; but I never was inside either of the latter, so only speak from hearsay as to them.

It was common scandal up to about ten or less years ago, that a certain baccarat club close by Chancery Lane paid £15 a week agreed blackmail to the police. I never was in the place; but *habitués* of it deposed the fact to me; they averred that, but for personal cognizance of this security against a raid, they would not have trusted themselves within the walls.

Yet another police scandal was common knowledge at a certain betting club: less than four years ago; street bookmaker "X." conscientiously paid his weekly blackmail to a given Sergeant "Y." There was a friendly compact at the price.

But "Y." had a superior officer, an Inspector "Z." who was not in the swim. "Z." bade "Y." arrest "X." suddenly one day. "Y." could only obey! He goes up to "X." accompanied by another of the force. "Joe, you're wanted! We've got to take you."

Joe ("X.") looks aghast at this breach of honourable understanding, but apparently he reads in his captor's face, "Mum's the word"; and he quietly surrenders. He marches up street between the two constables; they do not hold, still less handcuff him. The constables piously and conscientiously look in front to see where they are going to. They scrupulously avoid looking back like Lot's wife.

Now, "X." carries on business with what is called a "runner"—a subordinate who accepts bets, holds stakes, and brings the certified "slips" or memoranda of backed bets to his principal. The runner and "X." mutually tumble to the situation—a nod is as good as a wink—so, while "X." steps on in custody, and the captors stare stolidly ahead, up slips the runner to "X.'s" tails. "X.'s" hands, being free, have no difficulty in fishing from his pocket all incriminating "slips," which are passed to the rear into the runner's hands.

On march prisoner and captors to the station. There "X." is duly "searched."

When the case comes on at police court, prosecuting advocate has to ask—after evidence of arrest—"Was prisoner searched?" Answer: "Yes." "What was found upon him?" Answer: "Nothing!" Charge at once dismissed!

"X." in elation freely boasts in the club-room how he scored; and has not yet lost confidence in the time-honoured theory of "honour among thieves."

All this, and tons more; with clues from which to obtain evidence of police blackmail on gaming

clubs up to date, was tendered to Brynmor Jones! He refused to hear it on oath; and yet whitewashes the force! He can only escape imputation of prejudice or worse, by admitting ineptitude!

CHAPTER XIII

PROFESSIONAL LIFE (*continued*)

I DO not claim to have made any great forensic mark at the Bar ; at the same time I can boast that I during my career succeeded in obtaining one most valuable protection of their interests. This was, the abolition of the old Westminster blackmail under which we all laboured during the long years that the Courts sat at Westminster. The blood sucked from the Bar, by court underlings, in those days would have salaried two Lord Chancellors. The practising Bar were bled all round. First there were the robing-room extortions. By some usurpation, too traditional to trace to origin, each robing-room had become in effect the private tenement of one or other harpy, who warned off any member of the Bar who did not pay the dues demanded. Basement rooms, such as Salter's, charged only a guinea a term, for use of a peg to hang a robe-bag upon. First floor and ground floor levied two guineas the term, and not content with this, demanded another two guineas "entrance fee" from any greenhorn newly called counsel who brought his bag there to do his first bit of "devilling."

The right of a member of the Bar to enter these rooms was distinctly disputed by these bandits, unless their own fees were paid in advance.

The levy upon an Equity counsel, whose normal duties lay in Lincoln's Inn, was half-a-crown a day —if he did not think it worth while to "subscribe" for the term. The result was that Equity men who had only casual briefs at Westminster found it cheaper to take a cab each way, and to drive to and fro fully robed—at a shilling each journey; saving sixpence thereby as against the half-crown blackmail, and getting the cost of locomotion thrown in. It would have been unsafe for any counsel to dispute this levy; if he insisted on using the room free and left his robes behind, they might be "mislaid"!

Beside this robing-room levy, the court ushers also had their turn at the pockets of the profession. One of them would call round at the chambers of every counsel seen only once in a term at Westminster, and demand five shillings "*term's fee*" —as they styled it.

If asked what the fee was for, they said it was an honorarium morally binding upon all practising Bar, in return for the handing in and out and searching for volumes of "Reports," when required in Banco. It was unsafe for any counsel to refuse to submit to this tax: the incensed ushers would bring retribution on him; they were not supposed to be aware of his existence, if he did not pay up. Should a client inquire at vestibule whether Mr. X. was in such a Court—Reply: "Don't know him! Never heard of him!" It would be denied that he had a clerk in attendance, and so on. It was cheaper to submit to the tax than to contest it. After all it came to less than a guinea a year; and ushers' enmity as aforesaid might lose many guineas.

When the new Strand Courts were on the point of opening, I wrote an article in *St. James's Gazette* or *Pall Mall*—I forget which—describing these blackmails and their iniquity: and got my friend Edwin Palmer of Balliol, the Archdeacon, to draw his brother's (Lord Selborne's) attention to it. Lord Selborne came nobly to the rescue. As a giant in the profession, and an Equity one, he was probably unaware of these taxes or of their extent, and if he had as a leader at the Bar paid them, had done so through his clerk without financial cognizance.

He emancipated us, and got rid of the harpies; framing the moderate scale for robing which holds good at the present Courts.

I once got a living for a friend, through Edwin Palmer, from Lord Selborne. There was a youth —one Bode, who had been at Uppingham School with my younger brother Gerald, and who knew me on the strength of this. One August day he hunted me down at Southsea; he had come from Lincolnshire, and had tracked me in Long Vacation from London. He had some fanatical blind faith in me, as the elder brother of his school friend. Bode's father was a clergyman; a *locum tenens*—farming a Lincolnshire glebe. His principal had died. It was a Chancellor's living. Bode senior applied for appointment; heard nothing satisfactory; and had the mortification of seeing two other priests come down to spy out the soil, as prospective successors. To have to turn out would entail sale of the farming stock at ruinous loss; besides that of eviction. So I found myself enlisted to rescue him. I protested my helplessness: but suddenly bethought me of Edwin Palmer; and

wrote to him; enclosing copies of Bode's testimonials from two Bishops (of Gloucester and Lincoln).

Palmer replied that on principle his brother never allowed him to interfere in such matters; though he now and then asked for opinions as to some applicant's qualifications. However, he would send on my letter and papers *en bloc*, to the Lord Chancellor. He held out no hope; because there was a *lex non scripta* not to appoint any *locum tenens;* lest custom should grow up thereon, and enable a retiring or moribund incumbent tacitly to nominate his successor.

Well; Bode (senior) was not appointed; but a few days later he did get the vacant Chancellor's living of Saddington, in the Midlands: near enough locally to enable him to transfer his plant and stock there without sale.

I received torrents of thanks from him; and in my turn thanked Edwin Palmer. I am sure that he was at the bottom of the rescue.

I always promised to run down some day and hear Bode preach a Sunday sermon; but within five or six years the poor man died from sunstroke contracted in his own hay-field on a hot June day. *R.I.P.*

Temple "laundresses" are equivalents of "gyps" at Cambridge and "scouts" at Oxford; but even more difficult to find respectable—*quâ* peculations. For long years in Hare Court, before it was rebuilt, I employed one who had begun well, but who took to drink and to pawning my old clothes when she was dry and wanted gin. I let her off

twice ; the third time my clerk convinced me that I ought to prosecute, to protect my own fraternity. She waited on and similarly robbed one Shirley (at one time Liberal M.P. for Pontefract). He and I prosecuted at the Mansion House, and my factotum together with a "receiver" got a brief spell of prison. Shortly before this *dénouement* this laundress had fooled me with well-simulated tears to stand her 30*s*. to bury her soldier son—a gunner.

No sooner was she in quod than this son, "risen from the dead," called on me to ask my advice how to recover his best suit of mufti and his watch and chain, which his loving mother had purloined from him. When I told him that quite lately I had subscribed to his funeral, all rays of filial piety faded away, and he was strong in denunciation of maternal treachery, and thanked me as a family benefactor for cutting short the lady's career of crime.

There has always been a section of morbid humanitarians who protest against the lash for robbery with violence. Their point lies in allegation that the lash is no deterrent, and *per contra*, that it makes the convict worse than before. My own limited experience differs.

I recall prosecuting a case of this sort before the late Commissioner Kerr at the Central Criminal Court. The accused had snatched at a bag which a girl carried (in Edgware Road). She hung on to her property, so he hit her in the face and made her let go. She fell, and he ran off, but was stopped. He did not dispute the theft, though he had pleaded "not guilty." All he denied was the

alleged violence. He cross-examined strenuously to seek to elicit some admission that his victim had fallen on the pavement, to account for her bruised face. He was an "old lag," and knew only too well the difference between an indictment for commonplace street robbery and one with violence superadded. He whined pitifully, "Say ye fell, lady; say ye fell—for good God's sake!"

But the girl was firm. "No, you hit me and knocked me down."

The jury found him guilty, and he went extra white and panted while the Clerk of Arraigns read the second count as to "previous conviction," which was admitted by the accused. It was for similar crime, and recorded seven years' penal servitude and twenty-five lashes.

Then quoth Kerr grimly, "You're the only fellow that has ever come before me for a second whipping." . . .

The broad Scotch of the Bench became inaudible after that from the prisoner's screams; he howled repeatedly, "I didn't hit the lady—she tumbled down and hurt her face."

"Hold your noise," said Kerr, and at last sat back in patience for silence.

When the criminal paused for breath Kerr resumed.

"Ye had seven years last time, and twenty-five lashes; this time ye will have eight years——" and he paused, like a cat at a mouse, to watch effect.

"Thank you, sir," said the convict, prematurely, and apparently relieved in mind.

Kerr also took a long breath and resumed,

"And ye shall be twice whipped—twenty lashes each time."

He had to try thrice before he could get his sentence audited by the clerk, so anguished were the convict's yells of anticipation. We heard him "Yow-yow!" echoing up the passage from the dock long after he had been led below to wait his turn for "Black Maria."

The episode convinced me of the effect of the lash to check violence by professional thieves. Till it was (re-) introduced they held the maxim "as well be hung for sheep as lamb," and bashed their victims. But the lash taught the policy of abstention, if possible, from violence when plundering. I have little doubt that in this case the convict originally had intended to handle his victim like "Izaak Walton and the worm" ("tenderly as if you loved it"), but lost his head and struck a blow in irritation when the girl hung on to his bag and called for help. He realized his indiscretion in thus losing his temper, but too late to mend. His sentence was a salutary example to the rest of his kind, and this narration of the holy terror of the lash which he evinced before Kerr should be instructive to those possibly well-meaning humanitarians who preach that the lash is no prophylactic against the accompaniment of violence to street robbery.

Apropos of the lash, prior to the reinstallation of it for "garrotte" robberies and the like, it still survived statutably for incorrigible vagrancy; and I recollect the late Curtis Hayward, when Chairman of the Gloucester Quarter Sessions, sentencing an "incorrigible rogue and vagabond" (who had

been similarly convicted *ad nauseam*) to five-and-twenty lashes, in addition to a term of imprisonment. The rogue heard his sentence, and remarked philosophically to the Chairman that perhaps the cat might *cure the itch* for him ; he hoped it would —as he had got it badly ! And he shrugged his shoulders to illustrate the discomfort he was then feeling. The Junior Bar sitting just in front of the dock, rose in horror from their seats and made for the far end of the row to escape contagion. The scene was comical, and served for the moment to enliven a rather dull day in court.

About the year 1873 there arose some Press correspondence on the subject of internal discipline in schools—*i. e.* the rule of senior over junior boys —and the merits or otherwise of the system. It arose out of a piece of sensation-mongering occasioned by a garbled version of some incident of "tunding" by a Winchester prefect.

F. Greenwood, editor of *Pall Mall Gazette*, instructed me to write "Prefects and Fags" for that journal. I had first to make sure of my statistics. I wrote to Heads of all leading schools, asking for official information of the system of self-government on each such foundation ; stating at the time my object in inquiring.

With one exception they all courteously and cordially assisted and informed me ; in most cases writing voluminously, and in some enclosing me copies of school regulations. The most liberal and confiding of all was the then Head of Westminster. He told me all that he himself could, and added that he referred me for further information to his senior prefect, who was authorized to answer any

questions at his own discretion, and who might know far more of the inner discipline of the school than the "Chief" himself.

The one comical exception to this free-handed conduct by all other heads was Percival, then Head of Clifton, and now Bishop of Hereford (the tactless subsequent President of Trinity College, Oxford, who in his brief reign did so much to lower the standard of that otherwise always excellent and high-toned college). Percival flatly refused any information; expressing the opinion that what went on inside the walls of a school should be kept dark and not be a subject for criticism among the public.

Evening papers were few in number in the sixties, and those which did appear had not attained the present day sequences of editions—first, second and third or more; capped by "early" and "final" special versions. The result was that the sporting public often had to wait till next morning for interesting records. It was—if I recollect right, the Franco-German war, 1870, which first gave a fillip to sequences of editions: otherwise, unless some music-hall star or leading actor had opportunity to relate from the stage—as "gag"—some interesting event of the afternoon, the public had to possess their souls in patience till the morrow.

One August evening, 1865, I reached Evans' Supper Rooms famished—for a late feed; having been to King's Lynn and back to see a great sculling race rowed between Harry Kelley of the Thames, Robert Chambers and Robert Cooper of the Tyne. King's Lynn gave, I think, £200 to

tempt these three cracks to compete on the "Eau Brink Cut" (about two miles on the ebb). Kelley had a short time before beaten Chambers for the Championship, while Cooper had shown great speed for a mile in a Tyne match against Chambers. In this race, Chambers, who had gone considerably out of training since his great match, only got third place. Kelley also was a bit over-weight, but managed to row down Cooper, who finally fouled him and was adjudicated in the wrong.

In these days such a contest would have been billed in half-an-hour on contents sheets of evening papers; but when I reached Evans', no news of the match had arrived.

Harry Sydney was then the leading comic vocalist of the stage, and a public favourite. He spotted me as I took my seat at supper, and guessed from my attire what I had been doing: he came and inquired of me; got the story of the race, and at his next "turn" a few minutes later sang the tale of it in improvised verse! He afterwards wrote to thank me, and averred that it was his greatest *coup* on the Evans stage in that line.

He often in those times complimented me on Boat Race nights, by improvising my name in some verse of some song of his!

I have never had time to cultivate literary society to the extent which I could have wished—to improve my own understanding. The *réunions* of men of letters at which I have been present have been very few and far between. I recall one at the house of the late John Allnutt—my cousin (father of the first Lady Brassey)—which I believe he got up mainly for my benefit to introduce me

to Frank Buckland, Charles Clarke and others of that class of sporting journalists who just then were contemplating the foundation of *Land and Water*, towards the end of 1865.

Once in my life I was the guest at the Savage Club of the late Walter Dalton of the South Wales circuit ; and once I was at a big literary and dramatic dinner given at the Garrick Club by my dear old friend the late Winchester Clowes. On that occasion I managed to put my foot into it, so to speak, in a certain matter, and had the good luck to avoid giving offence by a careless remark ; in fact, I was assured that I actually pleased the gentleman by what I said.

The company were comparing notes, over cigars and wine, of their experiences and opinions of leading dramatic and literary feats. When nearly all had elocuted in turn, I was called upon for my views.

To the best of my recollection I presently—after a moment's ransack of memory—said, in effect : "I see so few plays in the year that I cannot pose as an authority as to the stage, but the three greatest impressions on my mind are Kean dying as Louis XI, Craven as Milky White, and Jeaffreson in his first appearance in 1866 as Rip Van Winkle. Talking of the name of Jeaffreson, and apropos of novels—you will laugh if I mention a novel that probably none of you ever read, and by a man of that name whom perhaps you never heard of, but which to my untutored mind has always struck me as head and shoulders over ninety-nine out of a hundred—a book called *Live it Down*, by some one of that

very name—Jeaffreson! The third volume, especially, is to my mind unsurpassed for *dénouement* of plot and sketch of character."

Such was my speech, delivered slowly, between sucks at my cigar.

There was strained silence in the room as I concluded. Then some one *vis-à-vis* to me asked, solemnly and pointedly, "Is that meant for a jest, Mr. Woodgate?"

"Jest! Why? Not at all. I read the book in my Oxford days; but have never forgotten and have more than once re-read it, and hold to what I say, though I do not claim to be a judge of such matters."

"Perhaps you are not aware, then, that Mr. Jeaffreson is sitting beside you?"

I was taken aback, and looked at my right-hand neighbour. "The other side," I was instructed; and I faced the left-hand guest, with whom I had been having much interesting conversation, a venerable-looking Vandyke-bearded gentleman.

(If Clowes had introduced us, the name had gone into one ear and out at the other.)

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson smiled benignly as I stammered apologies for my personality in defining him as "probably unknown." Of course I was aware that a writer of that name had written *The Real Lord Byron*, and had a high literary status; but had no idea that he was identical with the author of the novel in question.

He took the episode good-humouredly, and vowed that it was a genuine compliment to him. He had written the novel, he said, in his youth, and then had settled to more serious literature.

My reason for postulating that few if any of the company would know the novel, was the fact that it never appeared in a cheap form. I had read it in the three-volume form. Why it was never re-issued I cannot understand; any publisher would in these days make a pile out of it in the cheap forms on bookstalls.

The late Francis Francis was a great piscatorial *littérateur*, and always a genial host at his Barnes abode. He used to tell a weird angling story; I forget whether it related to his own experiences or those of a friend. It ran thus.

"Piscator" was in the train for Northampton, about Crimean times, *en route* to stay with a medical friend, and pike fish in the Nen. It was just after Christmas. In the carriage was a traveller, an obvious brother of the craft, disclosed by the bundle of rods and creel and kettle.

Naturally the two conversed, and "Piscator" was much struck with the stranger's intimate knowledge of the science. The stranger had "business," he said, next day, at Northampton, and when he had finished it intended to try his luck in the Nen, before returning home.

"Piscator" reached the domain of his doctor friend. They were discussing post-prandial port when the surgery bell rang.

The call was to attend at the county gaol and draw a convict's tooth, to be done at once, as it was giving the patient intense pain, disabling him from attending to the chaplain's exhortations, which were important, as the convict had to be hanged in the morning.

"Come with me as my assistant," said doctor to

"Piscator" and the two sallied forth, "Piscator" was told off to hold the patient's head steady while the decayed molar was drawn and the pain relieved. Then the friends went back and left patient and parson to fight it out together.

The criminal was one White, a tramp. His crime a bad one; murder of a publican's pretty wife, whose throat he cut when she was alone in the bar guarding the till which the tramp coveted. (No prospect of reprieve.)

The two friends were interested in the story all the more after the visit to the gaol. They decided to arise betimes and see gallows *finale*.

Punctually at 8 a.m. Mr. White came forth to the scaffold, his swollen cheek swathed in a red woollen comforter.

The hangman followed. "Piscator" stared—astonished; it was no other than his intelligent brother of the craft, his late fellow-traveller! This was the "business" which he had to attend to before angling! Mr. Hangman whipped off the comforter from Mr. White's face, pocketed it, and "proceeded to business."

In a few minutes the majesty of the law was vindicated. Doctor and "Piscator" went back to breakfast. That concluded, "Piscator" went to troll in the Nen. No sport; fish would not run. Towards noonday he observed another angler up the vista of water meadow who seemed to be having sport; he was seen to land at least two fish. "Piscator" thought he would step so far and inquire what bait he was using. As he approached he noted a red wrapper round the angler's neck. As he got nearer he identified him. It was Mr.

Hangman, snugly swathed in the very comforter which he had pocketed as his perquisite from the neck of his victim of the morning.

"Piscator" turned sharp round and did not wait for recognition. He said the incident quite "gave him a turn"; but he supposed that his rival in the craft looked upon it all as so much "business."

Apropos of the gallows: I recall the first murder case which I heard tried. It was at Oxford, 1872. It was called the "Witney" case. J. S. Pritchard (author of the standard work on Quarter Sessions) prosecuted. The case admitted of no defence. The accused had deliberately killed with a hatchet a girl who had declined his attentions. He was convicted and sentenced.

But after sentence a curious difficulty arose. The culprit was deformed; the cervical vertebræ were somehow crooked, and his ear and chin on one side were jammed so close to his collar-bone that no hangman, however deft, could have wriggled a noose under his chin to embrace his windpipe and neck all round. Medical opinion was that it would take hours, maybe days, to put an end to him by the ordinary rope process of those days, which was short drop and steady strangulation. So the Home Secretary decided to commute to penal servitude. If Marwood and his long drop system had then been in vogue, I fancy the law might have been bidden to "take its course" (long drop and short shrift). There should have been little difficulty in producing fracture of the neck by a Marwood fall. It was a bit of luck for a deformed man. Maybe he is now loose, if still alive, on ticket of leave! There was a good deal

of interesting medical correspondence on the subject of this criminal's anatomy that saved his life for him.

I always intended to see a public execution, as a national institution, and for moral instruction. But I let all opportunities slide until too late, and until Barrett the Fenian, the last public performer in this line, had gone to his doom.

An old Blue—a pal of mine—who held a curacy somewhere near Gloucester Road, had in 1864 promised to call round and wake me at 6 a.m. to see the "five pirates" hanged ;, but he culpably overslept himself, and I lost the edifying and historical spectacle.

Later, just about the New Year of 1874, I did my best to atone for my previous dilatoriness in this direction by asking my friend, Burrup, a Gloucester solicitor, and under-sheriff, to oblige me with a front seat for a triple execution in Gloucester gaol, then pending. He graciously did so.

There were three convicts, two men and a woman. In my opinion it would have sufficed to hang only one—the worst of the two men ; but Bob Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) was an uncompromising Home Secretary. One man was a young farmer. He had in a fit of rage snatched up his gun and blown off the head of his sweetheart, who had just confessed her unfaithfulness to him. The most painful feature in the trial was the squeezing out of his little short-frocked sister, by the prosecution, an admission that he fetched the gun from another room, thus suggesting deliberation, which was adverse to a verdict of

manslaughter. The gun was ready loaded, he did not load it then ; but defence failed to show that he did not know of its being charged. Griffin, the deputy chief constable, deposed to statements which he averred the prisoner had made. They, if true, were undoubtedly compromising. Butt, this farmer, the night before his execution declared solemnly to the chaplain that Griffin's evidence was false from end to end in this respect; otherwise he penitently admitted the justice of his sentence. This disclaimer somehow got wind and the public feeling against Griffin was strong after the execution. Divers old acquaintances cut him dead in the street. He seemed to waste away ; they said a curse for perjury was on him. He died soon after.

The other two convicts were found guilty of poisoning an infant. The man (Bailey) had a child at nurse that was an expense to him. He employed the woman (whose husband was "doing time" in Gloucester gaol for some other crime, at the date of his better half's sentence and death) as his errand boy. She took letters to the child's nurse, purporting to come from a lady of the "Dorcas" Society interested in friendless children, tendering "teething powders." These, in their official wrappers, and harmless and genuine at first, disarmed suspicion. The child took them and slept over its teething pains. In due time "Battel's vermin killer" was substituted in one of the later consigned wrappers, and it "soothed" the infant to death in twenty minutes. The handwriting in the letters was traced to Bailey, who kept a boot store in the city. His guilt was clear

enough. The purchase of the various powders was ear-marked to the woman, but to my mind, however suspicious her conduct, there was no direct proof of cognizance on her part of the poison being introduced into the one fatal wrapper. She hanged herself by a careless statement that it was her fault, and that she ought to have known better, or something to that effect. Even this admission might have been consistent with ignorance of the intent of the final *coup*, coming from an ignorant creature of the charwoman class. However, it settled her fate; Lowe was obdurate as to commutation of sentence.

The execution took place on a dark winter morning at 8 a.m. At that time Cross's Prisons Act had not been passed, and under-sheriffs ruled supreme in them, admitting their friends to such exhibitions. Some seventy of the town were in the prison yard to see these poor sinners dropped into a sort of sawpit.

Calcraft was still in office, but an absentee, infirm. His job was "devilled" for him, to use a legal phrase. I think this was one of the occasions when the celebrated baronet "amateur hangman" —who shall be nameless—officiated. Anyhow, the current report then was that the chief operator was a magistrate (of Carmarthen, I think it was said).

As I reached the prison gates the chaplain in surplice met me at the door. I knew him. "Hurry up," he said, "or you won't get a good place."

The inspector of police politely gave me a spare chair close behind the gallows; the rest of the

spectators were far away and in front of it. I was the only audience located with the officials.

Readers will reprehend me for attending such a scene. I did so as a sort of social duty, to my mind, and for the sake of a sort of psychological study, to see how the parties chiefly interested in the ceremony would deport themselves.

They each had been treated to a stiff pick-me-up of good cognac before being led out. They seemed quite cool and collected ; any tendency to ebullient grief or despair had long ago exhausted itself. The woman, though pinioned, walked alone. Burrup offered her an arm ; she politely declined—" No thank ye, sir ; I'm all right!"

While the hangman and his help were affixing white caps after adjusting nooses, the woman ejaculated, " I always dreamt I should come to this." Then she added, " Would any gentleman please tell me what o'clock it is?" Burrup obliged her, and she turned her white-capped head round, to better hear him. This turn altered the adjustment of the noose knot under the left ear, the device of " short drop " days to produce speedy apoplexy and unconsciousness. The drop fell in a few seconds, and this transfer of the knot prolonged the poor woman's life for many minutes. The two men seemed motionless in a minute or two, after one or two convulsive expansions of chest for fruitless tries at respiration.

The spectacle was instructive and impressive. I do not regret the study of human nature and of the " majesty of the law " combined, which it afforded me. At the same time, having been thus enlightened by an insight to a national institution,

I never had any desire to cultivate the acquaintance of such scenes a second time.

I often took up Turf topics in leaders in the *Field*. When the Jockey Club made a scapegoat of the wild-goose young Marquis of Ailesbury, straining at a gnat and swallowing the camel, I took up my parable under the heading of "Turf Scarecrows," and drew attention to the then still greater and uncensured scandals current anent Sherrard's stables and C. Wood's riding. The Gimcrack Club dinner came a few lays later. Maybe my homily had inspired Lord Durham (I know not); but he then in his turn preached to the same effect, and in some of the very same phrases.

The criticism thus set rolling did good. It soon forced on the litigation as to Wood's riding of Success, which ended disastrously for the jockey and resulted in his being "warned off."

The late Lord Russell of Killowen, then Sir Charles, was leader for the Jockey Club.

I was having a talk with him in his chambers upon the subject. He asked me how was "pulling" a horse managed so often, as alleged, and yet so seldom verified for a conviction.

I remember explaining to him that, independent of resources such as a bucket of water before a race, he could realize by a practical illustration how it is that the old phrase about "Captain Armstrong" must not be understood that a horse that is wanted to lose has to be of necessity restrained from so doing by the rein. On the contrary, to let a horse's head loose will lose a finish nine times out of ten. Even more efficacious is deliberate

faulty seat, to shift the centre of gravity and possibly make the horse change his legs.

My illustration was this. I asked Sir Charles to take up a junior clerk on his back and walk across the room, telling the lad to look well over the Q.C.'s shoulder till he could see his watch and chain, and maintain that pose through the ride.

Then, for another trip, to hang back and look over his own shoulder until he could see Sir Charles's heels.

The difference in ease of carriage produced by these two different dispositions of the same jockey are glaring to any one who essays them. Sir Charles afterwards told me that this bit of coaching by me was of much value to him when he had to cross-examine in the case.

The legal profession will stigmatize as a chestnut the story of Mr. Justice North's *lapsus linguæ* on the Oxford circuit. So far as I recall it, it was a very commonplace case of lunatic's murder of wife and children which was before him. The only question for the jury, the state of the prisoner's mind. When arrested by police and requested to more fully attire himself before being taken to the cells, the accused had—with one of the euphemisms common among that class—said to the police, "You'll find my bloody coat and my bloody waistcoat on the bloody bed."

When the learned judge was summing up, very properly directing the jury that the state of the prisoner's mind was practically the sole question for them, the details of massacre being undisputed; he seemed, as he turned over the pages of his notes

on evidence, to be suddenly struck with something he observed in them. After a glance at a back page he delivered himself (in effect) : "I seem to have overlooked till now an item of evidence—but perhaps not of much importance, bearing in mind the prisoner's own admission as to the death of the children—still, I mention it for what it is worth. He appears to have said, when arrested, that some of his clothes, as also the bed, were stained with blood. I do not find that any witness for the prosecution appears to have noticed these stains ; and after all they are comparatively unimportant ; but I leave the consideration of them to you !"

The incident became a standing circuit joke ; but in fairness to the learned judge, who as a man of the world could hardly be such an "innocent abroad" as to be ignorant of bucolic phrase and expletive—we must suppose that he had jotted some shorthand note of the arrest; and that it had subsequently caught his eye after he had forgotten the context and reference. He could hardly have been emulating the artificial insouciance of the late Lord Coleridge, who dryly and sarcastically asked counsel, "But, who is this Miss Connie Gilchrist ?"

I had a very old friend of the chess world, the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell, rector of Bisbrooke, Rutlandshire. MacD. had been quite in the front rank not only of amateurs, but also of chess players at large, in his younger days.

He often used to come to consult me (unofficially) on his legal business, when he was at loggerheads with his wife's trustees. One day he turned up at my chambers with a very long face ; he was in hot water with his bishop—Creighton—then at

Peterborough. Some malicious gossip had been accusing this poor septuagenarian incumbent of inebriety, because he had been found lying helpless in a ditch on a Sunday evening. MacD.'s explanation was that a lumbago "crick" seized him as he was climbing a field stile on his way home; caused his fall into the ditch, and his inability to rescue himself. Being myself a periodical martyr to that ailment, he had my sympathy and my belief in his explanation. I myself have once been so broken-backed with an attack that I could only get up-stairs like a wheelbarrow, using my hands as fore-paws, and my clerk carrying my helpless legs behind me!

Well, meantime Creighton had instructed the late Archdeacon Reginald Prideaux Lightfoot to investigate the scandal and to report.

Luckily I knew both of these divines; Creighton I had coached when he rowed in his college four (Merton), 1866; and Lightfoot had been at Radley with me; our parents and their children on both sides were old friends. (Many times as a Radley boy had I been hospitably fattened at the table of the Rector of Exeter College, Oxon.)

Well; I wrote to Creighton, who referred me to Lightfoot; and I put the case in the *experto crede* strain—as one who knew only too well the deceptive disabilities of lumbago. These two divines were both endowed with the primary qualification for Christianity—charity to fellow-men; and they seem to have laid their heads together, and decided to let the matter drop. (Blessings of Providence on both of them!) Poor old MacD. lived on to die in his incumbency unmolested, at a ripe old age.

CHAPTER XIV

BROTHER EDWARD

THE scene is as vivid to my mind as if it had occurred only last week. November 1, 1845, I was taken by my nurse to see "something new."

In a spare bedroom lay my newly-born brother, very rubicund in the face, and absolutely mute. I was not allowed to touch it. Up to that time I boasted three sisters, but no brother.

He was a very sturdy kid, he could stand, with the help of a chair, when eleven months old; and could toddle well at his first birthday anniversary. Perhaps the nurses overdid his capacity for pedestrianism, in their pride at showing off what he could do. Anyhow, by the time he was about two years old he had to be put in irons—to straighten his little legs, which were bowed more than usual for children of that age. The cool nerve and courage which were so characteristic of him in later years when under fire, seem to have been inbred in him from the cradle.

I recall an incident when he could not have reached his fourth year—for I was still under a governess at home.

Among our live stock were two Welsh ponies; in summer they ran at grass. One of them was reputed vicious when at pasture; though quiet as a lamb to ride. It may have been only play—but

it was rough horse-play anyhow—the pony would run at women or children—though not at men. Once he had chased my elder sister and myself and had jumped a ha-ha to follow us into the garden. It was understood that no one in petticoats went unprotected into his pasture.

My brother Edward had a tiny child's wheelbarrow ; somehow he had slipped his nurse and had wandered—opening the gate for himself, wheeling his barrow—into the glebe field where Welsh "Taff" grazed. The school-room windows overlooked the meadow.

When some one casually looked out, there was an exclamation of horror. There in the middle of the field stood the child, facing the pony, which was prancing at him. The little wheelbarrow was the only barrier. As the pony worked to right or left, as if to reach the child—the latter, cool as a cucumber, swung round also, keeping the wheelbarrow as a pivot and never taking his gaze off the pony.

A gardener was hailed by our governess and sent off to the rescue. When the kid was brought back safe all he said was that he had a long talk with the pony, who had at last promised not to hurt him.

I went to school soon after this, and so was generally out of touch of the nursery life of our Rectory. One of the few incidents in relation to my brother was a heartless practical joke played in conspiracy by all of us elder ones upon him. He had been promoted to dining down-stairs at the midday lunch of the seniors, which was also children's dinner. We killed our own pigs, and

had pork one day. When Edward's plate of pork, cut up for him, was handed to him, we whispered to him on both sides not to touch it, as it was "dead pig." The poor child recoiled in horror, and refused his food. We all got scolded, but it took a long time to induce him to believe that the dish could be fit to eat, and he went back to the nursery half starved, I fear, for the day.

I recall two infantile "mots" of his. At Scarborough, 1850, the "Queen Hotel" was emblazoned a few doors from our abode. Edward coming out of church, with Mrs. Clarke (of Northfield Rectory), made a dead point at a dame in gaudy pink bonnet, and suggested that surely she must be "Queen Hotel." Again one day he joined us elders, with the governess, blackberrying. Choice of route being presently in debate, Edward noted a narrow thorny trail into a thicket at the Hurst Hill. He advocated our exploring it, "it seemed likely for blackberries;" and he added, "it's so narrow that perhaps it may be the road to Heaven." (*Vide* St. Matthew, ch. vii., ver. 14.)

In August 1855 he joined me at school. He was a very tough youngster; and seemed to have no idea of fear; like other small boys, he was often rather slovenly in attire. I recall one occasion when he was playing football with very tattered bootlaces; a much bigger boy than himself (the present Rev. Vicar of Kidderminster) was in possession of the ball, and the youngster faced him and tried to take it from him. Their feet clashed against the ball in the charge, the small boy flew one way, his loosened boot went up in the air, and the ball went in a third direction. Edward picked

himself up and went on after the ball, barefooted, till the immediate danger to goal was over. Then he retrieved his boot. It so happened that our Warden was casually looking on at the game at the time, and was struck with the nonchalant pluck of the youngster. He called him aside, after the loose boot had been replaced, and then and there gave him a "tip," an incident which it was said was unique in the annals of the school.

My brother learned to swim very quickly. He used to jump in, confidently, in deep water, in the "Little Lasher" stream, trusting to struggle somehow on the surface until the current carried him down to shoal water. (In those days "Little Lasher" did the overflow duty which now is mainly done by the Tumbling Bay weir of "Big Lasher" at Sandford.) So long as some one was at hand to undertake to fish him out if he could not get to safety, the boy did not seem in the least to fear the fact that he would be out of depth and paddling blindly and half submerged for the best part of half-a-minute.

He took to the boats, like myself, and had not much taste for cricket. After I had left he attained to No. 7 of the second eight and was regarded about the best exponent of correct style in the school; but his weight, barely 7 stone, was a bar to higher aquatic promotion before the time came for him to go for a year's cramming for Sandhurst.

He won the junior mile (at Radley) for boys under fifteen, after a stiff race with Reginald Wade (who, later, rowed in the eight, and was taken on by me—when only nineteen (1865)—to row No. 6

in a winning grand challenge eight for the Kingston Rowing Club, and also to stroke a winning Wyfold four at the same Regatta). My young 'un ran neck and neck in this mile with Wade, to the last score yards, when Wade tripped and rolled over, dead beat.

Edward was far from quarrelsome, but he knew how to use his fists. I had taken some pains to practise him with the gloves, in the holidays, I sitting in a low chair to him on his legs.

He turned his science to practical use, by never allowing a bigger boy to lay hands on him (if there was any mutual misunderstanding) without at once calling for a "ring." This done, etiquette at once forbade any irregular assault, such as twisted arm or kick, which otherwise might be legitimate punishment for a saucy and defiant youngster; the challenge to fight it out by P.R. rules could not be declined, however absurd the odds in size might be. In such rencontres naturally all popular favour went with the little one; and when the boy's resource became known, he was generally left alone even when there would have been no moral doubt as to the result if it had been fought out. Bigger boys would not face the ridicule and odium of any one-sided fight of this sort.

One combat, or series of combats, of my brother's was a household word for long years at the school, after he had left. It came off after I had gone to Oxford, so I tell the tale only as it was told to me by his admirers.

Edward and another boy (L——) had words coming out of breakfast. L——, a stone and a half bigger, proceeded to chastise the impertinence

which he considered had been offered to him. Edward, as usual, claimed a ring and a prompt adjournment took place to the "boot room." There was half-an-hour, usual interval, before chapel; they fought till chapel bells enforced a truce.

I believe that truce lasted through morning play hours, in order to allow each to fulfil engagements in certain land or water sports, but after midday dinner hostilities were renewed and lasted that hour until afternoon school.

Next day, another set-to, by mutual consent, between breakfast and chapel, and (I speak subject to correction by residents of that date) after that a truce again for the rest of the day's play time. After this for some further days to come, the half-hour between breakfast and chapel was religiously devoted to renewed warfare, while by consent the rest of the day was truce. The performance became an institution—a function attended by all the school who could find a footing in the "boot room" —prefects, of course, being judiciously and specially blind to what was going on, though it was common knowledge.

The end came at last when L——, with confirmation by the Bishop imminent in a few days, suggested that they should shake hands—as he could not well put in an appearance before the episcopate with a pair of black eyes. Both, of course, bore marks of punishment from day to day, but, so I was told, the young one was by far the less disfigured, and had managed to hold his own well from day to day; though his opponent was too heavy to be knocked out of time. I understood that but for this slight misunderstanding, which

etiquette and *esprit de corps* had tended to prolong somewhat artificially, the two boys were very good friends, and especially so after "peace with honour" had been signed.

There usually arose what may be called "form faction" in connection with a school fight; each form stood patriotically as backers of their own man when combatants belonged to different forms. The *esprit de corps* arising out of this sentiment sometimes had the effect of stimulating hostilities, or maybe of prolonging them, when otherwise there might have been a more peaceful settlement of differences. Sewell, of course, did not officially countenance school "mills," that would have been out of the question for a Headmaster; but as an old Wykehamist he knew as well as any one what was the natural outcome of periodical hot blood between two boys. I recall a sermon which he preached on the subject of school fights; it was in the first August or September of his office as Warden (*i.e.* 1853). (It is published in his volume of *A Year's Sermons to Boys*.) The line he took was, that while deprecating wanton gladiatorial matches between us boys, and enjoining good temper and Christian mutual forbearance, he also enjoined that, if recourse to arms was inevitable, combats should be fairly conducted according to rules and ethics of the P.R., *e.g.* no kicking, no hitting when down and so on.

To return to my brother. He left school when about sixteen to cram for the Army; I think Pritchett was his coach near Woolwich. He passed into Sandhurst and out of it with a free commission to the King's Own, the old 4th Foot (1865). He

was off to India in a few months. Like myself, he grew a lot later in life. His new uniforms, so he told me, barely reached his elbows and knees after a year or two's service in India.

He got back to England sooner than the regimental roster seemed to anticipate; by reason of the Abyssinian War of 1868, for which his battalion was requisitioned. He was senior ensign and carried the colours at the "Farlo" engagement, at the foot of King Theodore's fortress. He was back in England by June that year. It was a disappointment to me that he could not arrive a month earlier, in time to train and practise with me at Henley Regatta. It was my last year on the river, and I had a venial ambition to win "Silver Goblets" with him. He was not a heavy weight, but in his school rowing form I think he and I would have been just good enough to win, against the field that eventually opposed me for that race. As it was I allied with W. C. Crofts of my own college (Brasenose), undoubtedly a stronger man than my brother and a high-class oar. (He, Crofts, won Diamond Sculls twice and was good enough to have rowed bow, times over, in any University eight; but he was unfortunately a bit *opinioné* as to minor details of form, and seemed to rebel against coaching in any way contrary to his own theories; thereby he apparently succeeded in ruffling the patience of two successive presidents and lost his chance of a blue. It was a disappointment to me, for he and I were friends, and I naturally desired him to distinguish himself, for his own sake and for that of our college.)

My brother had four years of subaltern work at

Aldershot, Portsdown Forts and elsewhere; and so soon as the Ashantee War was mooted volunteered and was accepted for special service on that coast.

He served under Sir Evelyn Wood, and a fast friendship grew up between them which lasted to the end. Wood always did his best and kindest for him, both socially and in the service. My brother used to swear by him—as also by Sir Redvers Buller (who was in the same column under Wood, in the Zulu War, later).

Edward had his doubts as to the militant value, in one respect, of the Cardwell territorial scheme. He used to aver that a leaven of Irish in the fighting line of all regiments was of much value—to instil dash for an assault—while the Saxon element should preponderate, to engender staying power. There was more of the cut and come again temperament, so he held, in the Saxon; and the blend was invaluable. To isolate the Celtic element territorially, he opined, would make Celtic battalions worse stayers, and at the same time would lose valuable *élan* from the Saxon territorial battalions.

He used to say, also, that London thieves made excellent soldiers; that there was a large leaven of them in the 4th when he first joined, and they were all good-plucked and fairly subordinate.

In the Ashantee War he got hit once in the head by a slug, but refused to return himself as wounded, lest he should be invalided and lose the advance on Coomassie. He was twice mentioned in dispatches. I believe I am correct in stating that a suggestion of Edward's was adopted by Sir Garnet (Lord) Wolseley. It was to cut two

parallel tracks through the "bush," to reduce the risk of scouts being surrounded. Edward had command of a company of Haussas. He needed an interpreter. Divers candidates appeared to canvass for the job. Two or three claimed a mastery of English, and when tested, it was found that "G—d d—n," or "d—d fool" were the limits of their Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. They were deeply aggrieved at being passed over.

Long years after this (1898) when he was sent out to quell the Buri Bey rising, he, after sailing, wrote to me from Las Palmas *en route* to search for his old Ashantee War note-book. He required it to hunt up the names of Haussas who had served under him twenty-five years before. After landing and receiving from me the belated diary, he sent for such of his old command as he could hear of. I expect they were too old for active service; but he needed them to find him recruits for the "West African Frontier force" which he was then raising.

Some of them responded at once to the call, others sent word that they had a temporary engagement and would present themselves dutifully to him as soon as they were "disengaged."

It transpired in due time that these absentees were for the time being busy in arms against the Crown, and on behalf of Buri Bey! This was their engagement!

(So soon as Buri Bey had surrendered the absentee Haussas hurried to greet their old commander with genuine affection, and to inquire in what way they could be of any service to him.)

Edward got back to England from Ashantee in early spring, 1874, just in time to see the last of

my father, who was breaking up, and did not outlast April of that year.

Later he read up for the Staff College, entered it, and had just qualified at it when he was told off to serve under Sir Evelyn Wood in the Galika and Gaika affairs at the Cape, 1878, which preceded the Zulu War of 1879.

Edward had been recommended for promotion by Sir Evelyn after the Ashantee War. No step was vacant in his own regiment; a half-pay captaincy was offered to him, as also to Lord Gifford, but as Edward was senior subaltern of King's Own at that date, he was advised to decline, by his senior friends and advisers, who opined that in ordinary routine he would be getting his own full-pay captaincy in his own regiment in a few months, and might thereby have a possible chance to brevet majority, in lieu of the other promotion.

In the ordinary course of events this contingency might have occurred, but luck was against him. The abolition of purchase had just then been decreed. The result was, inordinate delay in retirements that otherwise would have been coming off almost monthly. Every one who wanted to retire was waiting for definite settlement of the compensation and "gratuity" schemes.

The result was great stagnation, for a time, in promotions, and in the King's Own actually no step went above my brother for another three and a half years! during all of which he remained senior subaltern.

He got his company at last, towards the end of 1878; and his brevet majority thirteen months later, when the Zulu War was over.

He got mentioned in dispatches more than once —especially in connection with the Kambula camp engagement. Special correspondents in the Press were also laudatory. The *Times* spoke of him as parading the glacis under fire, trying to induce the 13ths and 90ths to charge—"*as calmly as if he were pacing a cricket wicket*," and another journal (*Morning Advertiser*) was eulogistic of "Woodgate's heroic conduct."

He had a shave—a bullet went in and out of his helmet—while he, Rose and Lysons were carrying in a wounded man; and Rose lost his arm at the same juncture. (Our family religiously preserves that pierced helmet as a sacred relic.)

Prior to the outbreak of Zulu hostilities, my brother's C.O. (Sir E. Wood) had sent him to ride across the southern corner of the Transvaal, for some survey purpose; I fancy some strategical flank advance was in contemplation and the route to be *vid* Transvaal; anyhow Edward had to snatch as best he could a bird's-eye view of the district in five days and to report.

He told me that he covered 350 miles in five days. The "waler" which he rode was hopelessly screwed up after the trip. He employed native guides to run with him, and sought shelter, when he could get it, at Boer farms.

The Boers even then were as a rule insolently hostile to the British, though they had invoked the annexation a few months earlier, in panic of Cetewayo's impis. Piet Uys and a few Boers were loyal and allied with Wood's column; but they were exceptions.

However, veldt etiquette forbade refusal to any

white man of bite and sup. But, at one farm, my brother found his Zulu runner being kicked off the premises, and threatened with jambok. Edward claimed shelter for his nigger as being on Queen's service. Wordy warfare ended in a rough up with fists and the Boer went down. After that peace reigned between guest and host for the night. A Boer respects a Britisher whom he feels to be a better man than himself. He was full of good-will the next morning, trying to press his best gun on my brother as a loan ; avowing that one revolver was insufficient protection ; also offering his best horse—I think this was when they met again a day or two later on the return march. Edward declined the loan, but sat for a friendly smoke and chat.

The Boer grumbled at the British ukase against slavery, this was his one grievance ; he assured Edward that the Boers would not long tolerate British dominion unless the black labour regulations were amended. Edward explained that it was impossible, on British anti-slavery principles. "Then," said the Boer, "we shall take back our independence."

"You can't," quoth Edward, as he tightened his girths.

"Yes we can, we shall shoot you all," was the Boer's stolid and self-satisfied reply.

Then they shook hands and parted, good friends —in a way—and the Boer profuse for hospitality and loans, in spite of his knock down, and still retaining his political truculence. Edward was much struck at the medley of conflicting traits in the man's character.

That survey was, I fancy, the indirect cause of

my brother escaping the danger which subsequently proved fatal to poor Ronald Campbell, Wood's other staff officer. On the day of the H'Lobane Hill raid by a section of Wood's force, Edward was left behind to do some map drawing; otherwise he might have been told off to the task that cost the life of gallant Ronald Campbell.

As to Boers—my brother's estimate of them, possibly influenced by his contact with them during this survey ride, was that, while they held all white races save themselves in contempt, and reckoned themselves to be the salt of the earth and the chosen people of the Creator—they were ready to bow the knee to any being or beings who could best them—physically. If you want to be pals with a Boer, pick a quarrel, punch his head, and he's your friend. He does not abdicate his own estimate of his own merits, but simply places you on a still higher pedestal, and almost on a level with deity itself.

I recollect a letter which my brother wrote to me just before the actual invasion of Zululand began. *Inter alia* it related an incident actually going on in his office at the moment of writing. "A Zulu chief of our Natal tribes has just come in to beg a blanket. I had told him to wait until I had done writing. He came and sat near me; I looked at him and observed sundry vermin crawling upon him, so changed my mind and called at once for a blanket from our stores, to get rid of him." This chief, then professing loyalty, was Manyanyoba, who during the war joined Cetewayo, and distinguished himself by leading sundry successful night raids upon unwatchful British pickets. He

led that one upon a convoy under Lieutenant Harward, wherein the latter came badly out of the affair, mounting his horse and galloping away, and leaving his sergeant to rally the survivors and to lead them and the remaining stores to their destination.

The incident seems instructive as showing what value can be placed in present times upon outward professions of loyalty on the part of a large section of Natal Zulus in event of risings of the Dinizulu class being successful for even a month. The opinion of the bulk of Natal colonists is that no white woman would be safe if once the coloured races could feel that they had hopes of getting the upper hand.

This treachery of Manyanyoba and other of our subject blacks fully endorses, so far as any precedent really can, the present pessimism as to black loyalty which so many colonists entertain.

Manyanyoba seemed staunch enough until news came of Durnford's Isandula disaster; then he vanished from our territory and soon became a thorn in the British side.

My brother told me that he, Wood, Buller, and an orderly were taking a quiet reconnoitring ride on the day when the death of the Prince Imperial occurred. They met Carey, full gallop, hysterical, screaming "Zulus! Zulus!" He did not stop, and rushed on ahead of the rest of his men, whom he had left to shift for themselves. Buller hailed him with some inquiry, but he did not draw rein for an instant, and sped his way. Eventually, as history records, Wood's party rode on to see what was up, and the remains of the poor Prince were

found and easily salvaged; one other trooper had stayed and fallen with him. If Carey had but stood firm for half-a-minute the handful of Zulus, who had volleyed from a mealie patch without hitting any one, would not have advanced another yard.

Soon after my brother's return from the Zulu War he was appointed Brigade Major in Jamaica.

His first leave of any length occurred just after the Boer rising which ended in the Majuba Hill disgrace. Edward spent his holiday in a voyage to the Cape on the off-chance of getting a bit of fighting there; but the *fiasco* and interment of the British flag had come to an end by the time that he arrived, and he had to return to Jamaica and to peace. He had a brace of spaniels sent to him by a very kindly Bridgnorth friend of ours, a Christchurch man—Boycott, a good sportsman—who had bred the dogs. They figure in one of the illustrations of one of the late Lady Brassey's voyage volumes, where she depicts my brother's bungalow (which he lent to her while she was sojourning there). Jill, the lady spaniel, vanished somehow; Jack, the gentleman, lived to return to England—a very jealous dog who would tolerate no rivals. His one commandment was, "Thou shalt have none other dog but me."

Edward went to Quetta to rejoin his regiment when his five years in Jamaica were up. I recollect that he wrote to me to buy revolvers for himself and some other officers; local Pathans had taken to attacking belated British officers and had cut an army surgeon badly.

I was to select a bore that would by its weight

smash and not merely bore a hole in a nigger, and I was to test each weapon with army ammunition. It seems that the latter was made so roughly that unless pistol chambers were liberally roomy the action was liable to jam and to incapacitate the revolution of the cylinder, where private firms' ammunition would run smoothly.

Such was the case, and I had a lot of trouble to obtain samples of Government cartridges, till I met General Brackenbury as a mutual guest at a "Pewterers'" Company dinner (an old B.N.C. friend—Percy Arden—Master), and he came to the rescue.

I wonder whether army officialism ever realized the risks run by officers armed with service pistols and Government cartridges, from this tendency of a percentage of rough cartridges to jam and to block the action of the weapon at a critical moment!

If my brother had been spared to pursue his career as a general, I fondly fancy that he would have made his mark in reforms, not so much *à la* Haldane as in discipline and in commissariat organization.

He was emphatic as to the importance of feeding men well on campaign. He won the affection of those under him by making rounds to see that their meals were in order before he sat down to his own.

I remember his saying that if he had been Minister of War at the time of the earlier Gordon relief campaign, he would have simplified, expedited and economized matters by a contract with Pickford and Chaplin and Horne for transport, and with Spiers and Pond for victuals. He opined that

they would get to work a month quicker than the regular military departments—the latter "Laocooned" in red-tape as a preliminary.

He had a turn of duty in Ireland after Quetta before moving to Aldershot as second in command. I wish I had taken shorthand notes of one-half of the "bulls" which he related as within his hearing while in the Emerald Isle.

There was one—sundry prisoners had escaped from the guard-room. Sergeant was questioned: "Where did you see them last?" Answer: "Sure I don't know, your honour, they were all gone when I first missed them."

When he came to Blenheim Barracks at Aldershot I managed to see more of him than I had done for the preceding quarter-century all told. We contrived Henley Regatta weeks together many a time, and he joined the Leander Club, his Radley oarsmanship sufficed to qualify for membership as a soldier.

He was always keen in field sports. As boys together we had done many a day's fishing; our Belbroughton Squire, Charles Perrott Noel, used kindly to give us the run of his waters—a series of small pools fed by a good trout stream. Edward was a keen shot and a steady one. In Kashmir he had bagged snow bears and other big game. I recall one first of September early in the nineties, when he and I were sent by our mutual friend Charles Harris St. John, to shoot Rooke's farm on his Tylney estate in Hants. We had 31½ brace down by luncheon-time, when we marched back to the house for our meal. I let off one or two birds; Edward none that morning.

He took over the command of his battalion in summer 1893. One of his three chargers—one Irish thoroughbred, Harkaway—survives in my sister's paddock to this day; it was his mount in his last campaign (Spion Kop). Harkaway never carried much flesh; and was better to go than to look at. He won two "point to points" and was second on another occasion. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught while in command at Aldershot was said to have critically lamented one day, after a review, that "Colonel Woodgate seemed to be so poorly mounted!" Harkaway's visible ribs and ragged Irish hips did not fill the eye like "dealer's condition." It was also said (I was not in the field that day) that within a week, in a bit of fast going with the hounds and an ugly place or two to negotiate, this same despised Harkaway led the field—H.R.H. among them. Whether the Duke identified then and there the subject of his recent censorship, I did not hear.

While my brother was commanding as lieutenant-colonel a battalion of the King's Own, there was present one day at mess, as a guest, an old General, K.C.B. Conversation turned on the Sutlej campaigns of the forties, and on Lord Gough, and his hot-headed desire always to be "at them," regardless of strategical positions, such as led to the cut-up of the 24th at Chillianwallah.

My brother said he would tell a story, as told to him, for what it was worth. "When Goojerat was fought, 1849, and began with cannonade of the Sikh position, Lord Gough mounted some sort of tower to inspect progress. Many of his staff were apprehensive lest he should order the

Photo] *[Maull & Co.*

LIEUT. WOODGATE, 1873, IN SPECIAL SERVICE UNIFORM FOR ASHANTEE WAR.

advance prematurely, before artillery had done its work. *On dit*, some cheeky subaltern sneaked the ladder by which the General had climbed to the tower (to ensure non-interference with the guns). When his lordship wanted to come down, no ladder, and his voice inaudible under the cannonade. Result, complete victory, and final conquest of the Sikhs. "I tell the tale as a legend, as it was told to me," said Edward. Quoth the venerable K.C.B.: "It's quite true; *I was the subaltern* who stole the ladder!"

Another anecdote by my brother was illustrative of the pugnacity and loyalty of Pathans when enlisted under the Crown. It would harmonize well with the stirring incidents related in Younghusband's delightful *Story of the Guides* which I have lately been enjoying for its own sake, and also, not least, because of its anecdotes of relatives of mine (such as the late George Hardinge, who died in defence of Lucknow Residency, or of General Jenkins and other friends of my late uncle, General Sir John F. Bradford, K.C.B.). Edward's tale was this: Scene, a hill-fort; hillmen sniping it. British subaltern, spotting a hillman who was in cover behind a boulder, says to Pathan soldier, "Try a shot at that chap there."

Response: "I have had two shot at him already, sahib, but he dam hard man to hit; but I'll get him, the dam rascal!"

"Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, sahib; I know him well."

"Who is he?"

"He dam rascal! He my father."

When my brother was commanding the battalion

of King's Own at Victoria Barracks, Southsea, winter of 1894, or thereabouts, there was an interesting incident of family heredity, so to speak, for reliable militarism and talent in the service. The quartermaster, Captain Batchelor, was retiring on pension, having served his time. His younger brother was sergeant-major and was to fill his place. The father of these two smart officers, who had each thus risen from ranks to commissions, was at the time being in Portsmouth engaged in business. My brother specially invited him to dine at mess on the night of the farewell dinner to his eldest son, and the introduction of the succeeding younger one. It would have been more or less unique as an episode, at all events in the records of Portsmouth, for a father thus to meet his two stalwart sons, one on retirement, and the other on promotion; but unfortunately the old gentleman was not well enough to attend when the day came.

Apropos of one of these two friends of mine, a compliment which I have always treasured was casually paid me by the elder one. When one day I turned into the Florence Restaurant in London to dine and took a seat, a voice behind me said, "Three King's Owns all together." I looked round, and there sat Captain Batchelor, the elder, and Colonel Lugard, who had preceded my brother in command of the battalion. After we had shaken hands, I inquired, "Where is the third of the regiment?" looking round in vain to find some one that I knew.

"Oh, you are the third! We always reckon you one of us."

The only two of our family who were in the regiment in 1900 both fell in the war. The younger brother of one has since joined it, Lionel Woodgate; he has a high standard to play up to, and we all feel confident that he will attain it like his gallant brother (my cousin) Willie, when the pinch comes. Friends have told me that if that poor boy had lived he would assuredly have been decorated in some way for the part he played in the year of peril when he fell. Boers rushed the camp at Vryheid in the dark, and having overcome sentries summoned the reposing regiment to surrender. Willie met them with only a tent peg mallet in his hand. "The King's Own never surrender," was his reply, and he at once laid about him with his scrap of timber, and created a brief diversion. In another minute he was shot down, but this brief *mêlée* gave time for sundry soldiers to seize their arms, and to repel the attack. The colonel, poor gallant Gawne, fell at the same time, facing the enemy practically alone for the instant. But they both were avenged before sunrise.

The Woodgate memorial tablet in Pembury old church, erected by sundry loving relatives, commemorates both Willie and my brother.

CHAPTER XV

BROTHER EDWARD (*continued*)

My brother's last two years of command of his regiment were spent in Malta. It was while quartered there that he obtained his C.B. It had always been a disappointment to him that it had not been his lot to get a look in at either of the Egyptian campaigns.

He was appointed to the Lancaster district command within a few weeks of his time being up as a Lieut.-Colonel of the King's Own. He vegetated there till the spring of 1898.

Then came the Sierra Leone rebellion and Bey Buri on the war-path, and some one was wanted to take over the business. My brother got the offer.

I had asked him to dine with me on the night of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of that year at the annual crews' dinner at the Café Royal. He had declined, as being too far away.

While I was dressing for that festivity he suddenly appeared at my chambers, wishing to consult me as to whether he should accept the offer from Lord Wolseley and Sir E. Wood, of going out to settle this rebellion. He was keen enough for a bit of a "scrap," but felt that, technically, he would be exchanging from a full Colonel's command to one of the calibre of Lieut.-Colonel, and he did me the honour to consult me.

My advice was prompt.

"If Wolseley and Wood offer you the job of shoeblack to a nigger regiment, depend on it that they as old friends do it for your good and for national benefit, and take it, and rely that it will pay you to do it! Now come to dinner."

He said no more and bolted off to dress.

These two leading lights of the Army showed, to my lay mind, great wisdom and disregard of red-tape by commissioning my brother to select his own staff (of course for final approbation), and giving him a free hand to order whatever accoutrements and so on that his prior experience of African West Coast suggested to him.

All he had to do was to order the goods and direct their shipment and send in the bill.

He had just twelve days to make all preparations of this sort for himself and those under him, and then he sailed.

He said to me, the night before sailing (in effect): "I wrote just once, and no more, to report whom I had selected for approval, with staff, and what supplies I had ordered. If it had been the India Office I should perhaps have had to write a hundred letters and to read almost as many replies and instructions, in the twelve days allowed to me for preparation."

Future administrants of the War Office may perhaps learn a useful lesson from the precedent here inaugurated by Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood; the more so, as the subsequent history of the expedition and its success testify to the soundness of their tactics in abandoning red-tape trammels when and where time is limited, and

when the official agent is one on whose experience and judgment the War Office control feel able to rely.

One difficulty with which my brother had to contend during the administration at Sierra Leone, was that of transmitting instructions to distant members of his staff, and at the same time securing the same from curious eyes of native messengers, most of whom knew more or less English, and many of whom were not unfriendly to the rebels (for reasons which will appear presently).

He felt that any cypher code might be complex and troublesome, the more so as it had not been planned and arranged before separation to divers posts. He resorted to *Greek characters* for simple English words, and so far as he was able to judge, these characters completely stumped native intelligence, while all his commissioned staff retained enough public school recollection to enable them to make head and tail of their C.O.'s communications.

I ought to have mentioned that any *amour propre* sentiment on the part of my brother in accepting a Lieut.-Colonel's command when he already held one as full Colonel, had been kindly smoothed over by Lord Wolseley arranging that he should hold the two commands (Lancaster and Sierra Leone) together—nominally on leave from Lancaster, and his second in command there taking over his duties. At the end of six months of this dualism Edward officially resigned Lancaster and held only the Sierra Leone command.

The cause of the Bey Buri rising had been alleged by the malcontents to be the recently-

imposed hut tax. A special commissioner, Chalmers (sent out to report on the situation, in consequence of Little Englander outcries against alleged British tyranny over coloured races), framed a report later on in accordance with the native allegation.

My brother, before he had been many weeks in the colony, arrived—from his experience of the country and claims of the local races—at a very different conclusion. He deduced that the disaffection arose from our Imperial non-toleration of slavery ; and that the hut tax allegation was merely a pretext, somewhat similar to the greased cartridge pretext for Sepoy mutiny in 1857.

He told me, after his return, that he traced the outbreak to the escape of two female concubine slaves—property of a petty chief in our protectorate, but outside Sierra Leone frontier. These fugitives reached British colonial territory, and as such were *ex-officio* free.

Their owner claimed extradition ; it was refused him as a matter of course.

Native ethics failed to discriminate between the protection of fugitive slaves, and any act of annexation of stray cattle, camels, or asses. To their minds all were "chattels," and detention of any one amounted to larceny. Their privileges were at stake; they conferred, conspired, and took up arms to vindicate their views as to *meum* and *tuum*.

Bey Buri led them, and there was turmoil and apprehension of wider conflagration, which led to my brother's mission to found the West African Frontier force of natives in lieu of the former garrison of West India coloured troops, and to

generally settle disturbance. In less than a year all became quiet under his administration. I believe I am correct when I say that my brother's later explanation of the disaffection obtained preference at the Colonial Office as against that of the "Special Commissioner" referred to. At all events, the hut tax remained, and all native grievance on that score seemed to subside, justifying my brother's deduction that it had only been a stalking-horse for asserting claims of slave proprietorship from outside the actual colony boundary.

Students of ethnology and of the physiology of the various varieties of *genus homo*, may note with interest the experience of my brother as to the wide intellectual difference which he observed between those breeds which had a strain of Caucasian cross, per Arab, and those which were pure niggers, on the West Coast. In build and physiognomy two blacks might seem to be practically identical; an outsider would not have been surprised to be told that they were uterine brothers. Yet one, a Haussa and Mahometan, would be able to deal with figures and to make a competent office clerk or orderly; while the other, a votary of "Ju-Ju," would be a mere clod, unintellectual, lazy, and objecting to work half-an-hour longer than would suffice to enable him to earn enough to keep body and soul together until the next sunset.

Where the faith of Islam was held, there, for almost a moral certainty, existed some far distant cross on a sire's side, of Arab blood; an infusion which seemed to leaven for good all the intellectual faculties and energies, and to actually regenerate

the hereditary semi-simian brain convolutions of full-blooded niggerhood.

After the surrender of Bey Buri matters rapidly quieted down in the hinterland, and my brother was able to take sick leave and sail for Las Palmas with divers invalids of his staff. The campaigning malaria had created havoc with the health of most of them, and one of the smartest sank under black-water fever very shortly after landing at Liverpool. Edward fancied himself so far improved on voyage that he abstained from waiting a mail period at Las Palmas, and decided to come straight to England. It cost him dearly, for the chill of British waters in spring told badly upon him, and within a few days of landing he was seriously laid up at the Metropole with the fever, and had touch and go with it, leaving him more or less pulled down in strength to the end of the year. He had not got fully back into condition when his time came for his last and South African campaign.

He got his C.M.G. in the following June, and K.C.M.G. followed in a January gazette, 1900.

He was appointed the Leicestershire command by July 1899; and settled down at Wigton Barracks; I paid him a visit there in September and drove with him to Stanford Park, the seat of Lord Braye, to see a flying-machine display, which ended in a sad tragedy and loss of a plucky and valuable life.

The day was stormy; a long spell of drought had broken up on that very day fixed for the experiment.

The performer was a young naval officer, Pilcher, brother of the Colonel of that name who

distinguished himself in command of a column in the Boer War.

I believe that the experiments had been designed in prospect of a display in this line at the then projected Parisian exhibition.

Young Pilcher had two flying-machines on the ground: one of them fitted with some motor apparatus, the other was more in the style of a kite; each was his design.

The weather was so wet and gusty that at first there was some doubt whether any flight could be even attempted; but so many friends as well as savants had faced the storm that the inventor pluckily decided not to disappoint his audience.

My brother knew him, and took me up to his engineering arena in the park to introduce me. I rather fancy that we were the last persons to whom he spoke, short of instructions to his staff when he commenced his flight, a few minutes later. His apparatus—of the kite kind—when he took his stand in it, made him resemble in contour a sort of gigantic butterfly. A long cord was attached to the machine, and towed by horses harnessed to a cart, pulling him against the wind like a kite, and so producing soaring action.

The first start failed, and did not produce elevation; possibly the horses did not tow fast enough.

On the second essay Pilcher sailed up and gradually soared higher than the tops of high elm-trees in the vicinity, so far as the eye could gauge.

Then came the tragic *finale*. The canvas of the "tail" had warped in the saturating rain; and put undue tension on the light bamboo framework which extended it. Something snapped, and one

Photo] [*Bassano.*

GENERAL SIR E. R. P. WOODGATE, NOVEMBER 1899.

side of the tail furled and hung limp; balance was destroyed, and the machine and its rider revolved like a winged bird, and came down with a sickening crash on the still sun-baked turf—on which the morning's rain had made no saturating effect.

The fall was fatal; the poor lad never recovered consciousness; both thigh bones fractured, and concussion of the brain. In less than forty-eight hours he was no more.

An additional sadness attached to the scene, in the presence of a sister of his, who was one of the first to reach him after his fall, and whose presence of mind impressed every one.

My brother was there instantly, and spread his overcoat over the poor shattered and unconscious frame, on which the rain was pelting pitilessly.

It was a terrible sacrifice of a valuable life in the pursuit of science, and abrupt close of what might have been a brilliant aeronautic career in this present century of aero-dynamics and their almost daily evolution.

That autumn was to be the last which my brother and I would share together. The Boer War broke out; and I could see how he chafed at inaction in his Leicester command. His old friend Sir Evelyn Wood was also tied at home as Adjutant-General to the War Office. (It is historical how Sir Evelyn offered to come out and to serve under his old subordinate, Sir Redvers Buller.) Edward felt that if Wood were only sent out, he himself would hardly be left out of the latter's staff. However, he had not to wait long. The early Natal disasters entailed sending out reinforcements, and he got the "Lancaster" (10th) brigade

and was under orders long before. November had run out. During his preparations for outfit in London I saw him practically daily. We dined together on November 29, the last night; he had to leave by the midnight mail from Euston for Liverpool, and I went to the station to see him off; his aide-de-camp, Captain (now Major) Carleton joined him there. The vision still recurs in dreams of the last view I had of the silvered head, as the train steamed out on the stroke of the hour.

The history of the war itself has been written; and I, who had no share in it, nor witnessed any of its scenes, should be transgressing the scope of professed Memories, if I here essayed to describe upon hearsay that which has been told already and more ably by eye-witnesses.

Fate seems always more cruel when oneself is the victim of it. We, as a family, had been yearning for opportunity for my brother to add to his already well-won military reputation by distinguishing himself as a commander in the field: his bush guerilla work at Sierra Leone had been a success; but it had offered only a small scope for fame, as compared to what seemed to be in prospect from conflict with a white race.

And Fate decreed that on the new and enlarged scene of action the curtain should drop almost as soon as it had been raised.

The Lancaster brigade had been told off for sundry days' preliminary fighting and occupation of vantage ground, before assault on Spion Kop—as a key to the Boer position on that side—should be undertaken.

General Talbot Coke's brigade, which meantime

had been having easier time, was, as it has been recorded, originally designed for the Spion Kop assault. For reasons which military exigency of the last moment seemed to demand, the already war-worn and thinned Lancastrians were told off for it.

Was my brother "fey"—as a Highlander would describe it—on the night before that day of carnage—fatal to himself also? Often had he written to me when on campaigns; but never before—(still less on the eve of battle, when he might have felt the need of all available sleep, to recoup energy for the morrow)—had he sat down to pour out all his soul—as to the prospects of fight, and as to detailed records of encounters just completed. That night, January 23, 1900, he did so; penning me what might have stood for an elaborate dispatch to his own superior in command. He sketched each day's fighting; he gave minute figures of all casualties—killed and wounded—detailed transfers to and from his brigade—of a battalion borrowed here—the guns loaned there: folio upon folio of closely written pencilled paper.

It was a labour of love and fraternal confidence—at the price of a good hour's much needed sleep. The MS. remains—a cherished relic in our diminished family circle—the last of his hand-writing before he fell mortally wounded before noon on the morrow.

It is on record that, coming back to consciousness while being carried down the hill to hospital, he struggled to rejoin his men; and had to be retained by force on the stretcher.

Had he been spared, there can be little doubt that the remnants of the brigade would have stayed

out the night on the crest which their comrades' blood had won; and thereby would have consummated the Boer retreat from investment of Ladysmith on that side, which retreat (historically) began in the dark, and which was unexpectedly and jubilantly abandoned by them when with daylight they saw that the very position which they feared would hopelessly dominate their own, had already been evacuated by its captors.

King's Own rank and file whom I met here and there on their return home, have declaimed to me, with tears in their voices, that if their General had been with them that nightfall, the position would have been held, even if there had not been one pint of water nor one cartridge left among the whole brigade; and I believe them, to the bottom of my heart.

If skill and tender attention could have saved his life, Sir Frederick Treves' assiduity would have been the salvation. But when the order came to strike Spearman's Camp, for sanitary purposes, the enforced removal to Mooi River hospital in summer solstice weather, did much to further weaken the shattered frame.

My brother's faithful old regimental servant, Ward, whom he had taken on again for the war, marched hour after hour, holding a sunshade over the invalid, and was himself badly broken down by the strain by the time that Mooi River was reached.

My sister Eleanor, as soon as she heard of the blow which had fallen, took ship to the Cape, on the chance of being in time; and was able to tend the last month of Edward's existence.

The effect of the injury to the brain, from the shattered eye orbit, seems, from what has since been related to me, to offer almost an interesting psychological study.

My brother, when regaining more consciousness, seemed to have had all recollection of his command wiped clean from memory; and yet his mind was wide awake to older life history; he could recall names and addresses, and could plan a projected driving tour in the Teme Valley when he should reach England; detailing accurately distances from stage to stage, and inns whereat to shelter.

His *fiancée*, Miss Gladys Newbolt, had wired to him, like myself, messages of sympathy, omitting her address: there was no one by the wounded man's side during that first week after his wound to tell him her address, yet, promptly—less than a week after he had been struck down—came his reply to her, to her Isle of Wight address.

And yet my brother was bewildered to hear how he had been hurt, how and where he was in hospital. He had no recollection of appointment to his brigade, nor of the voyage, still less of his command after he had taken it up in the field.

He, when pressed by questions, remembered having "lately dined at Durban with my old friend Buller"—and yet did not connect that *réunion* with warfare. It seemed to be his only surviving page of memory since the middle of November.

I have known a man, stunned by a hunting fall just after the New Year, find, after recovering from brain concussion, his mind a blank as regards his New Year's Eve party, his Christmas home

entertainments, and in fact of all incidents subsequent to his attendance on the bench at petty sessions on December 13. But the pages of once conscious memory that were wiped out for my brother by his wound, ranged for an approximate nine weeks; and, while these were destroyed, the rest of his life's diary seemed to have remained as decipherable as ever.

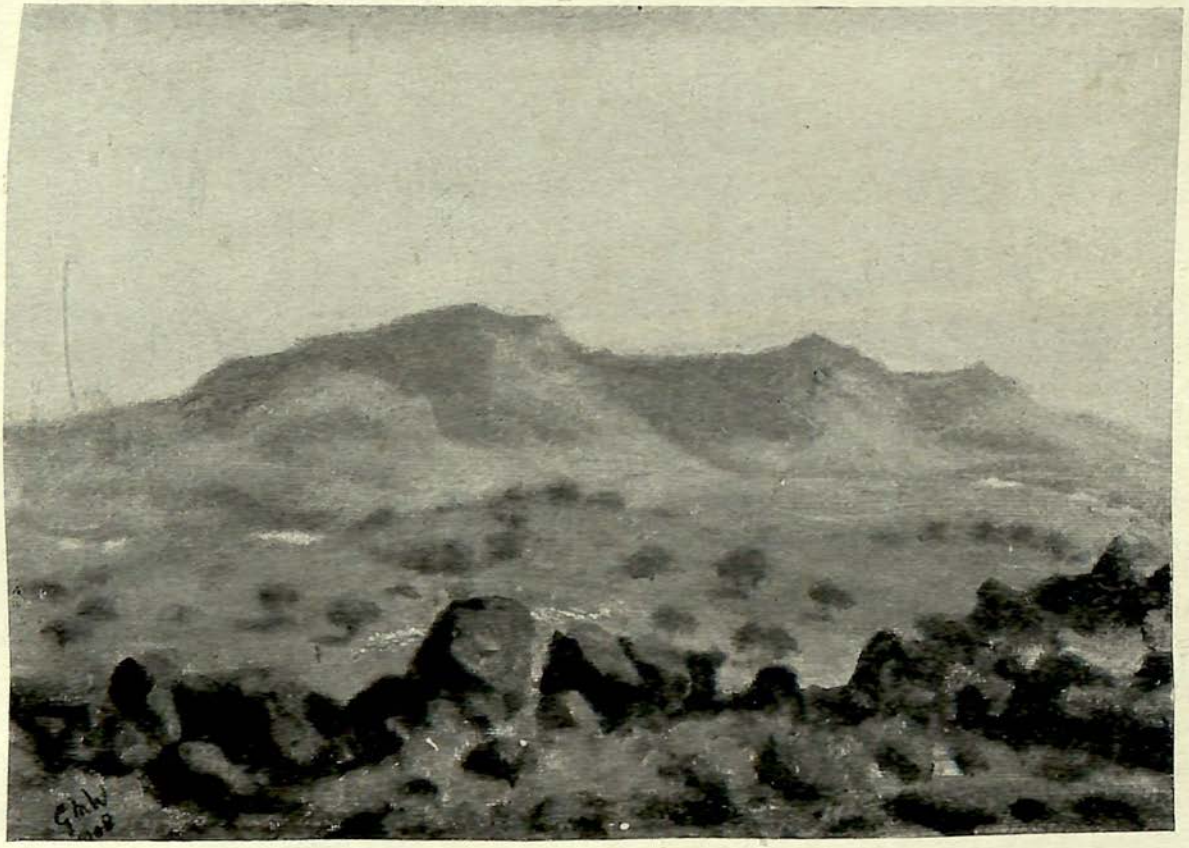
He seemed to be straining all force of will to regain health and to recover sufficiently to voyage home; until just before the close, when my sister had been, at his request, reading to him, and among other things reading a hymn he had asked for: as she finished he murmured—as if to himself—the refrain of the concluding line—

"I wish I was dead—and in His holy keeping."

Within a few hours of this, so I understand, the final coma, which ended his life, began unexpectedly to supervene.

My own regret has always been that I was unable to take the voyage to see the last of him. He was almost daily asking for me, and expressing surprise that I did not appear at his bedside. I trust I was not to blame for not sacrificing everything for the off-chance of one more hour with him. But the original bulletins were so hopeless, that I never expected even a week's survival of the injury.

The *Natal Witness* published a touching anonymous sketch of the scene at his funeral in Weston churchyard. It was cut out and sent to me by a friend in the colony. I reproduce it, and thank the writer ("M. R.").



SPION KOP, SHOWING TUGELA IN DISTANCE, FROM A PAINTING BY MISS G. M. WOODGATE.

THE LAST POST.

Extract from the "Natal Witness."

A grey sunless day, such as we often have at home, but seldom in Natal. In vain the sun has tried to pierce the thick veil of clouds that darken the river and drape the hills in shadow, as though in mourning for the warrior dead.

The weird sad music is in keeping with the scene—the drooping willows, the hill slopes bare and desolate. With heavy hearts and burdened steps his comrades climb the hill and pass on slowly to the little church that crowns its crest.

The firing party reach the gateway, form into two long lines, and stand with arms reversed. Through this silent avenue the slow procession—the flower-strewn bier, the sorrowing mourners pass.

"He was a General, was he not?"

"Yes, Major-General Sir E. R. P. Woodgate, K.C.M.G., C.B."

"But why all this *indaba?*"

"Why? because men's hearts are full. Sorrow seeks expression, and in expression finds relief. Pride and admiration mingle with their grief. Death will meet all of us, but for his Queen and country, this man met and challenged Death, and so, wrapt in the colours that he served, they bear him in honour to his rest."

But, hush! They are singing by the grave. Why should they sing when grief has wrung their hearts, but that, as he has given his life, they, too, surrender him, strong in the faith that triumphs over death and has a hope beyond.

A hushed, strained stillness follows. Women's eyes grow dim. Their thoughts turn from the exile to his home and friends so far away—thoughts born of sympathy, for are not husbands, brothers, lovers, fighting too?

Then comes the last long bugle call. The wind catches the sound as it moans round the hill and wails through the sunless trees. The men march back along the dusty roadway, the ambulance party cross the veldt on their way to the hospital, the spectators disperse. The long day dies, but not in gloom, for ere the mourners leave a light breaks on the hills. The evening sunshine flickers through the trees and steals across the grass.

They have left him where no stir or din of life, no sound of hurrying feet, will break his rest—lone, in the green silence of the hills.—M. R.

It is consolatory to remember how his memory has been cherished by those who served with him.

King's Own rank and file, and others, casually meeting me have been full of him—swearing that if he had not fallen and his command been transferred, they would never have retreated at nightfall and would have been repaid for sufferings and slaughter by victory at dawn, when the Boer retreat would have been in evidence, and not have had any excuse for countermand.

It was pleasing to hear that when the news of his end reached his old school all sat out the "Dead March" in memoriam, at the close of chapel service: also it soothes to see the memorial window to him in that chapel, in addition to his name—as premier among Radleians who fell in the war—on the general school memorial of "Michael and Dragon." Lancaster Memorial Chapel, Worcester Cathedral, Ladysmith Memorial Church, Sandhurst Chapel and Pembury Church, besides the (restored) memorial parish cross at Belbroughton (his birth-place), all join in commemorating him.

NOTE.—If the topography of the Spion Kop ridge and its vicinity had been better understood in the Intelligence Department, it is possible that Warren's questionable tactics might have been modified. I have always regretted that my brother was not furnished with longer notice that his brigade was to take the place of Talbot Coke's for this assault. If he had known betimes, I suspect that Edward might have put on pressure to send for and enlist the services of my third brother, Arthur, who, as a Colonist, knew the country well, and who was at the time under arms as one of "Murray's scouts"—a Natal local force. Much strategical advantage might have accrued under his guidance. But, somehow, those Murray scouts—who knew each Natal ridge or defile—were lamentably cold-shouldered by the regular Intelligence Department. As a matter of family glorification, my brother Arthur had special gift of "eye for a country"—like the best of the M.F.H. fraternity.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MYSTERY OF JAMES I (*or* VI)

In A.D. 1820 a fire occurred in that suite of Edinburgh Castle which was known as "Queen Margaret's Chambers." They were recorded to have been constructed for the use of the consort of James V about 1526. Workmen were put in to repair damages. They found, under the flooring, an infant-skeleton, wrapped in a gold-embroidered cloth, on which could be traced, "I.R."

Near to these remains were also found the fragments of some tool (or weapon) with an iron head, and traces of a decayed wooden handle or shaft.

News of the find was sent to London Government. Orders came back to replace the relics where they had been found. A "broad arrow," still visible to the left of the archway leading to this suite, was placed to mark the site of the *cache* and its restored bones. The matter thus dropped (for some reason or other!). Query: Did the Home Office in 1820 know, per secret service, sufficient to justify this hush-up?

In 1884 a National Portrait loan exhibition was organized for Edinburgh. In September that year I was staying at Alloa House. The then Dowager Elise Countess of Mar and Kellie, told me that she wished me to go and see this exhibition: for special reasons, and to tell her what I thought

of it. I forget whether or not she previously named any special portraits for my study; or whether she only lent me her catalogue, and that in it I observed marks directing attention to certain pictures.

Anyhow, I went, and inspected; and returned by dinner-time to Alloa.

Later, the lady and I conferred; and I was cross-examined by her.

"Had anything struck me?"

"Well, yes!" And I related my (then) embryonic suspicion.

She said: "I have long suspected that, from remarking certain portrait similarities. My idea was much strengthened by seeing this collection; and it confirms my theory, now that you seem to have been struck with the same idea."

To condense: the conclusion at which we had independently arrived was that James VI of Scotland and "I." of England was a changeling, and not the son of Mary Queen of Scots; also that he was the second son of the Earl of Mar, on whom (being previously John Lord Erskine) Mary had bestowed the revived (or "restored") title of Mar, in 1565.

On my return to London I set to work to examine history for further light on this subject. I found much to confirm this view; and still more to tacitly coincide and dovetail with it, and absolutely none to conflict with it.

I now endeavour to record the evidence thus unearthed, after first briefly sketching the outline of what I deduce to have been the probable story of the substitution.

THEORY

I. Mary's expected offspring was either born dead, or else lived but few hours (or moments). With its demise apparently perished all hopes of consolidation of the two kingdoms of Britain under one crown. (The Rizzio episode would suffice to explain mischance to the unborn child.)

II. Disaster, instead of dynastic grandeur, thereupon seemed to threaten Scotland. Faction, and its sequel of civil war, seemed prospectively to threaten the kingdom whenever Mary's reign should end.

There would be four claimants, at least, to the throne.

(*a*) The Dauphin's—French—claim by virtue of Mary's first marriage.

(*b*) Tudor claim: for Elizabeth seemed to cherish the theory, however untenable at law, that if Mary had the reversion of the English crown, she, Elizabeth, ought reciprocally to have the like to the Scottish throne.

(*c*) There were the Lennox and Hamilton families—of Stuart lineage, each with local, national pretensions to heirship.

III. The Earl of Mar, Mary's chief friend and adviser, came to the rescue of the realm when he heard of Mary's maternal disaster. Probably it was he who concocted salvation, and the Queen simply acquiesced. His Countess was, I assume, expecting confinement (see later). Here was material for a substituted heir; if the death of the infant Prince could be concealed, and also the impending birth

of another young Erskine kept dark. Scotland would thus retain her hopes of extended sovereignty, and be saved from civil war, and from failure to rule the whole island.

IV. The plan succeeded! Let us see how history now reads, in conjunction with this theory.

History

I. Mystery shrouded the first few months of the alleged life of the alleged Prince. No one seems to have seen, in public, the "young Prince"—until he was brought to the font in Stirling Castle, *where Lord and Lady Mar resided* (the Earl having been created "hereditary guardian" of that fortress by the Queen).

Sir Walter Scott records a tradition that the infant Prince was *secretly* let down, in a basket, at night from the Castle windows, to the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and thence *secretly* conveyed to Stirling for the morrow's baptism: all this, for fear of the Royal heir being kidnapped by foes! And yet, no sooner is the christening over, than the babe serenely and unguarded is aired in the grounds of Alloa Tower, in nurse's arms. If kidnapping was feared before the christening, what abated the panic when this ceremony was over? This basket legend seems to have been devised to explain the historical fact that no official journey or escort marked this infant transit from Edinburgh to Stirling. No pageant; no triumphal march. The infant "bobbed up serenely," for the first time in public, at the font itself.

II. Rizzio was slain, in the Queen's vicinity,

torn screaming from her presence, on March 9, 1566. The (reputed) birth of James VI was June 19 that year.

Mary seems to have been conscious, as an expectant mother, of shock to her system, from the Rizzio tragedy. She writes reproachfully to Darnley—

"What hath this little innocent in my womb committed? . . . The excess of such violent proceedings will soon take away the life of the mother and child." (David Scott's *Hist. of Scot.*, vol. vi., p. 402.)

Did Mary apprehend death in child-bed, from consciousness that her expected offspring had already been lethally affected by shock to her system? (This looks like it.)

III. If Mary's offspring perished prematurely, as I propound, it is obvious that, to carry out the plot—firstly, that birth would have to be concealed; secondly, that a bogus confinement would have to come off—later—to tally with the date expected in course of nature; while meantime the birth of a young Erskine would have to be suppressed from public cognizance. Curiously, historians mention that three eminent peeresses attended Mary's confinement. The Countess of Athol, Lady "Ryves," and a third (whose name for the moment escapes me). But, this third was *not* Lady Mar! Why? She and her husband were Mary's personal friends. But, if the Countess was herself not in a condition to undertake such attendance on the Queen, the absenteeism becomes intelligible—and does not convey any slight to Lady Mar. While her subsequent office of

guardian, *in loco parentis*, of the child also stops any theory of Court disfavour to her.

IV. In conjunction with this absence of Lady Mar from the Royal confinement, and this imputation that the reputed birth of a Prince on June 19 was spurious, and was an artificial *réchauffé* of the mischance of an earlier date, we may note that history records a tradition that—

"Mary suffered little" or nought in her confinement: her expected pangs being charmed away by "*the enchantments of Lady Ryves!*"

This superstition seems to be, at the least, consistent with a possibility that the Queen, being relieved of the real offspring much earlier than June 19, had been unguardedly displaying activity and health inconsistent with what might have been physically expected in the normal state of a young mother just before and after delivery; and this anomaly was traditionally explained away by the report of magical works on the part of one of the lady co-conspirators. (For it can hardly be supposed that the noble ladies in "attendance" were hoodwinked and were not really aware of the plot in progress.) Meantime as regards menials, guards, garrison and the like—none such inferior mortals seem to have had one glimpse of the "Prince" all the time between June (the alleged Edinburgh birth) and December, the historical Stirling christening!

V. Lord and Lady Mar seem to have taken over the custody of the infant from the date of the christening. Darnley was still alive. Mary had not been yet forced to abdicate, yet when she visited Stirling a few weeks later to see "her

infant," she was only allowed two female attendants at the interview : no armed escort ; not even a male courtier to attend her. It is also recorded (by Laing) that she was "sad and pensive," "frequently crying" on her way to and from Stirling for the christening.

VI. Lady Mar seems to have entertained strong solicitude for James in his childhood ; perhaps not incompatible with feminine normal sympathy for childhood under her tutelage ; but also fully harmonizing with my theory that the infant was her own offspring.

Buchanan, the Prince's tutor, was once beating him for default in Latin lessons. Lady Mar, says history, remonstrated at the cruelty of such severity, and the impiety of violence to the "Lord's anointed." Buchanan historically retorted by "inviting her ladyship to kiss the part affected."

VII. Parental affection on the one side and filial on the other, do not seem, in history, to have been much in evidence between the Queen and the reputed son.

The latter was comparatively callous at the Queen's execution : and took it "smiling"—so to speak. He did just go the length of an embassy to Elizabeth to plead for leniency ; but he then sent only a knight to represent him ; not a peer, still less a plurality of peers. Of itself this conduct proves nothing directly ; but none the less is quite consistent with the attitude of a self-conscious changeling, conforming to conventional show of filial piety, while secretly not sorry at the silencing of a voice that might any day have betrayed his identity.

VIII. Mary, *per contra*, held her tongue to the end. This is compatible with sense of good faith to her co-conspirators; and also it is consistent with a consciousness that any revelation of the spurious claim of "James" to the reversion of the British Crown, would the more tempt Elizabeth to get rid of her (Mary), in order to make sure of the reciprocal right of reversion of Scottish Crown which Elizabeth cherished for herself.

IX. The later history of the celebrated "Silver Casket" also dovetails with the theory here propounded. The part which the (alleged) contents of the casket played in procuring conviction of Babington and Mary is not so relevant; but what is significant is, that so soon as James succeeded to the English Crown he journeyed to Sussex and got possession of the casket and the eight (or twelve) sonnets by the late Queen of Scots, which were reputed to be enshrined in it. These sonnets and all other papers (if any) which the casket held, vanished then and there from mortal ken. James has been said to have himself destroyed them. If he had any reason to apprehend that his reputed mother, wiling away idle hours of sorrow in versification, had—however covertly—rhymed any allusion, no matter how vague, to her sad lot in having to play the part of mother to a child of another, then this consignment to oblivion of Mary's poetry is consistent with such a dread on his part; otherwise, a King who boasted classical education and a love of letters, might have been tempted to preserve, as "curiosities of literature," Royal verses. The casket, and the treatment of its contents cannot be said to adduce any direct evidence as to the identity

of James; yet, on the other hand, are in all details, at the least, consistent with my theory of consciousness by James that he was not all that he was supposed to be.

X. As to the demeanour and self-carriage of James. There is unanimity among Scottish historians of observation that James frequently appeared sensitive as to his own status; seemed needlessly self-assertive as to his Royalty. Historians, while thus criticizing his deportment in this respect, appear one and all to ascribe this touchy temperament to a consciousness on James's part that suspicion and scandal were current in divers malicious quarters as to who was his father.

But Scots were of old traditionally somewhat lax as to legitimacy of descent; and it may be doubted whether national sentiment of that day was likely to seriously perturb itself as to who was the King's father—(Darnley, Rizzio or Bothwell), so long as he was Mary's child—born in (at least nominal) wedlock, and hence the centre and cynosure of Scottish hopes of future dominion over the whole island.

Moreover, it is historical that Darnley always acknowledged the infant as his; he of course assuming it to be the same one that had been prospective before Rizzio's death, and to which Mary's letter (*supra*) alludes. This recognition should have gone far to silence scandal at Court as to paternity.

Those historians who comment on the aforesaid touchiness of James as to his pedigree evidently smell a rat only in the quest for a father to Mary's child; and have no suspicion of the posthumous

substitution here propounded. None the less, this attitude of James, which attracted attention from more than one courtier and critic of the day, seems now quite compatible with the King's consciousness of his own actual identity, and his possible apprehension of some *dénouement* and exposure of the imposture.

XI. The portraits on view at this 1884 exhibition were marvellously tell-tale. In fact, the first inkling of the mystery may be said to date from then. They must be extant somewhere, in divers collections; and so are still available for antiquarian and historical research and comparison.

The portraits of James did not show one lineament in common with the handsome faces of Darnley and Mary; on the other hand, the grey-haired and more hirsute visage of "Treasurer Mar," the hypothetical elder brother of James, has a very strong family likeness to the "King" James (and to the profile of James on coins); more so than is usually seen in an average pair of brothers. The elder Mar—Mary's friend—has some, yet a less resemblance to James; but quite enough, I think, to induce any stranger, who, not knowing identities, when asked to select a sire for James from choices of the likenesses of Darnley, Bothwell and Mar (all *incog.*), at once, after scanning James's features, to put him down as the son of Mar, rather than either of the others.

XII. The autocracy of the elder Mar over the fortunes and education of the Prince in youth, and the strong quasi-parental control which he seems admittedly to have held, as Mentor, so long as he lived, may be said, like divers other evidence now

adduced, to fall short of direct evidence of the alleged substitution, when viewed after a lapse and silence of 300 years: on the other hand, these peculiar relations between Mentor and Royal pupil are at the least fully in harmony with my theory—perhaps the more so, when we realize that James evinced strong will and obstinacy of his own as King of England (at a date when the two tell-tale seniors of his line (the imputed father and elder brother) were not in evidence); while on the other hand, either of those two, so long as they lived, seemed to make free with their puppet to their absolute satisfaction.

The early career of Treasurer Mar is remarkable for escapades and lawlessness which would have brought the head to the block times over, in the case of most statesmen: yet the monarch who could without compunction put an end to a Raleigh seems to have treated the second Mar, the Treasurer, as a sort of chartered libertine.

Mar junior, as minor after his father's death, resented the seneschalship of Stirling Castle being vested in his uncle Alexander, as a quasi-trustee. He plotted to seize it, and was promptly forgiven and whitewashed. He had tried to seize the actual person of James in this *coup* (1578), and yet escaped scot free.

Then, again, he was a leader in the Ruthven raid, 1587, and when it failed at first fled for sanctuary to England; but, before the year was out, was back home, and "*confirmed in all his honours.*"

Two years later (1589) he seized Stirling Castle. So far from being attainted for this act of insubordination he was promptly pardoned and restored

to favour! Nay—more, he was given the possession and governorship of the very fortress which he had violently seized!—a policy which would otherwise seem to be putting a premium upon usurpation of privileges and promotion; and calculated to weaken the control by the monarch of bevies of partisan and turbulent peers who for centuries had been only too prone to seek to attain by the sword what they failed to get by suasion.

Mar II was also entangled in the Gowrie conspiracy, with similar impunity. He seems to have aged rather prematurely; correspondence between himself and the King in 1595 seems to show that the Earl then felt his health to be failing. About the same time James writes lovingly to him, entrusting to him the guardianship of his son Prince Henry.

Surely the various escapades of "Treasurer" Mar and their uniform impunity are (especially when viewed in connection with the fate of Morton and others who played in those times the dangerous game of forcible politics) strangely suggestive of the existence of some occult influence with the King which enabled him to rush in and out of turmoils, unscathed, where some fell or others feared to tread. They are consistent with the ambition of an elder brother to keep a grip on his younger brother; and of this latter, blackmailed by fear of exposure, submitting to the compulsory influence—if not to mere fraternal affection.

XIII. The presence of this infantile skeleton in that site where it was found seems difficult to

JOHN, SECOND EARL OF MAR., K.G., FROM A PAINTING AT ALLOA HOUSE.

explain from any other point of view than that which I propound. For the following reasons:

The architecture of that suite was only forty years old at the date of the death of Rizzio. James V was undoubtedly somewhat notorious for gallantries; but even if he had been troubled with the disposal of infantile remains from some illicit amour, it is not probable that he would select his Royal consort's private suite for the "layette"; still less that, if the birth took place elsewhere, he would select that suite for a cemetery, and have the remains conveyed there for interment!

Yet, putting architecture and history together, it appears morally certain that the corpse was hidden either during his life, or that of his daughter. The wrapping in a cloth bearing Royal monogram is another factor. If any subordinates—courtiers—during Mary's minority had found themselves encumbered with a similar relic, from "indiscretion," it is hardly probable that they would go out of their way to bring the remains to that place for concealment; still less that they would supply a trace which, in event of discovery of the corpse, would identify the transgressors as members of the Royal household, by utilizing Royal linen for a shroud.

This analysis seems to dispose almost for a certainty of any suggestions that the remains are those of any illegitimate child. If so, then it may be asked what legitimate child—Royal—of those forty years is missing? Also what object could there be in concealing its remains, save under abnormal circumstances—affecting succession? And such a contingency, of a matter of succession

of paramount national importance, seems reasonably probable, in view of—

1. Rizzio's death and the shock to an expectant mother.
2. Mary's significant letter to Darnley (*supra*).
3. And the importance to Scotland of endowing the crown of that realm with sovereignty of the whole island, and simultaneously avoiding peril of factions and of civil wars of succession claims.

The traditional Stuart good looks, which are said to have continued under the dynasty after 1603, may be explained as possibly hereditary from the Danish consort of James VI : herself a historical beauty.

Each of these separate items of circumstantial evidence may *per se* seem but weak, when examined separately and independently on its own bare merits; and yet the whole combined—one and all harmonizing even where not directly confirming—seem to weave a chain of evidence of much force, on which,—if the matter were now but a generation old, and referred to mere lay succession to an estate (instead of right divine of Royalty), and as such could be triable in an action of ejectment,—would find hundreds of backers for a verdict.

The theory here propounded may be unpalatable to that aspect of national pride that plumes itself in tracing our present Royal line to Edgar Atheling for England and Bruce and older Scottish heroes for Caledonia. But the latter may find partial

consolation in the lineage of John Lord Erskine, (who became Mar)—from the line of Robert Bruce: (Gratney, Earl of Mar, his ancestor, having married Lady Christian Bruce, a sister of *the* Bruce)—a title to some Royalty, even if not so near in law of succession as that of Lennox or Hamilton lines of that date.

Again, as regards sentiments of legitimism and hereditary "*jus divinum*" of Kings—we may console ourselves that the present Royal dynasty of the British Empire bases its title on an admission of the principle, "*Salus populi suprema lex*"—the doctrine which was held to justify the nation in banning the Stuart (papist) heir, and substituting as monarchs a junior branch of the displaced family. If *jus divinum* then, once, is made to yield to *salus populi—cadit quaestio.*

That *salus populi* has been arrived at by the *coup* of John Earl of Mar, none can deny, with regard to either half of Britain. It laid, more or less unconsciously, the foundation of Great Britain, to grow in later centuries into "Greater Britain" (at home and over sea). The corner stone of that edifice was the consolidation under one Crown of the two former more or less petty and cat and dog kingdoms which split up the island. Till this had been done, it would have been difficult to erect too massive a structure upon two rival and independent pillars that would have been anything —one to other—rather than a "Boaz" and a "Jachin."

The *coup* has given us in our own time the greatest empire of history, and the most beloved of kings: Britons are proud of their Guelph ruler, of

a dynasty of their own free selection ; whether or not the old tradition, of a junior strain of Stuart blood in it to furnish a claim to qualify for selection in 1714, should turn out now to be historically unreliable.

Photo] [*Spooner & Co.*

KING JAMES I OF ENGLAND, FROM A PAINTING AT HAMPTON COURT.

CHAPTER XVII

AQUATICS

I HAVE had more than half-a-century of the river and racing boats; at first as spectator in childhood; later as performer for the best part of a decade; and since then as spectator again, into what may be reckoned almost second childhood.

It has been my privilege to meet in the flesh some of the oldest historical cracks of amateur rowing, though not to see them at work in their racing days. The Rev. Thomas Staniforth, who stroked Oxford in the first Oxford *v.* Cambridge match, 1829, and the Very Rev. Dean of Ely, Merivale, who was in the Cantab crew, as instances. I recall their *réunion* on the Umpires' steamer of the 1881 race, when, so I understood, they met again for the first time since their match. Staniforth often looked me up in my Temple den, and brought me his diaries to read, full of invaluable records as to unhistoric Oxford aquatics of the twenties.

I also often met the late Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Rector of Long Wittenham, and an energetic Thames conservator; his rowing days were prior to any University match, else I presume he would have been a "blue" on the rolls of aquatics. He rowed in the celebrated Exeter White Boat—head of river at Oxford in 1825.

I have met all the "glorious seven" of 1843, on

and off, while they were alive; some of them many times. I knew Shadwell who steered them, and Tom Egan the rival Cantab coxswain of that era, who for many years was joint.editor of *Bell's Life* with his friend Dowling.

The Hon. George Denman—afterwards a judge, and his brother the late Hon. and Rev. Lewis Denman—I used to meet from 1861 downwards. It is only about three years ago that Lewis Denman and his old rowing colleague blue—the Rev. A. Baumgartner, Rector of Nettlebed—did me the honour to come down to the Temple island to lunch (on a Henley regatta day) with my sister and me; as they had more than once before. These two octogenarians *rowed* down; hiring a waterman's skiff, and taking the proprietor as passenger. They were amused at the patronizing tone of the waterman, on embarkation, offering to instruct Denman how to ship his sculls in the crowd. The mob of punts and canoes on a regatta render genuine sculling or rowing an arduous task, for elbow-room.

I found that the two hale veterans had dismissed their boat, and contemplated *walking* back to Henley town—a good mile and a half! Luckily, on hailing one of the Umpires' launches, I found that there were seats available for these two celebrities, and they voyaged back with a race for the "Visitors'" fours, and had the satisfaction of seeing a Cantab crew win the race. Denman's last year, I think, was 1843.

It was, I think, after Henley that year that a match was made for a four to take an hour's start, from Henley to Westminster, of an eight manned from the two Universities. The backers of the

four picked the two Denmans and the brothers Menzies (the late Sir Robert M. and his brother Fletcher M., the Oxford stroke).

The four *gained* an hour on the eight, and got down in ten and a half hours: this on summer Thames stream, and old-fashioned lock gate machinery, and no notice to lock-keepers to be ready and open for the passage.

Just after the career of these cracks came that of the late E. C. Burton, the best all-round sportsman of his day, and probably of any other. Rowed six times for Oxford, steered them once; won every possible race at Oxford, and divers at Henley; gold sculls in Thames regatta; champion sprinter for Oxford *v.* Guards, beating the late Sir John D. Astley, and finally riding in 1860 and 1861 "Cherry" Angell's two winners (Bridegroom and Queensferry) of the first two "Grand National Hunt" races.

Old Bridegroom was a grandly reliable trial horse, later, for Queensferry, and for Alcibiades (who won the Liverpool). "Bridegroom never told a lie," so Burton declared.

Burton and I drafted most of the modern steeplechase reforms for the "Beresford" committee, among them the "open ditch"—imprecated by so many who want to trade half-schooled horses in steeplechase gambles.

At Market Harborough in this 1860 race they had eighteen feet of open water at the end of three miles. Thirty-one passed starter's flag; and four, I think, cleared the water. The late Rev. E. T. Drake (Mr. "Ekard") was riding; as he and Burton came down to the water he (D.) hailed B.

"I have made my will, Ned; have you?" E. T. Drake, who was a clinker socially as well as sporting, played for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's; and was *ne plus ultra* as a game shot; he and his brother Tom, who hunted Bicester hounds, were always kind friends to me from my earliest Oxford days upwards.

"They don't breed such sort now-a-days," said old "Uncle" Clayton to me of late, at a Cottesmore meet at Leesthorpe, when we were lamenting the passing of the last of this grand trio.

But to return to oarsmen of the past, and first those of the era of the great E. C. Burton. The earliest aquatic cracks, not U.B.C. performers, whom I can recall, were just about his date on the river—members of the short-lived but celebrated Thames Club, which won thrice and retained permanent possession of the "Gold Cup" of the Thames regattas of the forties. I can remember three of them: to wit, old Layton, who became the first President of the London Rowing Club on its foundation in 1856; Frank Playford, senior, amateur champion sculler in 1849, and Rhodes Cobb. The latter, always the very best of friends to me from the day when I first joined the Kingston Rowing Club in 1861, still survives as the more than octogenarian President of that club, and still hale enough to hold straight with his gun.

Contemporary with him in the foundation of that club, as also of the same period in aquatics, was another old friend, the Rev. F. M. Arnold of Caius College, Cambridge, who besides rowing victoriously as a blue was a Henley household word for pair-oar rowing with collegian colleague Mann. "Arnold and Mann" were talked of as a sort of

ne plus ultra pair, when I first launched at Henley. I never saw any of these celebrities racing in their training days; only "paddling" after retirement from the arena.

It would be too lengthy to detail every great oarsman of days before I reached Oxford, whom I was privileged to meet in later years. I once saw, as a child, the great Joe Chitty row—in a four (in practice for Henley, 1854). He used when racing to row a terrific pace of stroke; so did his contemporary and fellow blue, R. Greenall, stroke of Brasenose. Fifty-two to the minute was debited to them in the year of that date (1852)! I fancy that the oars of the brief period of keeled outrigged racing eights were shorter than those of the epochs preceding and succeeding—of "tub" and "keelless" respectively. Those 66 feet long "parallelogram" eights had less "beam" than the Mat Taylor build which displaced them after 1856, and reduced in-board leverage tended to dimish proportions out-board. Hence the pace of strokes in those times.

Meade-King—Chitty's 1852 No. 7—was traditionally a paragon in form. I saw him paddling at Oxford, stroke in a scratch four, in 1862, and the whole University eight of us that day admitted that he set us all an example of style, even when on the shelf.

I often met the Revs. W. F. Short and O. K. Prescot, respectively Fellows of New and Merton; and who, each on becoming a resident Fellow, set to work to revive and establish aquatics in their own colleges.

The great and unbeaten sculler, A. A. Casamajor,

died in 1861. I was just in time to see him row a winning No. 7 to Herbert Playford for Henley Grand Challenge in 1859, and to win his last Diamonds a few weeks before he died.

As a Mentor in oarsmanship, Dr. Edmund Warre, the late head of Eton, has always been paramount since my school-days; and as a No. 7 he has never been surpassed, though probably equalled by his brilliant pupil the late Thomas Cottenham Edwards-Moss.

If one may invidiously classify strokes, I would put L. R. West of Christ Church and J. H. Gibbon of Third Trinity dead heat, by themselves, for combined (1) ease of style; (2) judgment of pace; (3) capacity for rushing. The late Jack Hall of Magdalene was close on their heels. T. H. Archer-Houblon of Christ Church (now Archdeacon) their equal for spurting; their superior for sharp catch, but not so easy to follow till a good No. 7 could be found to couple him to his crew. The late J. H. D. Goldie, perfect for ease of style and judgment, but not such a "jockey" to squeeze the most out of a tired crew; perhaps the best President, for tact, judgment and good temper that either U.B.C. ever had. Harcourt Gold of Magdalen A1 as a "jockey" in judgment and rushing power, but difficult, compared to Gibbon and West, for a crew to "nick" to. Still, all these entitled to niches in Temple of Fame, as also Meredith Brown, of Trin., Oxon., H. P. Marriott of B.N.C., and Gardner of Emmanuel.

Of tideway rowing—the elder Herbert Playford, who led London to early victories, was reputed, before he got *passé*, the best amateur stroke of his

time: so much so that when, about the end of the fifties, there was talk of a match with America, the consensus of both U.B.C.'s as to the composition of an International eight, located Playford as the prospective stroke of it.

The late George Morrison as a No. 5 had a magnificent trunk swing, which the modern generation would do well to emulate.

As an all-round oarsman Guy Nickalls is entitled to premiership over any one of any generation; sculling, stroke, No. 5, No. 4—all came alike to him. To see him literally carry a Magdalen four to victory in 1907 at Henley—on his own shoulders (quadrogenarian) against four Cantab blues for Leander—set one wondering what insanity—

("Quae tanta animum dementia cepit?")

induced Leander not then to enlist him, old as he was, against the Belgians!

During my time I have seen practically all crack crews and scullers, amateur and professional, that launched in my own day, saving and excepting the brief Australian meteor—Searle, who perhaps was the best sculler of all.

Among University eight oars it would be hard to find anything faster, *ceteris paribus* as to length of slides, than the Oxford crew of 1878, and the two Cantab crews of 1899 and 1900. There have been divers other smart crews, as also sundry feeble ones; but I think that the three which I have named are entitled to preference; and if again one of the trio is to be selected, I incline to the 1878 crew, if only in view of the undeniable quality of the team which they ran clean away from.

Grand Challenge crews are difficult to classify. In later days the Third Trinity crew of 1902 may claim a lead; in the previous decade the 1892 Leander crew; in the eighties Thames, 1888; and Leander, 1880.

In the seventies I saw nothing very brilliant. Leander style and material, 1875, were good enough, and they won—only half-trained. Fully fit, I fancy they would have been much above the average. I can speak personally of their want of condition, for I coached them, and was alongside of them daily. *Per contra*, in 1876 a smart Thames crew won solely by hard training, which enabled them to maintain an abnormal high pressure of stroke all the way.

In 1870 Oxford Etonians were very good. Kingston were much the same in 1865; and Jack Forster's 1863 crew deserve a niche to themselves, as exhibitors of the true art of catch at the beginning of the stroke.

Among four oars (*ceteris paribus* as before) I must concede to the London Rowing Club four that beat Atalanta York, 1872, in a match as premiership. They had nothing to beat; but so far as one could judge from the bank, I think that the Oxford four that beat Harvard 1869 would have had about five to four the worst of it if they had been contemporaries in a match. That London four were W. Stout, A. de L. Long, F. Gulston and John Close (C.U.B.C.) now Close-Brooks. I think John Close would have ranked high as a sculler if he had gone on with it; but he seemed satisfied with one Diamonds win.

Among scullers the great Casamajor was *sui*

generis on fixed seats. For pace, I suppose F. S. Kelly, at his best and fit, was the fastest ever seen at Henley; his speed mainly due to perfectly level blade work, giving faultless "footing" on the water. W. S. Unwin in the eighties, a much slighter man, was twice a Diamonds winner from much the same blade perfection. Ooms the Dutchman has similar level blade work, but his amateurship was doubtful.

If Guy Nickalls had ever made a *spécialité* of sculling, and got his hands and their work approximately accurate, no doubt he would have been better than all: as it was, now and then when he won Diamonds after grinding in other races at the same regatta, he showed evidence of pace which few amateurs could ever equal.

Among pair oars, for uniform work few of my time and later could surpass Eyre and Hastie of the Thames Club in the seventies. There were divers stronger, and also faster pairs, at intervals, than they, but none could show a more correct rendering of true pair-oar rowing than they. The celebrated "Warre and Arkell" pair raced before I began at Henley; but I saw them practise, and also race in 1859. Very much of the same class, for cleanness, grip and perfect steering were T. C. Edwards-Moss and W. A. Ellison of Leander, 1878. There were heavier winning combinations in Long and Gulston and in Guy Nickalls's various partnerships; but the latter, usually busy with a lot of other races on the same cards, naturally had not the time to attain complete uniformity.

Among watermen, Hanlan the Canadian, before typhoid fever had weakened him, was a marvel.

Harry Kelley when he turned the tables on Bob Chambers in 1865, was perhaps better than he ever had been before, or was later. The prince of all professionals to my mind was Bob Chambers (of the Tyne), childlike in sporting innocence; the soul of honour and chivalry in all aquatics.

Here is an illustration. I used to train and practise with Kelley, and was notoriously enlisted on his side. Chambers's racing boat took my fancy, and I asked him if he would like to sell her when his match was over, to save shipping her back to Newcastle. He was agreeable. I said I would like to try her when the match was over. We were on the bank at the moment, and said Chambers, "Hoot mon, try her the noo!" I demurred, feeling how awkwardly I should be placed if any one ran into me and spoilt her. Chambers would not be denied, so I took a spin in her. I doubt whether any other professional, before or since, would have trusted the ship on which he pinned his hope, to the tender mercies of one whom he and all knew to be—as a Thames sculler—a partisan of his rival.

Professionals, as a class, have always hitherto been ahead of amateurs in sculling; it is but natural that they should be so. It takes years of patient study of hand work and blade action to attain firm blade "footing" in the water; and until this is secured, no amount of sheer strength will command good speed.

Rowing an oar, working in an arc, and of necessity taxing one side of the frame more than the other, always tends to impair some of that arm and hand uniformity which is so essential

for sculling. This fact handicaps all high-class amateur oars in the study of *sculls*: for such men are in demand for Putney and Henley eights, and can only snatch fragments of practice for sculling. Watermen, on the other hand, scull ten miles for every one which they row with an oar.

When it comes to oars, I am of opinion that the best amateurs on an average season could man two eights each superior to the best watermen's eight of both North and South Britain combined.

As long ago as 1864 I formed this conclusion from practical experience.

Kelley's winning four for the Thames regatta that year rowed many a spin with a Kingston four which I had in work for Kingston and other regattas. We were the Rev. R. W. Risley, Walter Seymour, myself and C. C. Mowbray. The watermen could never hold us; and yet a week later they spread-eagled the field of watermen's fours for the Thames regatta.

Again, in 1866 Edward Corrie and I were in work for a pair; and George Hammerton and Pedgrift were in practice as a pair for the watermen's Thames regatta. We raced them the Kingston course (1½ miles), promising them £5 if they could beat us. They never saw the way we went. Hammerton then chucked Pedgrift; and took up with Joe Sadler (a Thames champion). These three men, with Tom Hoare, made the winning professional four of the year; and when they divided into two pairs (Pedgrift eventually being partnered with Hoare), they finished easy first and second from all other professional pairs.

Corrie and I never had time for a re-trial with

Hammerton after he took Sadler into his boat; but I fancy we should still have been too good for them, taking the line from the original trial spin. I record these spins, not as any matter of self-laudation, but as records of what amateurs could do in my day. *A fortiori*—finer men, like Guy Nickalls, Fletcher and Muttlebury and Co., ought, similarly circumstanced, to have done better than my colleagues and I did.

In 1866 there was a proposal by Cambridge to enact a four-year limit for the Boat Race, such as existed in the cricket and athletic competitions.

The *lex non scripta* of U.B.C. matches had till then (and ever since) been, that so long as a member of either club was working, however theoretically, for prospective examination, he was qualified to row; and also *once after* he had finished his career in this line; it would be immaterial whether he ended his University career by graduating or by chucking up the sponge; but, either way, he could row *once* after he finished his time. This concession had arisen in order to stop grievances of busy men unable to row in the term of their final examinations. It was the non-coincidence of examination months at the two Universities that sixty and more years ago led to so much wrangling between them as to dates for rencontres. Cambridge Mathematical Tripos in spring sometimes disabled a man of theirs for an Easter match; while summer term's "Great go" did the like as to Oxford when a June meeting was propounded. But, if the thus debarred man could be allowed to re-enlist the next year after he had put on his gown, a sort of

equality was arrived at. Old Blues felt a sort of pride that each club trusted to the honour of each other as to observation of this unwritten law—and deprecated any special statute as a slur on both clubs.

But the Cantabs of that day had some idea that the run of five successive victories of Oxford must somewhat be the result of seniors rowing for Oxford. Hence their proposal.

E. C. Burton and W. G. Rich, two old Westminsters, got up a round robin to strengthen the O.U.B.C. hands in resisting the claim.

R. A. Kinglake, now Recorder of Bournemouth, was president of Cambridge, and Meredith Brown of Oxford.

Sydney Hall had a cartoon on the subject. (See illustration.)

Eventually Cambridge dropped the suggestion, and it has gone to limbo.

The Oxford crew of that year were all "in rooms," *i.e.* under three years' standing; so that the change, even if accepted, would not have affected either crew of that spring.

Since then divers oars have rowed latish after matriculation (as had the great Jack Hall of Cambridge before that time), to wit, Gardner of Emmanuel, Hockin of Jesus (Camb.), and West of Christ Church; but in each instance, still conforming to the unwritten law aforesaid.

Kinglake was a very unlucky oar, so was his stroke and contemporary, Russell Griffiths; and I might add Steavenson of Trinity Hall, now a County Court judge. Each of them was far above the average, and better individually than three out of

four of their opponents; and yet they never could manage to score a Putney win. Luck was against them; as instance, their 1866 (losing) crew would have been a winner in all reasonable probability if its lot had been cast a year earlier against the rough 1865 Oxford crew which Meredith Brown "rode" to victory by sheer "jockeyship" of judgment and patience as a stroke.

In 1865, in a Third Trinity four, Griffiths and Kinglake were able at last to have a *revanche* and to win the Stewards' Cup in (then) record time; showing what they could do when allied with stuff more of their own calibre.

Poor Kinglake's proverbial ill luck perhaps had something to do with his sobriquet among his *intimes* ("The Melancholy Jones"). Some old friends like myself still venture to address him by that term of endearment!

I have elsewhere and ere this told the tale of the origin of light and dark blue, as told to me by those who were witnesses before my time. It will perhaps bear repetition now—as of public interest.

In the first match, 1829, Cambridge took pink, and Oxford "azure" as the heraldic ground of the shield of the University arms. There was no other match till 1836.

Just as Cambridge were ready (in 1836) to start from Searle's yard, Stangate, some one noted that they had no flag or colour in their bows. Phillips of Christ's—a reserve man—was sent into Lambeth to buy a bit of ribbon. Phillips narrated the tale to me in 1872.

An Etonian—name forgotten by me—ran with him, and said, "Get a bit of Eton ribbon for luck."

Phillips did so: the colour won, and was retained ever after by the C.U.B.C. Now-a-days Eton blue has a sort of *eau de nil* tinge in it which at once distinguishes it from the modern light blue dye of Cantab colours.

These two shades of blue at first belonged only to the two Boat Clubs. I have related elsewhere how the Oxford Cricket Club obtained blue by consent —from the Boat Club—in 1862, and the thin edge of the wedge thus inserted, there have been several further extensions of colours to other competitions; some by consent of the Cricket and Boat Clubs; some by unauthorized appropriation for paltry games. All this might have been avoided if, as proposed in 1862, each qualified (major) sport had been endowed with its own standard colour; with light and dark shades to demarcate each University: *e. g.* light and dark blue, red, green, yellow, purple, etc. We should thus know what was meant by a man gaining his colour of red, blue, yellow, or the like. As it is, the coinage is debased, so to speak, by the flaunting of the colours by all sorts of petty performers.

One fond Cornelia now-a-days says to another: "My son is a 'triple blue'; he is representative of his University in Badminton, hockey and water-polo." Her rival proudly and cynically replies: "My dear, my sweet son has done even more than those three; he is also the chief skittle and lacrosse performer for his University."

The current indigo of Oxford blue is simply the haberdasher's invention, in order to make contrast of the shades more marked. In my day the blue flannel of Christ Church and Lincoln coats, as also

of First Trinity, was the same hue as that of Oxford University Boat Club. The difference in uniform lay in cardinal's hat for Christ Church, mitre for Lincoln, and in no silk trimming for these colleges. "First" trimmed with silk, but differently from the O.U.B.C. Each coat was different to the eyes of the *habitué* of Henley and elsewhere.

Apropos of luck in the matter of oarsmanship—or at all events of attainment of certain decorations in the pastime—it is common knowledge that in many years when a U.B.C. is below par, oarsmen gain "blues" and rank as such, while in other seasons, when forces are strong, men of far superior class have to stand down. This is the chance of war. Other men just fail to win seats because they are not ambidexter in a boat; can only row bow or stroke side, as the case may be. A friend of mine, C. S. Newton, well known across country and between the flags and a member of the Jockey Club, was a victim, aquatically, in this respect, but from no fault of his own. He broke an arm in childhood, a riding fall, and it was incorrectly set. The muscles did not regain full play, and the physical blemish relegated him all through his rowing career to stroke-side seats. He was only just 11 st. and was outbidden for a No. 2 seat year after year when Oxford were winners (the sixties), by heavier men. But if his twisted arm had admitted of his rowing bow, he would, so far as I can judge, have got his "blue" more than once, when it fell to weaker members of his own college. As it was, he, besides rowing in the first Eton eight that won the Ladies' Plate (1864), also rowed "2" in two Oxford Etonian eights that won the Grand

Photo, Taunt] [*Oxford.*

W. B. W. AND H. MYDDELTON EVANS, SUB-WARDEN AND AQUATIC COACH AT RADLEY.

Challenge in '66 and '67. My Kingston crew had in '66 to play second fiddle to them by a short half-length on the outside of the "Poplar Corner" of those days.

Somehow I did not manage to keep much in touch with my colleagues of University crews in after life. They mostly migrated far and wide; and three of them, Jacobson, Allan Morrison and R. E. L. Burton, died young, though in no way owing to rowing. Perhaps I saw most of W. B. R. Jacobson (son of Bishop Jacobson of Chester) for a time, while he, newly ordained, held a curacy near the Barbican in the City. He was a real and genuine ecclesiastic; keen as mustard in his calling. When first ordained, working among the poor, he often gave away his own dinner to some "hard-up." He told me, later, that he found this self-denial to be—financially—bad economy. It pulled him down, and he contracted a bad fever, visiting slums on an empty stomach. He said it cost him fifteen times as much to patch himself up again for his work, than ever he had saved by starving himself. He came to the wise conclusion that you can't work a post-horse ten stages on a straw a day.

In the cholera epidemic in London, 1867, I went rounds with him to cheer him up: his district had many fatal cases, and he slaved day and night in it. He had a pet, a cobbler, to whom he usually chatted when passing. We did so one morning, and bid the cheery cobbler good-day. At supper-time that cobbler was dead. Cholera had gripped him. We saw what was left of him. His veins looked like tubes stuffed with No. 5 shot.

Dear old Jacobson killed himself by much the same process as Duncan Pocklington (stroke of Oxford in 1884) sealed his own fate (so I understood). Each got wet on duty, and had to take a church service with no time to shift into a dry rig. Steaming under the surplice each got chest inflammation ; which sowed seed of lung complaint. (I could ill spare either of them.)

I recall an interesting incident, instructive to some extent as to correct lines for racing eights. In 1865 the heaviest man in the Oxford crew, E. F. Henley, was placed at No. 3. Salter built for Oxford. To my mind the fault of nineteen eights out of twenty is their neglect to observe the " Mat Taylor " theory—of having greatest beam at No. 3's knees ; and the after part of the ship tapering fine. Salter was tenacious of his own creed—greatest beam at " 5's " seat. But the bulk of Henley scared him, and he bulged this boat at " 3 " to carry the Oriel Behemoth. Result, the best ship he ever built. She won a sensation race, thanks to " Squire " Brown at stroke, after Cambridge had led by wide daylight at a mile and a half.

Next year Henley went to " 5." The crew were heavier than their predecessors ; so Salter built anew, and enlarged at " 5," for Henley. Days were windy at Oxford, and it was difficult to judge pace ; I was coaching : I did not much like the new boat, but waited for smooth water to judge her better. We got none till we reached Putney. Then I denounced the ship as slow, and proposed to send for the old one. The crew demurred at first, said she would be too small. I pledged myself that she would be faster under water than

the new one on top of it. At last she was sent for, simply to humour me. Crew launched her an hour before the proper hour for rowing with tide: said H. P. Senhouse, No. 7, "We'll take a row in her, just to satisfy you, and then do the course in our proper boat."

They paddled a dozen strokes from the London R.C. "hard"—just to try stretchers and rowlocks; then easied to report progress. Said Senhouse, "It's the first light boat I have rowed in this year!" They stuck to her, and never launched the other boat again. They went straight to the bridge and rowed a course in her, on a half flood, river only half full, 34 strokes a minute (slow for fixed seats), in 20′ 20″. After Oxford had won the match, Oxford Etonians took over this boat; they won the Grand Challenge twice in her, and then took her to Paris for the 1867 Exhibition regatta, and won there also. They *sold her* there—with her unbeaten certificate.

The "Chester" boat, 1856, bought by Exeter, Oxon., first "keelless," was Mat Taylor's crack model. Nothing like her ever floated at Oxford. The Eton ship by the same builder served the school for a decade, and was *sui generis* in her day. They don't build such vessels now. They can't—or won't. Oarsmen are superior now to those of my day—as an average; ships are inferior to the few crack builds of my day, though superior to the ordinary (non-Mat Taylor's) of my time.

Swaddell and Winship built one very good boat, which lasted Oxford from 1877 to 1882.

Pair-oar rowing has gone badly downhill since my day. Modern oarsmen carry a rudder to a

pair, towing a needless timber-yard astern, and dipping it, with a rockered keel, below the level of stern-post, and so causing wanton surface resistance. There should be no difficulty, if a boat is "flush" keeled, in keeping her true without a rudder. Good pair oarsmen can hit it off like a pair of sculls. When Rev. E Warre, D.D., won Henley pairs with John Arkell, 1859, his course was one bee-line up Henley reach; straighter than nineteen coxswains out of twenty would steer an eight.

I am glad to record that the traditional bitterness which was rather rife between the U.B.C.'s just when I came to Oxford, began to die in my time, and seems now extinct. The two clubs are best of friends. Our 1862 race did something to cement *entente cordiale:* in that the two crews, the night before the race, entered into partnership for a cat hunt. Oxford were to find the cat, and the dog, my terrier Jenny. Cambridge's share was to supply the room for the sport. The cat, tortoise-shell, cost one shilling. She was given sanctuary in a big zinc bucket, used for holding dirty plates, and placed in the Cantab sitting-room in the old Star and Garter. Then Jenny was turned in, to draw and chase her. The cat was as big as Jenny, but in due time, with a badly clawed nose, Jenny got her fangs into puss's windpipe, and hung on. It was then only a matter of time. Oxford had 6 to 4 the best of the partnership, for the Cantab room was so odoriferous next morning that they had to seek another apartment for breakfast!

We gave puss a watery tomb by night. As a

fact, she actually came back, on the morning flood, to reproach our cruelty, just as we were launching. We could identify her beyond doubt, as she floated by.

In these days the S.P.C.A. tutelage of domestic animals would debar such barbarism; but I am afraid we one and all had no qualms of conscience as to the hunt. The cat was under sentence of drowning when we bought her; so she was, *mutatis mutandis*, only out of frying-pan into fire, when we gave her a run for her life.

After this feline *réunion* and the big drinks after the race (first at lunch at the hospitable board of my dear old friend the late Charles Phillips, brewer, of Mortlake, and afterwards at the Thames Subscription Club dinner to the crews), the two eights amalgamated nicely, and formed friendships which lasted; and set the ball rolling for similar amenities in following years. John Graham Chambers, No. 2 (Cantab) that year, and I became especial allies, and I still claim friendship with No 3, Sanderson of Corpus, whose stalwart son has been a tower of strength for Cambridge and Leander, and with Sir Penrose Fitzgerald, No. 5 of the rival crew. We felt the weight of each other's muscles against us in fair contest, and that of itself begets esteem.

S. H. Woodhouse of University and I once committed an aquatic forgery. Woodhouse (called "Wangie" by his friends) rowed for Oxford 1869–70–71, and was spare man in the Oxford *v.* Harvard four, 1869. In 1874, the last year that U.B.C. crews dined at Mansion House, I had a card of invitation for the feast. Russell Monro was invalided

at St. Leonards, and I wanted to run down and see him. Woodhouse had no card for the dinner. He and I forged "gate" into "house" on the card—and he went in my name.

I have received much hospitality from Cantabs, both blue and uncoloured, at all times when visiting the Cam to spy out the nakedness—or otherwise—of the rival river. The late Dr. Porter of Peterhouse seemed never tired of me. If he heard of my being in Cambridge, he sent a college servant to hunt me down on the river bank, and to hale me to dine in hall at 5.30. Last good London train was 7.40. In these two hours and ten minutes he and I always "buzzed" one magnum of champagne and one of claret (and I caught my train); save on one occasion, one of some fourteen entertainments. That day dinner was late, 15 minutes; kitchen fire wrong; so we had to call in the Bursar to help; but only with the *claret*.

Porter was the soul of good-fellowship and hospitality. In 1900 I wanted to commend a young Cantab friend for a University army commission. Porter was Vice-Chancellor. I wrote to him to ask his influence. He replied: "I must first know your friend; he is not my college; and I have never met him. Send him to dine with me; then I can say I am acquainted with him."

He is gone to a better world—bless him! There are too few of that breed left!!

I am in my declining years more or less a neutral as to University boat-racing; in fact ever since 1883,—when I coached both crews an equal number of days, and one day took Cambridge a morning tideway course, and caught train to

Taplow in time for Oxford's afternoon row. Of course one is glad to see one's own colour win, where it merits victory : but the chief sentiment that grows upon us is a desire to see the standard of U.B.C. oarsmanship maintained high. It is small satisfaction to see Oxford win with a bad crew, beating a still worse Cantab team. Far more satisfactory to see a tiptop crew win, even though it be from the rival club.

Having just witnessed Olympic regatta while winding up these pages, I venture to criticize the form there. It was below the average of ordinary Henley regattas between '90 and '02. The Leander eight was good, but not superlative : the Grand winners of '93 and 1902 would have beaten it, and others have tied it. Fours, pairs, and sculls were all below Henley average. Belgians, weaker than us, teach us valuable lessons in (1) uniform slide, (2) clean feather, (3) lively arm recovery. If they adopted our longer trunk swing they would be deadly. (*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*) It is discredit to modern Oxford coaching that good men like Kirby and Southwell should be spoilt, and Leander be driven to fall back on veteran welters.

CHAPTER XVIII

POLITICS AND CREED

I HAVE never had time to enter the political arena in any public capacity, nor have I allowed political sentiments in the abstract to affect my friendships in the concrete.

I naturally vote with and for one party in administration in preference to another, but I am not one who thinks that all his political foes and their allies must be knaves ; nor that those who belong to a rival party are *ex officio* always wrong, and his own co-sentimentalists infallible.

I look on Tories *v.* Radicals as a sort of choice between two cooks ; one of whom is drunk only three days a week and the other, on the average, at least four days.

That being my appraisement, I elect to select the less of two evils.

To my mind the current party designations are misnomers. A Conservative need not be one who would wear the same coat and breeches, when forty, that he sported when he was four years old.

A Radical need not be one who would uproot every tree that he is too ignorant to prune.

I hold that there are but three main principles in politics, which should be demarcated as party standards ; these are—

Constitution,
Revolution,
Rebellion.

It is hyperbolical to postulate that all supporters of party, whether in or out of office, should be unanimous in sentiment with the leaders on all and every social or political issue in debate.

"*Quot homines, tot sententiae*" is bound to assert itself in the minds of all who are intellectually capable of forming opinions—and as such, to be (morally) entitled to franchise.

There must always be some limit to self-effacement in party government; especially with regard to party feuds such as those which Imperially hamper both sides of the two modern leading factions at St. Stephen's.

That limit should be that tangent in political orbit where centrifugal conscience conflicts with centripetal party allegiance.

A statesman who has the moral courage to take up a stand upon principles dictated by his conscience as to what he, after due meditation, feels in his inner self to be best for the nation, will always command respect of honest men of either party—of friends and of foes alike.

Such an one as Flaccus sings—

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ. . . ."

As a Briton I feel proud that there are such on both sides. Illustratively—one cannot fail to respect, even where one may differ inductively and statistically, from men of independence such as

Anti-Tariff Reformers like the late Duke of Devonshire (similarly independent primarily as to Home Rule), Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Hugh Cecil and the like; or men such as Lord James of Hereford, who refused a certain Lord Chancellorship for conscience' sake *re* Home Rule, or the veterans J. Chamberlain, Goschen, John Bright *en suite*.

On the other side, the independence of party clamour as to magisterial appointments displayed by the present Lord Chancellor; the firm hand of John Morley (now Viscount) in Indian matters; the tact of Lloyd-George and his conscientious deadly thrust to Trades Union tyranny in the late railway *émeute*, or his protectionist Patent Act; or the *rôle* of Asquith in declining to be a pro-Boer,—should one and all command tribute of respect from their own supporters and their opponents alike.

I take off my hat to the whole lot. One could feel that anyhow political honour was safe in the hands of such, even where opinions might differ as to what "*suprema lex*" was desirable in order to attain "*salus populi*."

Even the Home Rule roughs, "marching through rapine and murder to the disintegration of the Empire"—as the great Gladstone defined them before he "verted," seem to act under some abstract dictate of "conscience," even when they applaud agrarian murder, cattle stealing and violence generally. Justice must be so far done to them, in that they decline to bind themselves to the chariot wheels of either (administrative) party and are religiously firm on educational Romanist tenets,

to the perplexity of their present-time allies in power.

What no one can in his innermost heart respect is the political opportunist, the place-monger with no principles, or alternatively adhering to none that conflict with his own personal gain.

Such an one, for instance, as the new President of the Board of Trade. Not even his present-day allies can seriously believe that this—

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one but all mankind's epitome,
> . . . . . .
> And in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, statesman, fiddler and buffoon"—

could seriously and solidly, and from the bottom of his heart, and with open eyes, completely reverse all his social and Imperial views in politics, and read white as black, and black as white in the brief space of a few opportunist months. The very completeness of his conversion of itself negatives all claim to sincerity therein. Radicals may be keen to enlist him; naturally so. Both in heaven and at St. Stephen's there is always joy over a repentant sinner, and at Westminster party ardour (either side) estops any mint assay of sincerity in an alleged "repentance." The word tacitly carries the deed with it.

The political adventurer bid at first greedily for patronage from his sire's old party. They appraised his administrative capacity at a low figure, and made him no offer. Then he put himself up for auction: as party pimp and parasite; Parliamentary prostitute; political vermin—greedy to affix its mandibles in any hole, however immund, from

which it could hope to obtain sustenance by suction.

A Natal correspondent lately wrote to me that "Winston was wise in his generation in keeping clear of this loyal colony when he went touring; it would have required all the armed force of police to save him from being tarred and feathered."

His translation from the sphere of Colonial to domestic administration to some extent limits his capacity for Imperial mischief-making: but, though I may not live to see it, his own present allies will survive to realize that the imp has no real administrative capacity, and that his political assets solely consist of colossal conceit spiced with flippant impudence of *gaminerie* ("original sin"—seeds probably fostered by lack of breaking-in in brathood, and enhanced during unspanked infancy by fondly-foolish, apron-string adulation, blindly hugging the infatuation that its squawking green-gosling was hatched for swanhood).

No labour faction will respect or trust him like they did Lloyd-George: the Board will lose badly here. The man in the street admits that if this creature,—having (judiciously) abandoned his original military profession, without attaining eminence in it,—had been jobbed into a managing directorship of one of our great industrial companies, astute Jews would have been scurrying to sell a bear of that stock; and yet such an inept is pitchforked to the box-seat of one of our Cabinet coaches! (Such is British party government.)

Colonial sentiment concerning him is to the following effect—

When Windbag Churchill goes for his fate
In the Tartarus Black Maria,
With his Chinese chains to the stoke-hole gate,
To take his turn at the fire—

Says Nick—"Full up! but we can't refuse,
Though there's never an ingle handy;
We must set Ananias and Judas loose,
And make room for the son of Randy."

One can fancy poor sporting, sportive Lord Randolph gazing aghast from a divan of Olympus or Valhalla (just awaking from some *dolce far niente* dream of one more race up Cornmarket with three knockers dead-weight and four police at his heels), his hair on end and dishevelling the banquet wreath wherewith he revels—

"coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos"—

hoping against hope that it may turn out to be some elf-brat, some evil fairy's cradle changeling, that is thus besmirching the escutcheon; banning him (with the doom that Orestes deprecated) alike from shrine and *salon*; menacing

Βωμῶν τ' ἀπείργειν ὀὐχ ὁρωμένην πατρὸς
Μῆνιν, δέχεσθαι δ' οὔτε συλλύειν τινά.[1]

When the day comes for the time-server to take ticket for Tartarus, his hollow pretensions by then realized by even his present allies—and down he goes—

"Unwept, unhonoured and unsung"—
ἀνυμέναιος, ἄλυρος, ἄχορος[2]

with never a friend (political) to place ferryman's

[1] *Choeph*, 293—
"From altars spurned by incensed shade of sire
Unseen; none welcome, none ungird with him."

[2] *Oed. Col.*, 1221.

obol in the erst greedy jaws—some cynic of the hour may stand him an epitaph thus—

> Here lies a political louse,
> That schemed for a seat in the House.
> *Tout à vendre*, like a whore,
> Day to day it forswore
> On the morrow its yesterday's vows.

The wreck of Liberalism for the best part of twenty years seems to have been due to the Home Rule surrender of its former great leader. If both great parties could come to an honourable compact to bar Irish factions as a factor in votes of confidence, the atmosphere would be greatly cleared.

They should begin by redistribution as regards the isle ; limiting its representatives to the proportion of its population.

Next : they should by mutual consent repeal the "illiterate voter" clause of the Ballot Act.

This one provision is the mainstay of most Home Rule returns. Priests instruct any voter whose allegiance is under suspicion, that he must vote as "illiterate." The priest may have seen and cashed many a cheque signed by the voter, and knows his capacity for calligraphy well enough : but if the subject is told that "the boys" require him so to vote, he dare not risk amputation of his cows' tails, and kegs of powder through his window ; not to mention pot shots from behind stone walls—if the other milder hints fail to persuade him.

Then this same priest will officiate as "election agent" : "*sworn to secrecy*" (but, *n'importe*). When Pat enters the polling booth, and sees the custodian of his soul, not to mention of his bodily

safety, glaring at him, he does not fail to obey and to declare himself unable to write. Then his paper is filled up for him. Intimidation probably has sufficed, and he has voted to order. No need for the reverend father to perjure himself and betray a voter's disobedience to the Land League Vehm Gericht, and then to whitewash himself with his own absolution. The blind terror of the victim may be reckoned to secure the right vote, with seldom need to trespass further on the sacerdotal conscience.

I must not be interpreted as an approver in any way of the Nationalist demand for Home Rule, if I admit that I fail to see how the concession can be logically and consistently refused, while made to Jersey, Isle of Man and so on, save on one plea—and that must be (and in fact is relied upon by Unionists) that Ireland is not fit to be trusted in that respect, though these other islands are.

But, if such is the want of confidence in Irish parliamentary fair play by papists to Orangemen, then, the inconsistency is, not in refusing to Erin the boon conceded to the Manx, but in allowing the rebel race to have franchise of any sort, whether for Westminster or for College Green. In other words, they should be disfranchised, and governed as a Crown Colony. If this was done, there would be peace in the isle; no parliamentary patrons of assassination—no professional agitators earning their bread-and-cheese by inventing agrarian grievances, and stirring up riot. The place would be quiet without much need for halter, lash or bullet to keep order.

Of course this is hyperbole, so far that all our

statesmen—Imperialists and Little Englanders alike —are too weak-kneed to be drastic. They fail to recognize the wisdom of Sophocles—

οὐ πρὸς ἰατρῶν σοφῶν,
θρηνεῖν ἐπῳδας πρὸς τομωντι πήματι.

I confess myself dead against attempts either by Press or politicians to arouse *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Germany ; my reason is that I feel convinced that the enunciation of any such sentiment would be absolutely fictitious on the part of Germany. It would pay her to foster the delusion : as paving the way for her own schemes of aggrandizement at Britain's expense. But, if opportunity offered for assassination of our realm, the German Empire could not be trusted for an hour upon either oath or honour. The national hatred and national ambitions are too deep-rooted in that country. In the abstract one cannot be surprised at such sentiment. If I were a German, I should be equally patriotic in my detestation of Britain, who has written up "Engaged," "Reserved," on all best colonizable areas, and has the cream of their markets, as also of much of the East which is under her ægis ; while Germany is overcrowded and short of safety valves for trade and populace. It seems to me impossible to reconcile the topographical education as to the highways and byways of our island which notoriously is possessed by German officers, with any policy but that of preparation for aggression when opportunity shall arise. We ought, five years ago, to have notified to Germany that as she had no colonies to need monster fleet surveillance, nor required so much

navy to guard her land frontiers, we could put but one construction on her naval programme. (*Optat ephippia bos piger.*) We should have firmly intimated to her that we intended to sink what she had already got if she proceeded to extend her navy. After all it would be no more high-handed than our bombardment of Copenhagen and capture of Denmark's fleet in Napoleonic days, as a national precaution, nor than German menace in later seventies to France that, if France reorganized her army too much, it would be treated as *casus belli!* (Let us preach to Germany now, that (erst) precept of hers to France!) Let every loyal Englishman do as I do when he takes his glass, and drink "God save King Edward, and perdition take the Kaiser." It is folly to play the ostrich, or to mumble "peace" where there is no peace.

"There are skies so calm and leaden that we long for storm-winds stirring:
There is peace so cold and bitter that we sooner welcome strife."

There is a *coup* at the option of our Empire which we blindly neglect: one which would greatly foster our export trade, and which would indirectly add greatly to our military resources, for little or no outlay on our part, and to an extent might enable us to pose as senior prefect in Dame Europa's school, and to forbid any disturbance of civilized peace. It is this.

Offer a "protectorate" by Britain of the territorial integrity of all Asiatic Islam. Do for Persia and Asiatic Turkey what we do for Afghanistan. They would jump at it. We should thereby have

first call for all railway building: monopoly of trade at their ports, and assurance that jehad would be preached if any sacrilegious European hand assailed Holy Britain. Interim, there might be reckoned on monopoly openings for British staff in army, customs, engineering and the like, in these "protected" realms. They would be extra Egypts for us to exploit: and our mission would be to reconstruct them politically, financially; and to "Pacha" their armies—for British alliance—with the aid of our own too many superannuated half-pay officers, co-operating with ambitious seconded subalterns.

I claim no originality for the scheme. The late Ameer Abdur-Rahman suggested it. If only our Foreign Office could be freed for one decade from the gross evils of party spites and subornations! As to any objection which German ambition might raise to such policy on our part, our answer should be that of Father Tom to the Pope (*vide Blackwood*) when his Holiness railed "*Excommunicabo te.*" ("*Osculabo*," etc.)

Suffragettism is a burning theme of the season. I hope my best friends will not gibe too severely if I admit that for long years past I had inclined to the opinion that time was coming for some step to be taken towards admitting respectable women to such parliamentary franchise as is conceded to men in our isles.

Always provided that, if so, matrimony should never disfranchise any woman who would otherwise qualify as "*femme sole.*" I see no reason why husband and wife should not "pair" if they differ

politically : nor need such difference be any more a bone of domestic discord than the liver-wing of a fowl.

I formed these opinions upon estimates of feminine quality and propriety based upon my own quondam experience in contact with the fair sex ; and I had reckoned such acquaintances, simple and gentle alike, to be probably reasonable samples of the rest of the sex that would qualify if enfranchised.

But, if the termagants who have been disturbing the peace are genuine samples, and representative of their sex, then I have all my life been no more a judge of womanhood than I am of orchids ; and in that case I would recant my prior views, and oppose change.

Alternatively, if these feminine rowdies are *not* representative, then any Act of enfranchisement should—as a *sine quâ non*—contain a schedule of specially disfranchised women—to wit, all who have broken the peace in connection with the movement ; and also, if possible, all the " monkeys " of the sex who have suborned " cat's-paws " to martyr themselves.

There is nothing new under the sun ; this ambition of a certain section of womanhood is only history reproducing itself.

Vide Aristophanes !—" Praxagora," as he created her, still survives.

ECCLESIAZUSAE.

THE RAID OF THE " UNENJOYED."

Improper ! The play Aristophanes wrote
About Attican ladies, ambitious to vote,

Determined to raid the Assembly, and pass
Resolutions of franchise for feminine class.
His stage jests I fear were too often unchaste ;
Though samples of Attican drawing-room taste ;
According to him, in smart Athens society,
The coarsest were women who sought notoriety.
His prototype suffragettes' converse ! Oh ! fie !
(Classic "Charley's Aunt" listens, and shudders, "Oh ! my !")

I was nurtured in the so-called "High Church" school of the forties. It would seem to many to be Low Church now.

Surplices in pulpits or in choirs were commonly railed at as Popery in my youth, by such intolerants as Dean Close of Carlisle and Brummagem Dr. Miller. As to choral services beyond metrical psalm tunes—such enormities, for instance, as chanting the daily psalms—were voted to be evidences of cloven hoof and "Scarlet Lady."

Darwin and Wallace had not been dreamt of. High and low alike held fast to simple faith in special Creator ; marine fossils on mountain tops were explained as either evidences of Noah's flood or as devices of the evil one to "try the faith" of the orthodox.

I plead guilty to having become more and more Broad Church with each decade of existence. I am very much of a free lance in theology—in that I may be seen in a Roman church one day, in an Anglican another, and have before now intruded into Free Kirk, Congregational chapel or Greek church ; and I hope I have been none the worse for any such attendances, while still holding myself to be a member of the Anglican Communion.

The longer I live, the more I recognize the

philosophical (and no doubt also revealed) truth of the maxim found alike in New Testament, in institutes of Manu, and in tenets of Confucius—that if a man has not fellow-feeling for the sufferings of his fellow-man whom he has seen, it is sheer hypocrisy for him to profess affection for the Incomprehensible Almighty whom neither he nor any living man has yet seen.

I subscribe to the four lines of Hesiod which Aristotle cites in *Ethics I.*, reading the first line as abstract definition of omniscient deity, the second of patient disciplehood for humanity, and the last two lines as describing the fatuous fool who seeks to be his own sole guide to "Wisdom."

As to the latter: can any one beat the definition of it by "Ayoub" of Uz? (Job xxviii. 28.)

I deprecate narrow dogma which did and still would condemn contemplation such as that of Spinoza as to the visible Universe itself being, possibly, but an infinitesimal portion of an animated Supreme Existence to which all particles of the Universe, including even the *élite* and elect of humanity, are responsible.

I like the aphorism of Mrs. Hemans—

> "Enough to know is given—
> Clouds, winds and stars their course fulfil,
> Thine is, to trust in Heaven."

I see no crime in dogma—far from it; and it may be crime to ignore it, where it has apparent warranty in text of Scripture. I personally can subscribe to the Nicene Creed; at all events to the Greek Church original of it, before Rome tinkered it; but I decline to heave a stone at any one who,

while loving his neighbour as himself, happens to entertain doubts as to this or that phrase in it. If the late Pan-Anglican Synod can have any effect towards inducing better tolerance among sects, it will have been the best *coup* for Anglo-Saxon Christendom since St. Augustine landed.

The present decade seems to be more fruitful than its predecessors of "crank" legislation, and the last two sessions worse than all, in that Ministers, apparently doubtful of success for their own measures, have consoled themselves by giving Cabinet support to sundry of the nostrums of legislative freaks.

Take the "Access to Mountains" proposal, a crank pioneered years ago by the fanatic Bryce.

Where mountains are not in view, where commerce and not Cockney recreation is sought, a County Council that desires to make a new road from township to township, or to enlarge an old one, attains its purpose under moral and equitable procedure. It buys the required soil for the new road—either by private bargain or under Land Clauses Acts. It does not confiscate, even though the development of some nascent Middlesbrough may hinge upon improved access.

But the "Access to Mountains" Bill propounds that if the Nobbs family or Little Pedlington teetotal league take a fancy to picnic, sketch or do courtship on the hillside of any specific sheep-walk, not only shall they have a free track there without purchase, but also the entire hillside shall be decreed to be public highway for them for all time.

Or from another point of view: say, of two

brothers, the elder's inheritance was the more fertile strath, or the "carse" soil. The younger had to be content with rough upland, of scanty herbage. The elder's rich soil repaid outlay of fencing. He and his rich crops are left unmolested. The younger branch of the family (or their successors by purchase) have not found it worth while to fence some, or all, of their rough country: but Cockneys covet it, to loaf upon, and therefore Cabinets grant them Naboth's vineyard—free of purchase price.

It is doubtless admirable that places of national interest should be accessible for national cult and education: this principle is accepted in the Lubbock ancient monument legislation. There is no reason why Ben This and Brae That, and the Lake of Foozle or Glen of Doodle should not be made national parks if of sufficient importance; but, if so, it should be under a system of compulsory national purchase and due compensation—not as a matter of confiscation.

If there already exist public highways over moorland, and an owner or occupier essays to block them, legal remedy already exists. Where, on the other hand, no right of way exists, it should be paid for, not nationally confiscated.

Another sample of Parliamentary idiocy has been the Deceased Wife's Sister's Act.

One could understand legislation generically enacting that consanguinity which did not exist before marriage should not be deemed to be vicariously constituted by marriage; wife's and husband's relatives to remain respectively to each

"other" party as they were before the knot was tied.

Assumption or denial of consanguinity of wife's relations to husband, and *vice versâ*, is, in my opinion, a purely State matter, and should not be ecclesiastical—save on the ethical and scriptural postulate of subjection to the higher powers. Old Testament example and precept is dead against any such crotchet. *Vide* Jacob, wedding not deceased but living wife's sister, and the Jewish ordinance for raising up seed for a childless widow—illustrated in Tamar and Ruth anecdotes. I see no sin in polygamy so long as State law tolerates it; and yet a crime in it if the State vetoes it, or allows it only under specific conditions. I see no veto against it, either in Old or New Testament. St. Paul's hint to Timothy to be satisfied with "one wife," as a bishop, would be pleonastic if similar self-restraint was expected by him of every count, collier or costermonger, duke or drayman of his day. Church largely advised and influenced State in the Middle Ages, and as such put on pressure for monogamy and for connubial consanguinity; and as time passed these common law principles of Christian communities became reputed to have divine origin, because originally statutable, commended by clerics.

I myself think both were and are advisable, from a lay aspect: at the same time, hold that a State may modify either without infringing any authoritative divine edict.

The Church opposition to "Deceased Wife's Sister" craze did much to pass the silly Act. If Bishops had actually proposed it *pour rire*, hostile

Nonconformists would have screamed "Sacrilege!" Conversely, episcopal opposition rallied all political Dissenters to the charge, to spite the Church.

Incongruity and *ex-officio* absurdity are glaring in an Act which allows Mr. Jones to wed the sister of his late lamented, and yet vetoes him from taking that sister's daughter (his late wife's niece)—one degree further removed—as his partner: and which Act, if Jones predeceases his wife, forbids the latter to wed Jones's surviving bachelor or widower brother.

If State once interferes (as I hold it morally may) with marriage law and etiquette, it should endeavour to do so with consistency, and not make the Law the "hass" of Bumble definition.

To my mind any change in Law on such matters should be mainly guided by plebiscite of those most concerned by such change. *E.g.* as to the Act in question, the wishes should have been consulted of women blessed or cursed with sisters. (No "only daughter" should have a voice.) I have little doubt as to what nine out of ten would have replied if asked, "Would you like a brother-in-law to be a family tame cat, above suspicion as much as uncle or grandpapa—useful to escort and to be friendly without *arrière-pensée*—or alternatively would you (on the off-chance of perhaps wanting him for a spouse, *if* he survives your sister, and *if* he wants you) like him to be on the same footing as that of any married man outside the family circle, with whom, while his wife lived, you could hardly consort amiably without risk of scandal in Society and of "family jars"?

It was the recognition of this advantage of the

tame cat utility of collateral connubial consanguinity which ages ago provoked ecclesiastical advice to State to regulate marriages on this basis.

It has been reserved for a Legislature of the premier empire of all Christians to knock under to a minority of noisy, pre-committed agitators, desirous of legitimization of unions already contracted, and to legislate, not on any consistent principle of emancipating one and all connubial consanguinities, but as a crank and crotchet to free just one section of such relationships and to leave the balance still in the old fetters. If the one class of match, deceased wife's sister, is not to be incestuous in future—why continue to ban deceased husband's brother, or nephew, or deceased wife's niece?

Even more comical is the crotchet, in abeyance while these lines are penned, of "Daylight Saving"—and to find the machinery for the fad actually favoured by a Special Commission.

It is not the principle of saving daylight which is *per se* unsound; but the sanguine postulate that if the nation can be statutably compelled to make their clocks lie to them (but compelled no farther)—they will at once blindly believe their own falsehood, and alter their daily routine accordingly.

The nation is bidden to bury its ostrich head in sands of Time, and to believe accordingly. It is difficult to commit oneself to finite opinion as to alleged gain, in view of the commercial importance of daily telegraphic comparisons of American prices before our own business hours close for the

day. We might, commercially, gain, as a nation, if we could arrange for earlier working hours in all summer months. It is American trade and finance which is the crux. European is not seriously affected by an hour or two of shift; while Indian, Chinese, and Australian trade are practically night-time matters—for us—anyhow.

But, if the American quotation crux were smoothed over, even then the present Bill would be absurdity, so long as Legislation essays no compulsion of change of hours in matters wherein it has a free hand. To wit, hours of law courts, St. Stephen's, theatres, licensed premises, postal deliveries and clearances, use of public parks, and the like.

Then, if shift of an hour in time in the above did not convert the independent section of the public to conformity with mendacious clock dials, try, *pour rire*, statutable penalties for every cricket match that does not begin at nine, or football match commenced later than noon; or meet of hounds later than nine-thirty. Any dance or "at Home" that is not "Cinderella" to pay duty to local rates, *ad valorem* on rateable value of entertainer's abode. This would be grandmotherly, but at least consistent; whereas the current Bill propounds tacitly that not only the law, but also the whole nation, must be Bumble's "hass," to believe in self-admitted lying clocks. Scripture and science coincide in smiling at the idolater who first carves his own fetish and then prays to it, in belief of its efficacy. Wherein is the practical difference if the tinkered fetish be a national clock dial?

Such is modern British Parliament, playing the fiddle and the fool, while *majora negotia* of

commercial reform—*quâ* Bankruptcy and Company-promotion and the like—are suffered to go derelict because they are beyond the intellectual scope of the crotchet-mongers of the House, whose crazes the master of a scratch pack of hounds has to humour, to induce loyalty.

One can hardly help commiserating Asquith, who,—if his team could boast a majority phalanx strong enough to defy faction blackmail, of men such as himself, Grey, Lord Morley, Lloyd-George, Lord Loreburn and Burns, etc.,—would probably hold the baton somewhat as did Palmerston, tacitly tolerated and admired by some half of the Opposition of the day. But what is a poor devil of a huntsman to do with a scratch pack, largely mongrel, running riot and defying the horn, and he afraid to wield the lash? one squad hunting a Home Rule pig, another an Education cat, another a Free Trade rat, another a Socialist lamb or Teetotal goose; with little in common save the prospective profits of joint trencher feed when they condescend to return to kennel? (Here's a cartoon topic for *Punch*.)

When the hour shall arrive for the swing of the pendulum, and for the installation of a Constitutional or Tariff Reform crew to represent the nation, A. J. Balfour will, if he is wise, abandon ambition to row stroke once more. I have in my time known many a man who made an excellent No. 7 or No. 6; but who had the misfortune to demoralize an eight if he essayed to row stroke to it. Balfour is in analogy with this situation. (He has sat on the rail so much that his sartorial bill for repairs to nether garments must be costly.)

THE AUTHOR, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COL. F. C. RICARDO, C.V.O.

He does not know whether he is going to rush for a lead like a Gibbon or Gold—or row a waiting race *à la* "Squire" Brown or Culme-Seymour. He would be useful at 6 or 7. There are a plurality of good strokes in his party. Premier claims of course rest with Chamberlain. If he feels *Anno Domini* oppressive, he would still be invaluable as coxswain or coach. After him Lords Milner and Lansdowne and Alfred Lyttelton ("*dux fieri quilibet aptus*"). Men who have been successes as administrators, whether in business or pastime, are usually good Ministers when tried for national duties. On this basis "Freddy" (the Hon. W. F. D.) Smith ought to make a good Home Secretary, and, as an old athlete and skipper, to be able to hold his own against those fads of Pharisees and fanatics which are the bugbears of Home Secretaries. Lord Desborough's administration of Olympic Games, coupled with rural experiences, would make him suit Agriculture Board. Lord Ampthill for a "No. 5."

It is a pity that etiquette and exigencies of party warfare disallow the continuance in their several departments of certain really efficient members of the present Cabinet, who—each in his own sanctum—would (Cabinet Councils on general policy being excepted) be probably more efficient than most of those who would replace them—as instance, Lord Morley for India, Lord Loreburn for the Seals, and to "keep the wicket" of Royal Conscience, John Burns in Local Government, and Lloyd-George—back in Board of Trade, where he was a success, and certainly not in Exchequer finance, where he, like Asquith, is a mariner without compass and incompetent even to tie a reef-knot.

However, "*vae victis*," and spoils to conquerors, are party maxims, and will be paramount once more when the time comes.

None the less, I would commend to our next Tariff Reform "stroke," when filling all minimum offices, to yield an ounce of Christian charity to some of his foes, just to show that there is no personal ill-feeling in political divergences of opinion; *e.g.* here are three understrapper jobs for nomination of the most "unenjoyed" of the then "unemployed"—

Army bottle-washer and purveyor of Irish stew for autumn manœuvres—(Haldane).

Public executioner to moonlighters and cattle-thieves—(Birrell).

Palace yard cab-tout and call-boy—(Winston Churchill).

(If these were salaried at their extreme values as to efficiency, at sixteen-pence a day, they might still remain eligible for old age pensions !)

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CHAPTER XIX

MEDLEY MEMORIES

ALL sort of random memories crop up, when one settles down to gossip like this. There is a story which Sir John Edwards-Moss persists in fathering on me, and in locating at the Isis Tavern at Oxford. He is in error. The incident was before he ever rowed in an Eton eight (and he was Captain of boats 1869), and the real *locus* was a Whitchurch hostelry. I was not the party implicated and rebuked. It was one 24th of August, east wind—rain—cold. Five Oxonians reached the inn, drenched; changed attire and ordered a fire in the parlour. Enter a bargee—dripping in oil-skins: looks over the shoulders of the youths hugging the fire. No one offers to make room for him. He remarks to the effect that they all seem very comfortable. One A. D. must needs try to chaff him, and brusquely so.

"Where have you come from?"

Bargee bridles up at the want of welcome: "Why! from Hell—in course!"

"You look like it; how did you leave them all there?"

"Blank much the same as they be here: all the swells next the fire!"

(He got as much hot gin and beer as he could carry after that.)

It was about that date, 1863, that I had a curious sort of indirect compliment paid to me; by a flashily-dressed gentleman, a well-to-do contractor by the look of him and the circumstances of our brief rencontre.

It was the close of Long Vacation: I wanted to have a glimpse of civil engineering, without planking some three-figure fee to some leading engineer of the day for instruction in his office.

I got an introduction (through the flag lieutenant, I think, of an Admiral Lambert then commanding at Sheerness) to the foreman of the operatives then engaged in plating the *Achilles* frigate—one of the early ironclads. She was being built there. I got elected to their trades union or society, whatever it was; and paid three guineas fee for the privilege and honour. Then the men took me under their wing—stood me drinks—not letting me pay for any—lent me canvas clothes to keep grease off me, and taught me how to rivet two of the plates in that vessel. They were a genial gang; nothing in them of the tone of "Sheffield ratteners" that were shown up later by the turncoat Broadhead before the Royal Commission on that topic (a Commission, the revelations of which inspired Charles Reade to write "*Put Yourself in His Place*").

Having qualified with these fellow-workmen, I accepted an introduction from one of them—possibly their secretary—to the corresponding society boss of Penn's works at Greenwich, where in a day or two they were going to "erect" the newly constructed engines of this same *Achilles*, minus her boilers, which were being built elsewhere.

I paid a "footing" again at Greenwich, and was similarly fêted and clothed, and taught the trade.

I guess that I learned more in that inside of a week than would have been officially taught me if I had been apprenticed for months to a firm of that sort, at a high fee.

The second day broke drizzly. I was standing outside the works waiting for the men to come back from their midday meal. In my borrowed canvas plumes I looked eminently respectable, like a young engineer.

Up rode the contractor—silk hat, frock coat, white flower in buttonhole—to see the partners.

He hailed me to hold his horse. I obeyed: amused. He made some comment on the drizzle which was needling down like Scotch mist.

I remarked, it would be all over in an hour or less. In he went to the office. In due time he came out; I think the firm must have lunched him; I was told that Penn's brown sherry had a reputation. Anyhow the cockles of his heart must have been warmed to "benevolence" (a sentiment defined by Craven in *Milky White* as "doing unto everybody what nobody will do unto you").

As I held the stirrup for my friend to mount, he remarked that I had been weather-wise as to cessation of rain: the drizzle had stopped; sun was fighting its way out.

I replied off-hand, the old adage—

"Sou'west rain before seven,
Clear by eleven."

"Did you never learn that?" forgetting my *rôle* as a humble artisan.

The contractor turned and gazed at me for an instant in surprise. Then he repocketed the sixpence which he had ready in his hand for me, and fumbled for a shilling: found one, and pressed it sympathetically into my hand.

"You have seen better days, my lad," quoth he, as he picked up his reins and rode away.

That shilling is still on one of my watch-chains. It is the first that I really earned honestly. It is true that I had previously amassed my capital for steeplechasing ventures by writing sermons at a guinea apiece (*vide supra*), but I have never been quite sure in my own conscience as to the honesty of those sermon earnings. I never *said* that I was a "Reverend" when I bargained for the job, nor while I was supplying the trade with them. My customer seemed to take for granted that I was one; and I never repudiated the soft impeachment, lest I should lose my job. Still I never treasured any of those guineas with the reverence and quiet conscience with which I consecrated the shilling as a decoration of my person—on my chain—as an honest wage!

I hurried back to Oxford the next evening, and my engineering was suspended for a week.

Then I got, through my relative, old Money Wigram of Moor Place, Much Hadham, another introduction—to Brundell, the engineer to the Don drainage of Doncaster. He was to show me how to start a railway. The Great Northern were propounding the Doncaster and Gainsborough branch, through the Gainsborough Fens.

I was to help, if I liked, in getting out the surveys and plans for the Bill to be lodged in

Parliament that autumn. Off I went to Doncaster to gain insight into another branch of engineering. I helped religiously for three or four days. Some miles of that line are laid on plans based on my surveys and levels (all done for love ! no pay!). I stayed at the little Fen village of Haxey; the church bells of which chimed every three hours the old air "Life let us cherish," said to be a clockwork endowment by some one of old who lost his way and would have been drowned by rising tide, had not Haxey church bells guided him to safety. One bell was cracked when I heard the chimes.

My landlord at the village inn lent me his gun and fittings. His shot pouch was No. 4 and No. 8 *mixed !* The fens reeked with snipe. I shot badly, even allowing for a strange muzzle-loader, too straight in stock, and the mixed shot. Out of some forty flushes I only bagged nine.

I picked up many railway tales from Brundell's assistants. I recall the weirdest.

When the Great Northern was being built, one gang of navvies working between Grantham and Newark did not get on with their boss—"ganger" —"butty"—"foreman"—or whatever his official designation was. He was a bully; levied merciless fines for lateness at work, and used abusive language. One day he suddenly vanished. He had been seen (also *heard !* cursing his men) only an hour earlier, before midday meal adjournment. No one saw him later ! His finance sheets were correct; no suggestion of fraud to induce absquatulation. Where was he ?

Contractors and police could trace nothing, and the matter, a nine days' wonder, died out. But

somehow the explanation was eventually common knowledge among all gangs in the district; how it leaked out to them, and yet baffled police, I cannot say.

The missing man had been "tipped." This does not mean that he had been benevolently endowed with cash, like parental friends patronize a school-boy.

The phrase has a terrible trade significance in this instance. When an embankment is being built wagons are laden with ballast, and constructed to "tip" and shoot their load when checked on the (temporary) rails by a catch which stops the wheels. One after another they are shot down, thus emptied, and sided off out of the way.

Blasphemous butty had tried the forbearance of his slaves once too often. Two or three of them were told off to deal with him. They did so, like Izaak Walton with a worm; "tenderly, as if they loved him." They struck no blow. They simply gagged and bound him hand and foot, a few minutes before ballast-shooting was resumed after dinner. They laid him, gently, to rest on a ballast-loaded truck. Then, they retired, went to work, and left the "course of nature" to do the rest.

In due time that truck, with butty, mute and tied, lying on top, rolled down the line to the bank's edge. The "catch" stopped it. It tilted; disgorged its load! Butty was "tipped" with the rest of the ballast. Other trucks followed in quick succession. All was silent as the grave, save the rumble of the trucks, the "clack" of the catch, and the rattling of the falling ballast. Butty, like stoned St. Stephen, "ἐκοιμήθη!"

Fifty years ago hundreds of navvies could point approximately to the spot in that bank where that "lost" butty "sleeps" till the crack of doom.

Apropos of the Money Wigram family, to whose good offices I owed this brief and most enlightening insight into civil engineering, Mrs. Wigram (*née* Turner of Rooks' Nest, Surrey) was a cousin of my mother's; and her sister wedded the great Tom Staniforth, stroke of Oxford in 1829. The old Hadham squire of Moor Place and Mrs. Wigram were always full of hospitality. I had just a few minutes to run round and see the last that I ever did in this world of kind old Mrs. Wigram, when one day I went professionally to Much Hadham to conduct a case at petty sessions.

It is proverbial at the Bar that it is, if anything, more harm than good to you to know the Bench, whether superior or petty. Their consciences, so far from allowing them to lean in your favour, rather poise them in the opposite direction.

That day, as I took my place and bowed to the Bench, the chairman leaned across the table and shook hands, saying he knew my father well and remembered me in my youth as a guest at Moor Place. Another beak was an old Eton eight oar and a friend of mine who similarly welcomed me. Solicitor for the prosecution remarked to me, *sotto voce* that he felt handicapped by my friendship with the Bench! But when it came to business my client had no chance and was unhesitatingly worsted by the Bench. They smiled at me and shook hands just as cordially at parting, after so mercilessly flooring me and mine.

Talking of Doncaster: in the sixties and early seventies, though the Gaming House Act had been in force for long years (and had shut up Crockford's old "hell" where the Devonshire Club now holds revel), the Mayor and Corporation of that sporting town preferred business and lucre to statute, and not only winked at gaming, but even let the Town Hall as a gaming saloon in race weeks.

For a guinea subscription any callow youth or reckless veteran could—on an introduction by a "member"—at once enter and be free to game. There were chicken hazard and also roulette tables. I fancy that "Jack Coney" ran some or all of them.

The dice-box went round, and each sitter as it came to him could cast his "main" and back himself "in" or "out," while "punters" religiously and superstitiously backed the luck of any one who, like myself, looked to be a greenhorn.

A "caster" could, besides staking an "in" or "out," back the "hand" at 60 to 1 to win six throws running. There was a plated stand on which he could stake £1 thus, to win £60 if luck favoured him. The mathematical odds were (as all can tell) just 63 to 1. The balance was the tables' profit on the spec.

I pulled it off the second time of asking, in Formosa's year—1868. If I had not been a flat I should have won hundreds on the run of luck, instead of only £78. Sundry (strangers) superstitious punters paid all their ex's. for the week backing me, because I looked such a young fool.

Doncaster banks in that year seemed to me to be very confiding. I called in at one, wanting

some change for this "hell" gambling, and asked whether, if I brought an introduction from Mr. Brundell (engineer, *supra*), whose acquaintance I had made five years earlier while on my Haxey jaunt, I could be allowed to cash a cheque for £25.

The cashier called a manager (or partner), who scrutinized me and asked my name, and then said politely that I could have the cash at once without sending to Mr. Brundell! Whether he knew me by sight, as having been with Brundell in 1863, or was some Oxonian, I know not; but I was much struck with the especial courtesy of treatment vouchsafed to me.

And more. The next day my two cousins with whom I was lodging in the town—Sir Henry Hardinge and his nephew, the celebrated "Driver" Browne (Captain in Royal Horse Artillery and a great steeplechase rider), both wanted loose cash to punt in the betting ring. They, hearing how obligingly I had been treated, asked me to take and introduce them to this same courteous banker, who at once cashed their cheques off-hand.

Dear little "Driver" got tragically killed a few years later by a bump from a passing express at Esher station, coming away from Sandown Park races. It was cruel hard luck, six inches more might have saved him. He did not hear the train as he was crossing the line till too late, and sprang for the platform; friendly hands snatched at him and helped him up, but his hip was struck by a buffer, and the blow was instantly fatal. No one was more beloved in the service.

It was "Driver" who got me, in 1869, to come

down to Woolwich and to coach the "Gunners" for their first eight-oared match *v.* the "Sappers." Artillery were handicapped by stormy tideway impeding practice at home. We did most of our preliminary coaching and selecting in the dockyard gnomon-shaped canal, and then wound up with a month at Henley. The Sappers were heavier and better together, and had been rowing much longer, on the smoother Medway; but they could not row a quick stroke. I hammered away at quick hand and arm recovery for the Gunners, and taught them to row 42 a minute, while Sappers, hanging at the chest, never got beyond 36. So the more ragged crew got a good lead and were never caught. Course was Putney to Chiswick, 2¼ miles. Gunners were very kind and flattering; made me an honorary member of their Woolwich mess, and gave me a testimonial—a big silver claret jug, suitably engraved and greatly valued by me. Lugard, the Gunner stroke, was a smart oar, but the "ubique" of his service shifted him and all but one of that crew abroad by the next year; while the Sappers, *per contra*, retained, I think, all but one of their old team. So Gunners had to begin again *de novo* with fresh raw material, while Sappers had seven veterans, and the game was too uphill for a second success. Sappers won the return eight-oared match, also a four-oar race a year later. Then the matches lapsed till about a decade ago, when they were revived on the Medway, and the two corps did me the honour to install me as umpire for the series which then followed, until they moved to Henley regatta as an extra on the card there, when they fell under the

jurisprudence of the Henley umpires, W. Fletcher and F. Pitman.

This Lugard was, I think, a brother of the late Colonel of King's Own, and also of the celebrated Nigerian administrator of that ilk.

Apropos of "Driver" Browne and his uncle, Sir Henry Charles Hardinge. They were at Doncaster again in 1869, and I was in quarantine at Llandudno, after coming out of a scarlet fever stricken house of a friend, where outbreak of the epidemic had broken up a September shooting-party.

As I could not risk bestowing contagion on my friends, I did not join Hardinge at Doncaster, but sent him and "Driver" my "blessing" and my tip for the St. Leger. If I had been a Turf "Augur" it ought to have made for ever my repute and that of any journal. It was:

Pero Gomez, 1.
Martyrdom, 2.
Pretender, 3.

Now in the Derby, Pretender had been first, Pero Gomez second, and Martyrdom third.

But I learned two things from Captain Machell's stable. One was that Pretender's wind was under suspicion; the other that Machell fancied a *revanche* with Martyrdom.

I coupled this with my own opinion that the short pasterns of Pero Gomez had crippled him down the Epsom Tattenham descent, and that on the flatter Town Moor they would not so militate against him. Hence my final selection.

The race came off right as to 1 and 2: but

Pretender only got fourth, George Osbaldeston being third. The Hardinge section wrote pages of thanks and vowed they won a pile on the tip. However, I never went into business as a Turf prophet, though once in 1872 John Chambers (as Editor) asked me to write a Goodwood forecast for *Land and Water;* and I plumped for Anton—40 to 1—for the 'Stewards' Cup, and he won. Possibly, ignorance helped here. I relied on Anton's two-year-old early form, and was not aware how dicky his forelegs had become, which accounted for the long price at which he was treated in the betting. But he stood up and won, and *Land and Water* sang a pæan of triumph.

In August 1869 I was in Bob Sly's harness-room at the Richards' Castle training stables. In came George Stevens, who had ridden Aintree winners, Emblem and Emblematic for Lord Coventry, and the Colonel for his first win in 1869.

I asked George if he would win another year: knowing that the Colonel was a bit of a rogue, and would not try unless he had all his own way. I said, "They'll give you twelve stone next time; won't Colonel cut it under that? He won't try unless he can win in a canter."

Said Stevens: "If they don't give me more than twelve, I'll win again in a canter."

Aintree came round next spring. Colonel got 11 st. 12 lb. George Stevens lay behind till near the racecourse; then woke the horse up with a touch of whip, and shot ahead for the final hurdle.

The Doctor, the hope of the Holman stable, and heavily backed by them, pursued him (11 st.

8 lb.). Colonel heard the whip on Doctor's flanks, and began to realize that he was racing—a thing which he objected to. He put his ears back, and tried to stop. George leaned over and patted his neck, to gammon him that it was exercise canter, and the horse sulked in, in a literal canter, trying all he could to lose, but winning by a neck. A masterly piece of riding by Stevens. One touch of spur or of whip at the crisis, and the horse would have crawled for shelter to the nearest rabbit hole.

The crusading S.P.C.A. launched a prosecution against Holman for spurring Doctor till blood flowed; but were properly laughed to scorn by the court. A spur pricks, but not in a tender place, and really hurts less, a second later, than any whip. Besides, so long as racing is a financial and commercial venture with money, whip and spur must be legitimate.

The same cranks tried prosecution against Crawshaw a few seasons earlier, for riding a horse, Voightlander, that broke its back falling at Croydon water jump; and similarly were laughed out of court. Any horse, quite fresh, might break its back by faulty landing in a grip. There were sensational episodes at Croydon Steeplechases in those days, as when Arthur Yates fell with Harold at this same jump, running for Croydon Cup; caught Harold by the tail, stopped him, remounted, and won!

H. Custance used to tell another Croydon story, of the "plateenum" stick, as he called it. There was a gang who devised a scheme for carrying short weight in some of the then pandemonium

suburban steeplechase meetings (now restrained by statute and under local government discretion). The jockey weighed out correct: then on the way to saddle, a cloth and its weights were sneaked away; the reduced weight, of course, was of value. On the way back to scale the deficient weight was made good by a platinum rod, surreptitiously slipped into the jockey's boot, by some apparent admirer patting his knee in congratulation. The *coup* came off time after time, but became suspected; a plan was laid to search the jockey—or the platinum carrier—I forget which—on the way to scale. But the gang were forewarned, and when Tom Paddock (who had fought Tom Sayers twice for championship) appeared to escort the triumphant rider, the would-be detectives felt discretion to be superior to valour—and despaired. But the platinum was played out—and this was the last *coup* by it.

Harking back to the Colonel's first Aintree win. I was on the Grand Stand when George Stevens romped in on him. Next to me stood a good-looking man of a military appearance. As they came by canal side he said politely, "Would you oblige by holding my umbrella, while I use my field glasses?" I did so. As the Colonel cantered in, my neighbour, obviously having backed him, exclaimed "Colonel wins—by Jove!" and rushed away, leaving me the umbrella!

I put up a notice in the ring about it next day. The owner did not claim it. I did the like in *Bell's Life*, giving an address. No one claimed it. After three years' treasuring it in lavender, I thought I had better use it, lest the "moths"

should get into it, though it was good silk and quite new. In 1875 it had got rather worn, and looked as wanting new covering. It lay in the net of a G.W.R. coach between Swindon and Reading. Some fellow-traveller (unknown) got out at Reading and took the *old* umbrella, leaving *another new one* in its place. Who else ever thus got the benefit—more or less honestly !—of two good new umbrellas in consecution ?

The Colonel's shifty temperament when racing once nearly produced imbroglio between a friend of mine and a very distinguished and respected sportsman. Colonel ran in a flat race at Brecon : gentlemen riders. Morris Owen, Master of Haverfordwest hounds, rode him : a gentleman above suspicion ; Oxonian friend of mine ; a man who would have given thrice the value of the race for the *amour propre* of figuring as a winning rider. Colonel was cunning, and would not try ; perhaps he would have run gamer with less punishment, and if coaxed and gammoned in Stevens's style ; but anyhow Owen did his best. The then Duke of Beaufort had backed the horse, which on his public form every one might have expected to win, barring his temper. His Grace in momentary irritation, and not being aware who was riding, seems to have openly exclaimed that the horse had been pulled. Morris Owen heard of this, and was naturally wroth : *on dit* he was on his way with his whip to demand satisfaction or retraction, when sporting friends intervened, and his Grace withdrew the painful imputation with all the candour of *noblesse oblige*, and all ended well. The incident is illustrative of the "rogue" repute

which had attached to the Colonel, and to which I alluded in my 1869 chat with Stevens in Bob Sly's stables.

I always regret that I have not travelled more. I should have opened and improved my mind by seeing more of the outside world. But, if I did travel, I should elect for Mesopotamia, India and Colonies—and U.S., and let the European continent slide. So far Paris and Rouen have been my limits of view over-sea: not counting Ireland in the latter sense, it being part of our realm.

I dislike lionizing in company, and being bothered to look at this and that; whether old castle or cathedral, or hill-top view.

In 1867 I spent a couple of days at Callander. Friends badgered me to go and see the Trossachs. In pure cussedness I declined, and whipped glassy sun-scorched eddies of Teith alone, and without success. The Trossachs coach rolled away without me. Later in the day I decided to walk to Loch Katrine, and to hug my own meditations *en route*. I marched away, and as the scene improved under Ben Ledi ridge I was not sorry that I had ventured. I reached the goal; lit a pipe contemplating "Ellen's isle," and set to tramp back in time for dinner. I was behind time—so, when the returning coach overtook me and had a spare roof seat, I took the lift. I still was allowing myself to be pleased with the scenery, and was contemplating: thoughts millions of miles away. There came a brusque dig in my back ribs from a horn-handled umbrella; wielded by a stout dame who held *Lady of the Lake* in her lap and was trying to make view and poem dovetail. It was

just by Brig of Turk. Quoth she: "Young man, is this where the *gree mare died?*"

I have been choked off scenery in company ever since.

I am not a great shot, but I once made a record shot in that neighbourhood, when staying at Alloa House. I was left-hand gun. A hare got up to the left in "second crop" white clover. I killed her: a covey rose and I dropped a bird with my second barrel. When we came to pick up the hare another brace and a half of birds were dead or dying beside her. She had been running by the covey when shot struck her. The birds, packed close, had been cut up by the surplus charge. Three birds and one hare for one barrel. My Erskine friends gibed for years at the shot, as the worst case of poaching ever known on the estate.

I hold that carelessness with a gun is simply criminal. I do not know whether if under real fire of warfare I should keep up the family reputation; but I admit a dislike to being wantonly peppered in a quasi-friendly manner by hot-headed, careless shots. Says the boatswain in *Midshipman Easy:* "Shot for shot—and d—n all favours," and I fully agree with him. If a man hits me I dearly should like the repartee of my own shot back at him. So in the field I give out that if any one hits me I shall send both my barrels at his head, in *case* he has operated intentionally, deeming me a rival in his path to some fair one's smiles. After exchange of cartridge compliments, I shall be open to any explanations which may patch up peace. I find that this

announced attitude induces caution when, now and then, a careless shot is in the ranks with me. I recall an illustrative incident (1871) from Alloa. We were out four guns on the banks of "black Devon" near "Forest Mill." Right-hand gun, Lord Erskine, as he then was (father of present Lord Mar); next, Russell Monro; then the Honourable Colonel Freke of the Guards, and myself on the left. The Colonel was a fine-looking man, and a fair shot; doubtless better therein than I. But he was dangerous, to my mind. He carried his gun slung across his knees; hanging from both arms at full length: the barrels pointing at my knees; and *full cock.* I asked him to hold up with his left, or else to carry on right shoulder. Perhaps I spoke captiously; anyhow he ruffled up and politely told me to mind my own business. He was a good generation older than me, and was inclined to patronize Monro and me. I in my turn got my hackles up, and told him plainly that if he peppered me I would send both barrels at his head, if I had half a kick left in me. He retorted with "Bosh!" At the end of the tramp, when we swung, I stepped up to Erskine and begged him as master of the ceremonies to call the Colonel to order. Erskine demurred for the moment, saying Freke was his father's guest, and the older man. Could I not grin and bear it?

"All right," I said; but at the same time booked Russell Monro to avenge me with both his barrels if the Colonel should put me so *hors de combat* as to be unable to revenge myself.

Then we wheeled. As we did so a bird got up, back. Freke swung round and killed it, after

raking both right-hand men in his swing. The bird dropped dead on Erskine's hat; it had only been six feet over him when struck.

"Who fired that?" asked Erskine.

"I did," said Freke, nonchalantly stuffing in a new cartridge.

This settled Erskine; he sidled up to me and inquired what I had arranged with Monro. I told him. He came to the conclusion that he had now better stand in with us two for safety's sake; but he threw on me the onus of informing the gallant Colonel of our strategic arrangements.

I thereupon told Colonel Freke that it would not advantage him to shoot either of us, as in that case there would be four barrels of the survivors at his head forthwith. He then surrendered the point, and moved to the left of the line with forced jocularity blended with display of contempt.

"If you youngsters are nervous I am not; I don't mind what place I take."

I do not think he lost much love on myself, as the originator of this *émeute*. Still less when a day or two later another misunderstanding occurred.

It was too wet for shooting; and after lunch we set up a rifle gallery and shot for a ten-shilling sweepstakes each. A lid of a grouse box was our target; the label the bull's-eye, and old Ballantine the keeper was marker, behind a tree in the park. We had only one rifle between us; one of Monro's, who had just come from some friend's deer forest (probably the late Sir Robert Harvey's tenancy of Invermark).

Freke was leading on the last round, by one point; I had one more shot to fire. I shot:

Ballantine signalled a miss; and Erskine was just counting out the stakes to Freke, when Ballantine signalled again, and came hurrying up to us. He then said that the last shot had after all been a *bull's-eye!* but, as it cut through the hole of a previous bull's-eye, he at first thought there had been no hit at all, till he looked more closely. He brought the lid with him, and showed where the last shot had enlarged the prior hole. As he was marker and umpire, and did not even know who were the interested parties, his verdict stood. I got the stakes, and I fear that the gallant Colonel was hardly on speaking terms with me for the rest of his stay at Alloa.

This keeper, Ballantine, had extraordinary facial resemblance to the great Serjeant Ballantine. They might have been brothers to look at; but I never heard that there was any relationship between them.

There was an ancient Skye-terrier, Buz—belonging to the next brother, the present Honourable Augustus Erskine of Bowscar. Buz was seventeen if a day. He was stone deaf and blind; but he retained his faculty of smell. He ungratefully hated good old Ballantine like poison; for reason that the keeper daily physicked him to prolong his failing existence. Buz used to lie in the smoking-room. We could always tell, a minute in advance, when Ballantine was on the march from the servants' hall to the smoking-room to inquire for shooting orders. Buz informed us by beginning to growl! He must have been winding the old keeper through doors and far away; for the dog was so deaf that he could hardly hear a gun fired over him.

One Sunday we profaned the "sawbath" by an impromptu rabbit hunt; kitchen garden gates had been left open; rabbits had got in, and had bred galore. All available terriers were enlisted for a war of extermination. Buz was too stiff to run, but he made the biggest bag out of 13½ couple. The game dodged up and down rows of kidney beans and the like, keeping cover as much as possible. Buz stolidly sat at the ends of rows, while fleeter hounds chased, and the rabbits ran into his open mouth. He thoroughly enjoyed himself.

In rural Scotch conventicles shepherds' collies attend their masters to kirk. As a rule they are orderly, for the collies are all acquaintances and know well enough among themselves who is top dog. But now and then some stranger dog or venturesome puppy, less informed, gives himself airs: then there are ructions. It is, or was in 1880, the etiquette, near Bonar Bridge, for the sermon to be suspended pending any dog-fight: whether to enable the preacher to be audible, or to let him enjoy his full share of the sport, I know not. There usually is an opening for wagering on the result, if any spectator is desirous of a gamble; but it is temerity for a stranger to "chip" in, in such cases. The shepherds know the public and private form of the combatants far better than he can; and they never refuse a good offer of a bet from a flat. I lost half-a-crown the only time that I wagered on one of these *entr'acte* sermon dog-fights.

I have related how I was a skilled game poacher in my school-days, until rise in class and dignity compelled me to reform my morals in that line.

In later years I once broke the law and poached a salmon. It was at Rogie falls, on the Blackwater. River was rising; no fish would take—and hostess's royal command of a fish for dinner-time had to be obeyed. One can see the shadow of the leaping salmon as they spring up the shoot. After reaching the first pool above the big lower fall, they take a rest, and lie under a ledge of rock to the right (looking up river), in quiet water, packed like sardines in a tin. One can lie on the wet slab, and feel them, intruding an arm, and they don't mind the tickle of fingers, any more than a trout under a tree root. It is easy to select a fish, gaff him; land him, slash a scar in his lip as if a hook had marked him, and hurry him up to the house for the cook to manipulate. Such was my crime, just once and away and to obey a fair dame.

To jump from North Britain to the far South, in Kent. Till the Eridge hounds were started foxes were killed as vermin round Tonbridge. I was surprised to meet a fox once in the road, at midnight, close by where Pembury waterworks now stand (that supply Tunbridge Wells). Still more was I surprised at the creature's boldness: but as a matter of natural history foxes are daring at night though shy by day. This fox did not run from me, but walked round me, snarling, like a watch-dog warning off an intruder; and this in the middle of a macadamized road—not even in a covert.

On another occasion I was coming from Witney to Oxford at night in a tandem with my friend the late W. C. A. Blew, erst hunting editor of the *Field*. We noted what looked like the shadow of dangling

cloth, under the leader's hocks. We pulled up, thinking that the ostler must have left a cloth hanging at the traces. What we had seen was a *fox!* It darted away from behind the leader's heels, when we stopped; and stood in the road, the tandem lamps reflecting green in its eyes. It snarled, and moved slowly off into shadow, and we saw it no more.

Blew thought it might be some escaped tame fox, used to run with carriages! I cannot say. I only relate the incident, as almost *lusus naturæ.*

I recall an incident of 1873, which flattered my self-esteem as to having in my nursery and school days made bold bad efforts to pick up smatterings of rural manual labour, on the off-chance of some day benefiting by the instruction, if ever stranded in a colony or on a Robinson Crusoe island.

I had got the village blacksmith to teach me how to shoe my own pony, and the village butcher to instruct me how to stick and dress sheep or pig.

The two latter apprenticeships had not yet practically repaid me, but the blacksmith's teaching stood me and a fair lady in good stead on the occasion to which I refer.

We were a merry equestrian party under the hospitable roof of Mr. Henry Dixon, of "Stumperlowe," near Sheffield, and had arranged to ride over and lionize Chatsworth.

I was told off to escort a young lady, a Miss Mappin, still in the school-room. Yorkshire roads—limestone—are adamant. Her mount, a blue roan, presently split and cast half of a fore shoe; the rest of the party rattled on, disregarding our signals

of distress. We were perhaps half-way to Chatsworth. My fellow-sympathy for all horseflesh made me restrain the maiden from racing in pursuit. We steadied to a walk till we reached a hamlet, where there was a moorside forge on the off side of the road. But it was Whit Tuesday, and the smith as a true Tyke was off to Sheffield on the booze for the day (for Sheffield pedestrian handicaps). His dame let me make free with the forge. In due time I set fire and bellows going, donned the apron, altered one of the stock shoes to a fit, pared the hoof, nailed the shoe, and we resumed the march, turning up just in time for the tail end of a luncheon.

I am afraid I took a good half-hour over the smithy job, enough to convince me that I was not yet expert enough to earn a living at the trade, but I was repaid by the eulogiums of Mr. Dixon's coachman when we got home, and he inspected my improvised handiwork. I have had no opportunity since then of resuming my blacksmith trade. Unfortunately, I never again saw my fair equestrian partner in misfortune after that day. If she is in this world, I wonder whether she recalls her blacksmith swain of the moor?

Talking of rural trades and pig-killing, I am reminded of a home incident, about Crimean days.

A series of shilling domestic books on poultry, pigs, cows, bees and the like was then running. My mother took them up. The pig book descanted, *inter alia*, upon the painful incidents, *quâ* noise, associated with pig-killing, and how the wailing of the various village pigs under the knife at Christmas-time were eloquent of man's heart-

IN THE RIVAL CAMP.—W. B. W. AND THIRD TRINITY FRIENDS (1865)

1. R. A. Kinglake. 2. W. B. W. 3. Sir J. Hawkshaw. 4. Jenny the Terrier. 5. J. G. Chambers. 6. (?) C. C. Orme. 7. Sir Charles Witterong.

lessness. The writer averred that bone pits of monasteries disclosed the fact that monks used to poleaxe their pigs before sticking them, and suggested that modern Christians should similarly endeavour to minimize suffering for the porcine creation.

My father was lectured that as Rector he ought to take a lead in humanitarianism, and instruct his pork butchers to try the experiment when the next Rectory pig had to die.

In a weak moment he gave in, and left instructions that when the executioner next arrived on duty, he was to stay his hand until the Rector had interviewed him. The victim was an old sow, who had oft been a good mother, and had at last been fattened.

On the day of doom my father, informed of the butcher's arrival and waiting for orders, left his study, donned his beaver, and marched to the back yard.

There he sent for a pickaxe, and unfolded his humane project to the butcher. The latter was piously contemptuous and defiant. He flatly declined to be a party to any such unorthodoxy.

"What! Knock a poor pig about! No such brutishness! It wasn't Christian! Kill a pig like a Christian, not like a beast."

My father was firm. It never did to give way to insubordination in the lower orders. As the butcher declined to handle the pickaxe, he bade Smith the gardener knock the sow on the head, to show the butcher how such things ought to be done—"decently and in order" (as Scripture hath it).

Smith could only obey. He raised the pickaxe, and took a mighty swipe, but they had omitted to blindfold the old lady, and she moved. Smith only jobbed her eye out. The sow squealed, awful!

Butcher waxed profane, in spite of clerical presence.

"He be d—d if he seed such a brutal job afore!"

Then William Finch, our stalwart coachman, was haled from the harness-room, and was bidden to try a blow.

He succeeded, first shot, got the sow true in the centre of the forehead, and she fell on her side without a scream.

"There!" said the Rector triumphantly. "Now that poor pig is free from all suffering," and bade the butcher use his knife.

Butcher went sullenly to work, grumbling imprecations *ad libitum*. All seemed to be going on well. The hæmorrhage had ended. The funeral pyre of straw for singeing was ready. The defunct sow was covered with fuel; they were just going to set it alight, when the erst motionless corpse gave one final convulsive kick, and sent the straw flying!

Possibly the butcher in his dudgeon had paid less attention than usual to his craft; anyhow the resurrection was certainly quite abnormal.

We all stood aghast, expecting the old sow to rise from the dead and preach us a sermon upon the ethics of swine-slaying. But it was her last effort, and after a painful hesitation butcher and staff summoned courage to rearrange the straw and to set to work again.

Butcher had the last word as my father retreated to his study—

"It's a judgment on ye, Rector. That poor pig is like to haunt ye. Kill a pig like a Christian, says I."

My father never again attempted to teach humanitarianism in pig-killing; he let the old fashion have its day, and allowed his sentenced swine to proclaim their woes aloud to the village, like the rest of their kith and kin.

I can recall the scare to mothers which the "Roade Murder," as it was called, evoked among them (June 1859): my own mother among them—daily in fear lest some maniac should massacre her then infant—my brother Austin. The police abandoned quest after the inquest. Then came the sensational "confession" of Constance Kent, half-a-dozen years later: her committal, arraignment, plea of guilty, sentence and reprieve. After that wiseacres postulated that the long-standing mystery had been solved.

In my opinion the solution advanced no further. Constance Kent no more murdered that child than I. She had no hand in its death. Her "confession" was the outcome of mania and sacerdotal pressure, influencing a mind weakened by religious oppression operating on hysteria. Those who egged her into making it themselves undoubtedly believed in, and preconceived guilt on her part, and hammered a stereotyped story into her weak brain, until she herself became fain to believe in it (like it was said of old George IV, that in time believed that he had warred at Waterloo). Such hallucinations are not uncommon, and it must

be remembered that there was insanity in her (Constance Kent's) ancestry. (Her great-grandsire, George III, died mad.)

The silly priests and sisters who succeeded in deluding her that she was a murderess dished up her confession for her, from rough and tumble memory of facts at inquest, and succeeded in concocting an absolutely impossible story.

(The big window seemed to be the only adit for a murderer from outside: so police agreed. Hence when the sisterhood and priest set to work to reconstruct the crime for confession, their thick heads postulated this same window as the exit for a murderess from inside; ignoring the facilities of house-doors.)

If she had retracted her confession and had pleaded not guilty at assize, the comparison of coroner's evidence with the details of her confession would in a few minutes have revealed that she was fibbing, in a state of delusion—in morbid belief that she was seeking salvation by telling this cock and bull story.

Compare her confession with the inquest evidence.

The latter relates that the child was missing at dawn, from the nurse's room. Its *cot had not been slept in.* In due time the corpse is found in the garden—throat cut; and *a stab through the ribs to the heart.*

Medical autopsy proves that this hacking had taken place *long hours after death,* when the corpse was stiff and cold.

Severed muscles displayed no contraction, such as occurs with a cut in lifetime. Only a few

ounces of blood escaped from the wound, and that was dark venous: not the flow of a red arterial spurt, such as would spurt if carotid were cut while heart was beating.

The child had died of suffocation; and the hacking of the cold corpse had been done later—as a blind. (Such was medical inference.)

Access to the house, after lock-up, from outside could apparently only be attained in two ways. One, a climb by ivy into the open window of the nursery: the other, a lift of a drawing-room sash-window—so stiff that it took two police to move it.

Now note what Constance Kent confesses. That there was some stepmotherly friction with the "first family" children, of which she was one. She cherished revenge: she victimized this half-brother. She *took it out of bed* while the family slumbered: no nurse awakes, nor the child, nor others. She omits to state that she *remade* the child's bed, after lifting it. (Yet nurse swears the child never came to bed, and was supposed to be in the parents' room, till "hue and cry" began.)

Constance avers that she—a sixteen-year-old girl—carried this heavy boy, still slumbering, opened the stiff, creaking, and groaning drawing-room sash, conveyed it—still sleeping—to the garden, and there cut its throat (*only*), and this with a razor—which she explains she had fetched from her father's dressing-table. She doesn't allude to the rib stab to the heart, which no razor could effect, and which required a sharp point (such as a game-carver). Still less does she explain how it was that her victim was stiff and cold from asphyxia, hours

before the throat-cutting. She evidently repeats a catechism, parrot-like by rote; a *réchauffé* story dished up for her by the fanatics who were ambitious to "save her soul," and she goes hopelessly astray at every trace of detail.

To cut it short, not only had she no hand in the crime, but also it is twenty to one that it was at the outset a case of manslaughter by asphyxia, probably caused accidentally under endeavours to stifle baby midnight screams of alarm which might suggest a certain scandal. (It is needless to say more as to that, when once the clue is started.) The subsequent mutilation was thoughtlessly done to induce a suspicion of malice from some outdoor source, and in ignorance that medical evidence could speedily negative it as the cause of death. Whoever removed the corpse to the garden did so by simply unlocking and relocking house doors (not forcing a heavy adhesive window); and had time to get rid of all indoor traces of tragedy before the police were called in. The whole tragedy was a bungle, or series of bungles. It was clumsy to smother the kid while trying to soothe it; it was too far-fetched, —when after long hours of attempts to resuscitate and to restore respiration the fact of death had to be faced,—to try to saddle the blame on some imaginary outdoor foe of the father, by this silly mutilation. It would have been so simple to have left the child face down on its own pillow, as self-smothered. But, obviously, the operators lost their heads when they realized the asphyxia that they had inadvertently produced, and neglected the simple resource open to them, of leaving the demise to be explained as self-suffocation of

a slumbering child. The thickheaded Frome police never had the wits to hit on this simple solution of what was the sensational tragedy of that time.

I was afraid at one time of my career that I should be responsible for the penal discontinuance of railway whist and nap (bridge at that date was unknown), but my shortcomings, if they existed in the case, have had no effect in spoiling the sport of honest and friendly card play by rail, while on the other hand the three card trick and sharpers' games generally received a salutary check from the ruling in Langrishe *v.* Archer. I was for the thief in that case and got beaten; very heavy artillery against me (A. L. Smith and Danckwertz). It was one of the last Crown Cases Reserved in the old Westminster Courts, before Coleridge, L.C.J., and Fitzjames Stephen. It arose out of a case of card sharping on the South-Western, *en route* for Kempton Races, and the question was whether the railway carriage, limited to hold a given number, who each paid for a seat, could be held to be a "public place" under the Vagrancy Act, so as to constitute card play there an act of vagrancy, making the players liable as "rogues and vagabonds." I thought I had a chance, on a ruling reported in the *Justice of the Peace*, but Stephen pooh-poohed the idea of such an authority teaching law to judges in Banco, and after that I was done for, in spite of a tender appeal to Coleridge not to suffer circuit whist in the train to be voted criminal. I have no doubt that my client deserved all that he got, and am pleased to note that since then police espionage has confined itself herein to the rogue fraternity, and does not

spoil Brighton express rubbers and the like. (My conscience feels relieved.)

I note, while revising proofs, the death of the Liverpool stipendiary, Stewart, who succeeded the celebrated Raffles (no relation that I am aware of to the dramatic amateur cracksman). Various are the stories about Raffles and his administration of justice. I wish I could recall them; but I was not on that circuit. I can just remember one which the late Lord Brampton used to tell. It is an old chestnut in the profession, but may be new to lay readers. Raffles was a total abstainer. He desired to inculcate similar morality in inebriates who came before him for adjudication. If they were "first offenders" in this line, and displayed penitence, and declared themselves willing to take the pledge, he was wont to liberate them unpenalized, but laden with good advice.

Such being the Raffles code for alcoholism, there appears before him one Connell, of Hibernian persuasion. It was not Connell's début in this line; he had once before similarly sinned (*i. e.* been detected and charged), and had then escaped with the customary lecture in exchange for professions of penitence. This time once more Connell expressed sorrow for sin: once more Raffles orated to him the merits of teetotalism, and Connell listened humbly, wiping away the tear of fiction. Sermon ended, the doxology was—"Five shillings, or seven days."

Connell bridled up instantly, an injured individual. His sentiments coincided with those of the nigger, "Floggee, massa, or preachee; but no floggee and preachee too." Connell reckoned his

crime expiated by attention to sermon. Superimposed fine was insult to injury. He exclaimed incredulously, "I beg your Honour's pardon!" and remonstrated. But Raffles was obdurate, pointing out that this was not the first occasion with Connell.

Connell apparently caved in, extracted silver and laid it on the dock ledge. Jailor proceeded to reach for it. Connell brought his palm down on the cash with a jingle and bump that attracted attention of all save Raffles, who had picked up the *Liverpool Mercury* to snatch morning news in interim. Connell says loudly, "I want a *resayt.*" Jailor tells him he can pay in jailor's room, and tries to lead him there: Connell clings to dock and cash, reiterating his demand for "resayt." Presently Raffles looks up. "Next case," says he; "what's the matter?" Jailor explains, hinting that Connell is not quite sober yet. Connell simply sticks to his text, "I want my resayt."

Raffles tells him to go to the jailor's room and pay his money, in the usual way.

Connell simply reiterates, "I want my resayt." This lures Raffles to ask at last what on earth Connell wants a receipt for.

Connell has gained his point, he smiles and delivers his conscience. "Now, look here, Mr. Raffles; when I die and go to heaven, the first gentleman I'll mate will be St. Payter: and he'll say to me, 'Pat, have ye paid your debts?' and I'll say 'Sure I have, your Saintship'; and he'll say then, 'Show me your resayts!' Now, Mr. Raffles, do you think thin I'd like to be going all the way to hell to get mine from

you! Sure, if you plase, I'd raythe have it now."

Exit Connell smiling, and planking his cash.

(Such was the tale as told to me: I cannot vouch further.)

Being a bachelor, crusty and selfish, I am not fond of stranger feminine society in a railway smoking carriage. Once I rather burned my fingers by churlishness in this respect. At a Hants railway station, in the seventies, an angel-looking *ingénue* climbed into the smoking compartment wherein I sat alone.

"Smoking carriage, madam!" I growled.

"Oh yes; I know," she replied, smiling amiably.

In terror I hailed the guard, and bade him shift my kit to another coach: he demurred—as train was due to start. I insisted; out came my gun, bags, birds, and the like, I murmuring, "Sooner have a mad dog than a single woman in the carriage."

Retribution befell in a subsequent year, at Lord's. A young Oxonian whom I knew hailed me and introduced his sister. It turned out that she was the aforesaid angel *ingénue*. He had noted my face, as the train drew up that day, and bade his young sister get in (relying on my escort and protection for her to town), while he superintended her baggage. When he reached the carriage to introduce me, he heard of my flight and unflattering preference for a mad dog. The two young people seemed to enjoy the joke of my discomfiture; and bore no malice!

CHAPTER XX

MEDLEY MEMORIES (*continued*)

Cousins of mine lived at Pembury, above referred to. An amusing incident of Post Office freedom occurred there long years ago, good enough for *Punch* (that caricatures P.O. officials retailing village gossip from postcards that pass their hands).

My brother Edward was commanding his battalion at Portsmouth. He telegraphed to one of my Pembury cousins to come thither—on a Saturday afternoon. The post-mistress gave the lady the telegram at the church door next Sunday morning. Said the addressee, after perusing it—"Why! this was sent yesterday! I ought to have had it last evening."

Reply: "Yes; but I looked in the railway time-table, and found you could not possibly reach Portsmouth at that hour, and you have plenty of time to travel after church!"

It was while on a visit to these same Pembury cousins, who were patrons of the living, that I made the acquaintance of the celebrated poet Browning. His son was being married to a bride at a house rented furnished for the summer. My cousins, as patrons and custodians of the tiny "old" parish church (distant a mile and a half from the new and larger one away in the main village), elected to decorate the chancel for the ceremony,

and called me in to help. I engineered reading desk, altar rails and the like with autumn-tinged Virginia creeper from the walls of the Vicarage stables. The bride's party were flattered at the compliment; my cousins were attending the ceremony and subsequent reception. They brought up a message that I was "wanted"; to put in an appearance at the reception—and not to be bashful of shooting rig, which was all I had with me (barring evening dress). So I was escorted to the house full of gaily dressed Americans, and a grey-bearded, venerable gentleman was especially flattering in his compliments on my "taste," as he was good enough to style it, in decorative art.

This was *the* poet: and he gave me his photograph: which I value—naturally—as from such a celebrity.

I live to realize that more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. Some few years ago I was sent on a family mission to Southampton to try to reclaim a wildish young relative who was supposed to have got into undesirable company with some one in a music-hall troupe in that town. The thing was, to find my bird. I called on the Mayor, and asked for loan of a detective: he was obliging; and while conferring with him in came some other Corporation swell (Treasurer, I think): he at once volunteered that he knew me by sight—having a nephew in the Oxford eleven. He collaborated *con amore* with his Worship the Mayor for my plan, and I was furnished with detectives, and escorted to the police station to give my instructions. I proceeded to introduce myself to the inspector in command. "Bless me!" said

that worthy, "I have known you by sight since I was a child. I was born in Henley!"

As I came out I ran into the arms of my old friend Colonel F. Willan, then a Henley umpire, on his way to sit magisterially.

I made a memorandum. If ever I commit murder and have to fly the country, the last port at which I shall seek to embark will be Southampton.

Annually in these days swimmers try to emulate Webb's cross-Channel feat. So far as I note Press reports of these essays, the passage, even if achieved by them, is likely to fall distinctly short of Webb's feat. He did the actual Channel passage—Dover pier to Calais sands—and he had no thick grease daubing (only porpoise oil), and no band and no friends from swimming clubs to take turns alongside of him.

These modern self-advertisers (who would, of course, make grand capital out of the feat, if achieved, as lessees of baths, and instructors in natation) seem in most cases to try to cheesepare the distance by starting from some promontory far away from port, and aiming for a similar projection on the other side: while their Press puffers, when recounting their failures, exaggerate their performances by reckoning all distance drifted as if it were distance swum.

On this aspect Webb will remain unbeaten, even if some specialist at last succeeds in fluking across.

Webb's *forte* was endurance of cold: as a purely breast swimmer he was not very fast; but his stamina was great, and his power of resisting cold was abnormal.

I once swam with him in a preparation journey. For two or three hours one could outpace him easily; but four hours numbed me; till fingers and toes were bleached white; while Webb kept as warm as a whale.

As a youth he, one Sunday night, came home to roost at his sire's house near Ironbridge, Salop: he was somewhat "elevated"; he rang; got no response, and subsided to sleep on the frosty ground. There he lay till morn, none the worse! His skin was like that of a plucked goose, rough, and could stand cold *ad libitum*.

He was a grand man, full of real courage to look death in the face, and not flinch: he was refined and courteous. Had he been a modern South African millionaire all "society" would have been toadying him, and voting him a duke among the average riff-raff Rand magnates. We shall not see his like again in a hurry.

His feat was absolutely genuine. John Chambers, doubting his capacity for the feat, but desiring to promote sport, stood him £50 to nothing to do the passage; at the same time, to make sure that he got his money's worth, he looked after the swim in person as much as he could, and deputed in his absence his interests to his and my old friend *Paine*, of Trinity College, Cambridge, then on the *Standard* staff. Paine attended the swim from end to end: and vouched for it as absolutely genuine and unaided, save casual feeding. He told me that the lugger's men were so enthusiastic when the last half-mile was being struggled through by the almost unconscious and half-dreaming athlete, that they were literally shedding tears like children.

I recall a curious case of telepathy—so it seems to me—which actually happened to myself—about 1870. I was passing one evening about 10 p.m. through Coventry Street. There was a "divan," the name of which I forget—and which I had never before been inside; nor, when I walked that way, had I the smallest intention of exploring it.

But, as I reached it, some strange "uncontrollable impulse" seemed to hold me up—and—I could not tell why—but I halted, and turned in mechanically. As I swung back the doors there stood F. H. Kelly, who rowed No. 2 for Oxford with me in 1863, and in that year was one of Jack Forster's eight that won Grand and Ladies' at Henley.

He welcomed me warmly, saying, "I have just come from Ireland, and turned in here to smoke, and was standing thinking where I could find a pal, and wishing for one to look in!"

Members of Psychological Society may make a note of this if they like. I can swear to it; and to the best of my belief Kelly is still hearty somewhere in Ireland, if they like to question him.

In 1873 I made the acquaintance of Bushby Jamieson, between whom and myself as years passed there grew up great friendship. I met him first on the occasion of his wedding to Fanny Erskine, daughter of a friend of mine (who was uncle to my Radley and Oxford friend of that name). Jamieson and his brother Hugh had in earlier years sheep-farmed in Adelaide, on the Murray. Indirectly and unconsciously they were the pioneers, I believe, of a system of irrigation which now

rears Australian fruit by thousands of tons. They started it as amateur engineers, in their own garden and curtilage at their station, Mildura, which, since they quitted it, has blossomed into a big fruit farm; their inceptive irrigation modes having suggested to later occupiers the policy of continuing this principle wholesale.

Jamieson was of opinion that seasons of drought were more frequent and more severe in his later years at that station, than when he arrived there as a youth. He ascribed the change in climate to the presence of sheep! He declared that long years of traffic of large flocks had actually told its tale in trampling pasture surface to a firmer consistency, making it less swampy, and so offering less supply for evaporation.

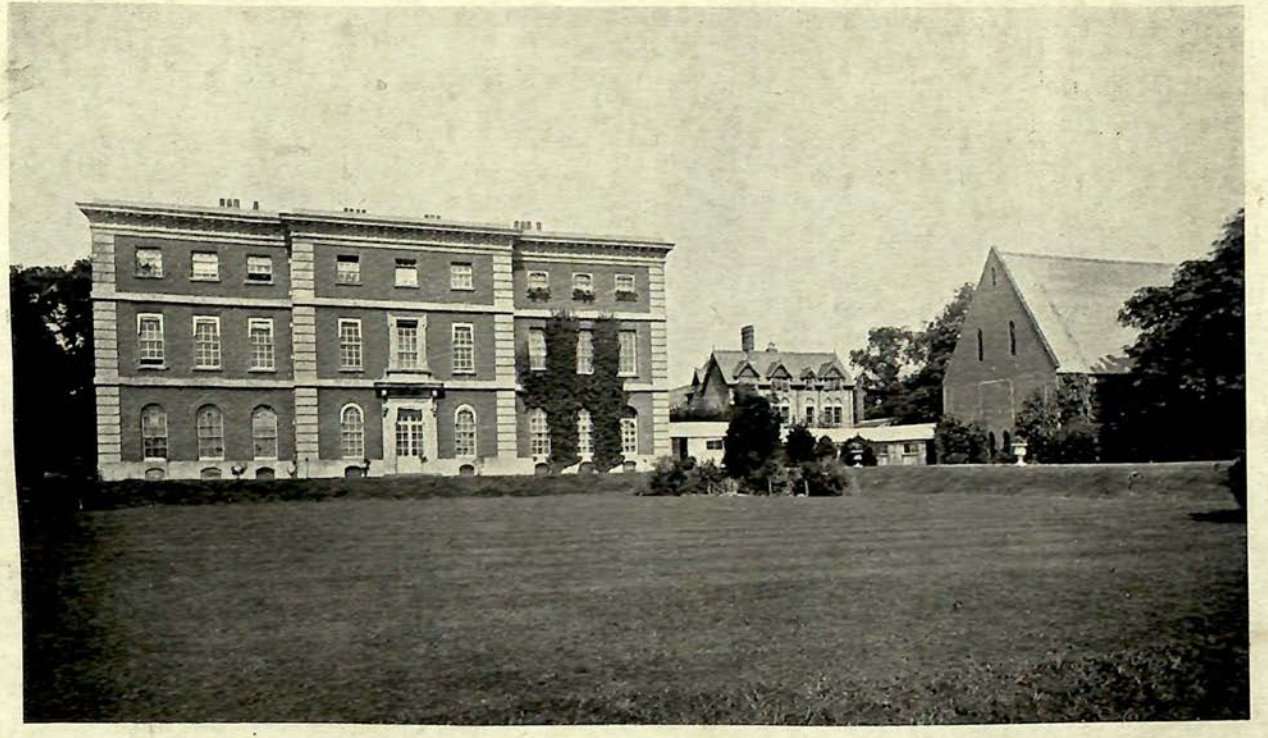
He was a good raconteur on Sunday evenings in his London home. I wish I had taken shorthand notes of some of his bush stories. However, here is one as a sample.

"The Moravian Mission at Keene's."

"Keene's location" retained its name after its earlier occupiers had left it. One Brown, a genial yet hard-headed Scotsman, came to occupy it.

In those early Victorian days settlers had to depend considerably upon Lynch law to protect their flocks against depredations by natives. To arrest nigger thieves and carry them miles to a magistrate would entail loss of time rather not worth the candle.

It was simpler to track the direction of the sheep-stealers till their tribe was found; then the headman was summoned to appear, and was given a few minutes to produce the marauders.



Photo] [*Hills & Saunders.*

OLD RADLEY FROM THE SOUTH, 1858.

This demand was usually complied with; whether the "boss" black delivered up the real criminals, or made victims of any dependants whom he could best spare, must remain a matter for speculation.

The reputed thieves having thus surrendered, "justice" was done by the injured settler and his "aides."

Some, perhaps many, less scrupulous prosecutors saved time by pistolling the convicts *pour encourager les autres*. After all, sheep-stealing had barely ceased at that date to be a capital offence, even in disloyal Ireland. Others, more conscientious, would content themselves with flaying the thieves' backs with a stock whip.

Rough and ready justice of this nature, perhaps, originated the saying which I often heard B. Jamieson use, of a hopeless case, "Not a black man's chance."

Now, in Brown's vicinity was an overseer who was reputed to be one of the *less scrupulous* as to Lynch law; and blacks had holy horror of him: expecting short shrift from him if arraigned for any depredations. Such was the terror in which the overseer was held, that when he imported from Adelaide some salt pork hams, blackies looked suspiciously at them. They knew mutton hams well enough by shape; but porcine contour puzzled them. They put two and two together; and inasmuch as sundry notorious black sheep-stealers had lately vanished from view, they deduced that the mysterious hams and bacon must be "black man's meat" and that that overseer was cannibal! The rumour, once started, seems to have found credence among all local blacks.

There arrived at Keene's location, a "Moravian Mission," intent on converting blacks to Christianity. There was no serious trespass in their camping *en route* in outlying bush on Brown's land, so long as they moved on within a reasonable time; but the worst was, that the Mission, by the help of free feeds to the local blacks, had quickly found that the road to their hearts and souls lay through their stomachs, and had already got a host of catechumens and converts. The Mission seemed in no hurry to try other hunting-grounds.

Even this prospect of a prolonged stay would not have seriously affected Brown, with his thousands of spare acres, but the Mission meantime made itself generally unpopular in the district, by its inhospitality and exclusiveness as regards Europeans. Blacks were welcomed with open arms, but whites were sent to Coventry. The *lex non scripta* of the bush was a damper, shake-down, cup of coffee and cut of mutton to any sundowner: but from the hour when the Mission first squatted, not one bite or sup had been offered to any but natives.

A sort of verbal round robin reached Brown from all white quarters, requesting him, as a matter of decency, to compel these invaders to quit, or to invoke the law against them if they delayed.

Brown was not keen for litigation: it was some 300 miles to Adelaide, for process of ejectment. None the less, after cogitation, he thought he saw his way.

He was a go-ahead man, and had long lamented the waste of sheep carcases in flocks grown only for wool. There was then no European mutton-

market (no freezing-chambers in the old sailing ships). But Brown thought he could start at least a trade in tallow, when full-mouthed sheep had to be stuck to save their lives : and with this idea in embryo, he had, some months before the Moravians came on the scene, purchased two big boilers in Adelaide, carted them down to Keene's, and dumped them first in a clearing in the bush, till he could find time to build a boiling-house.

The boilers were the thing, thought Brown, who was aware of the cannibal scandal against his overseer neighbour.

Brown strolled round the Mission, in a spare hour. He looked round for "Jacky," the best tracker in the district. Why had not Jacky been to see his friend Brown of late, to inquire if there were any lost stock to be tracked ?

Jacky smiled, patting his recently enlarged waist and bulging abdomen, and intimated that he was now doing too well on free rations to look at tracking as a job.

" Come and take a walk with me," said Brown ; and Jacky and a lot of other little blackies trotted confidingly after him. They all knew that Brown's kindly heart never hurt a fly, and felt safe with him.

Brown strolled to where his boilers lay ; bush and scrub grow fast : the vegetation had quite shrouded them. Brown found them and climbed into one, and invited the whole party to follow him. In they climbed, on the spree. Then Brown proceeded to count, aloud, how many the big boiler would hold. The natives looked and listened in vague curiosity.

Said Brown meditatively, patting Jacky's obesities, "You're fat enough already, but I don't think they'll want you till they can cut up and boil a dozen at a time," indicating the Mission with his thumb.

The solution of these strange receptacles seemed to flash on Jacky: they must be Mission plant, and then there was the "ham" scandal and scare to read in conjunction, and even blacks can now and then put two and two together.

Brown had difficulty in getting clear of his panic-stricken black *clientèle*; they seemed to want to cling to him for protection, but at last he released himself and reached home.

Next day there was not a black within sixty miles of the Mission. The apostles struck camp and tried to reclaim their lost flock, but in vain; the Mission retreated to Adelaide, and Brown economized all law costs of eviction.

Bushby Jamieson used year after year to spend his summer holidays at Southsea, and always kept a room there for me in Long Vacation. I lost sterling friends when I paid adieu to his wife and himself in turn at Brompton Cemetery.

Another senior, but similarly genial and sterling friend, was Charles Phillips, erst of Mortlake Brewery, where for some thirty-odd years his kindness to the University crews after the annual match was a sort of institution in itself. My first meeting with Phillips, in Lent 1862, was somewhat comical. The crew had already received and accepted his invitation to lunch; but (saving two old blues in the boat) none of us had up to then met

him in the flesh. There was just then much pious lucubration by sundry Pecksniffs in the daily Press upon the impiety of boat-racing in Lent, and on the obvious temptations to young men to wager on results. Some *patres-familiarum* had in consequence been rather scared as to the salvation of their sons in the crews, and we had agreed to set our faces against the betting element, and not to fraternize with Ring and bookmakers if they buttonholed us.

Well, after lunch, some of us new hands were playing billiards at Harry Kelley's "Bells" public, waiting for the tide. In came Phillips, *incognito* to us, in riding costume, Bedford cords and so on, faultlessly attired. He commenced to inquire after our healths, and our rowing, and our times, and prospects, and we took him for some swell owner of racehorses desirous of having a thousand or two on the winning chance. We were very monosyllabic, and tried to steer clear of all aquatic science, and he must have thought us a den of young bears, when in came A. R. Poole, who had rowed the year before. He recognized and shook hands with our prospective host, and introduced us, and all became genial. Phillips was rather amused when, some years later, I explained to him the light in which we tyros had suspiciously regarded him at the commencement of this first rencontre.

I never knew a cellar to beat his—especially his port; I never had but one fault to find with him, which was, that if he and I were *tête-à-tête* after dinner, he would not drink fair, but always managed to make me take three glasses to his one! However, in those days I could stand it, and could toe the scratch after two bottles. I have spent many a

happy week at his various Scottish shooting-quarters. I am glad to say that I am still on terms of close friendship with all of his offspring who survive.

Another similar sporting, hospitable, and genial soul was Charles Newton the elder, the practical father of Australian Turf, whose son—now of the Jockey Club—I have alluded to before, as friend, horseman and oarsman. Newton (senior) used to tell me how, when he was a lad, and when Stephenson was running his "Rocket" locomotive as an experiment, he (Newton) used to jump upon it and take a run on its three-mile pioneering scraps of rail. He evinced a keen economic foresight as to the feature of British landed estate value. He saw that it had reached an inflated, *bric-à-brac* value—as investment for the rise,—and anticipated its displacement by colonial soil as an investment to "hatch." In 1878 he inspired me to expound the theory in a *Field* "leader." The very next year, 1879, saw the beginning of the slump in British estates which Newton prophesied.

I recall another old sportsman—Jack Willan—sire of the now celebrated Col. Willan, of Hants, for many years umpire of Putney matches and Henley regatta. I wish I could reproduce one tithe of old Willan's Turf reminiscences. He had more than suspicion that the Gully-Ridsdale confederacy of Georgian and early Victorian days dealt in "old 'uns," for the Derby. He suspected both St. Giles, 1832, and Bloomsbury, 1839. Anyhow, Margrave was made to give way to St. Giles for the Derby, for market purposes. Willan was riding in a fog on Epsom Downs, and saw enough of a trial to convince him that Margrave could win that Derby.

But when he reached London pigeon messages had preceded him, and in spite of the trial St. Giles was in favour! So he waited and watched. St. Giles won the Derby—but the Leger, for which Margrave was in pickle, fell to the latter, after he had been stopped in the Derby to accommodate St. Giles. The latter ran in Ridsdale's nomination; Margrave in Gully's, but it was all one gang: the one confederate started life as a pad groom to the then Lord Durham, the other in the prize-ring.

It was said that when Bloomsbury was adventured for the Derby, the "Gully gang" had squared jockeys, trainers, or both, of all serious opponents, barring Fulwar Craven's filly, Deception; as she was coughing, they thought her safe; but she ran second and all but upset the *coup*. Craven objected to Bloomsbury's qualification, and stakes were held over until the action was tried at Liverpool that August. Craven failed to prove fraud, and Ridsdale won. The technical issue was whether Tramp or Mulatto was Bloomsbury's sire; and the difficulty was to prove the crucial question of age.

"Running Rein," 1844, was the only four-year-old Derby winner actually unmasked, but, according to Whyte-Melville,—who held much the same opinions as old Willan, but did not put them into black and white (for names and years) in his novels —"It takes a very good four-year-old to win the Derby!"

I think it was St. Giles that was matched against Lord Glasgow's (then Lord Kelbourne) Retainer —to run at Newmarket, October; and Retainer having broken down, the match seemed to be a

walk-over for Ridsdale's colt; but there was a rümour that some suspicious persons intended, backed by some of the "fancy" of the P.R., to have a private examination of St. Giles's teeth when next he came on the Heath! Be that as it may, it was curious that with this match a clear prospective bonus if St. Giles went to the post, forfeit was paid for him and he was shifted to Russia. After all, whatever may be said of the modern Turf, it is purity itself to what it was in those grandsire days.

I used to see à good deal of sport of various branches, as a guest of my late lamented friend, the Rev. Alfred Barker, of Sherfield-on-Loddon. There was one yarn of mine which he always hesitated to swallow, reminding me that by piscatorial consensus "Angler" and "Ananias" are too often convertible terms; but I adhere to it as actually true, though I am the sole witness of it, and brethren of the "gentle craft" can accept it or not. Perhaps my reverend friend was slightly prejudiced, as knowing his Dartmoor fishery far better than I, and pinning also his faith to the dogmas of old Perrott of Chagford, who tied all flies for that water. What he did not know of trout lures was not "knowledge."

My tale is this. The Mayfly does not patronize Dartmoor—the rocky beds of its streams do not favour caddis grubs. Perrott derided the very idea of a Mayfly there.

One Whitsuntide (1892 or 1893) April showers of snow and sleet anachronistically arrived in Whitsun week. I was staying with Barker, and fishing the Teign, the water boiling with snow broth.

I worked hard all day with Perrott's regulation lures for such localities—" tinker," " blue grizzle," " blue upright "—and had but five fish, when, in despair, twenty-five minutes only left before time to reel up and march home down Gidleigh valley, as forlorn hope, I routed out the only semblance of a Mayfly in my book—a tattered green drake with *varnished* wings.

I had seventeen fish with it in those last twenty-five minutes. They came at it like wolves. I admit that when I offered it to them during calmer days, two days later, never would they look at it. Nevertheless, I stick to my text herein, and dare say the Mayfly might have scored sundry other days where nothing else would tempt.

I have a heretical theory that modern trout have modern tastes, and enjoy novelty. The last day that Barker and I fished a loch in Connemara, 1895, he stuck religiously to the local " Zulus " which the Irish boatmen tied for him. I, finding Zulus not taking, put on a miniature Black Doctor; the boatman derided it, but I had five sea trout the best of the argument.

I suppose that there are few sportsmen who have not in their day been victimized by a welsher. The celebrated Captain White in the sixties got them doubly caught at Goodwood; he found his " welsher," took his revenge by kicking him, and later got sued for damages to that gentleman's hindquarters—and worse, a sympathetic and gullible jury awarded damages (insult to injury). Well, in my youth I got welshed of two sovereigns at Reading (the old racecourse that lay where now lies Palmer's recreation ground). I was riled, and had an

independent conceit of my own. I met a detective whom I knew, and enlisted him and a colleague of his. We drew the booths: there I found my absconding rogue, and gave him into custody. The detectives collared him, and we tramped to the Borough police station with our prey. At that office a smart young clerk jeered at me, for the folly of supposing that criminal tribunals would take cognizance of welshing, and bade my detectives release the rascal, telling me patronizingly that I should be lucky if I was not sued for damages for unlawful and malicious detention.

And yet, though I knew no criminal law then, I was actually in the right; and as a sort of Nemesis that same county had the latter-day honour of the first conviction for "larceny by artifice"—of a welsher—in the case of R. *v.* Buckmaster (an Ascot episode), decided in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

A statute is badly needed to restrain the operations of that class of adventurers who trade upon the innate charitable instincts of the public, and thereby use Societies or Funds for some ostensible and actual humane purpose, but with no control as to administration and application of subscriptions other than that which they elect to supply and to tolerate. *Truth* does yeoman service in boldly showing up some of the worst of these adventurers; but such *exposé* at best can only warn off charitable readers who might otherwise have been gulled into contribution. The method of these rogues places them outside the range of criminal law. The "Society"—or "Fund"—has actual existence: therefore no charge of false

pretences therein will well lie. Its operation and function can be witnessed. What is dark is, the amount subscribed as against that actually expended on the charity. Nominal audit takes place, by the appointees of the promoters; but the auditors are tied to the figures presented to them for addition and subtraction. They have no adequate means of proof of the full receipts, or of the actual disbursements. On the average, so long as a professional charity-monger has wisdom and self-control not to kill the goose of golden egg by precipitate greed, and is content to filch not more than 30 per cent. of the income, and to let the rest go into the charity as advertisement, the game prospers well. There can be no charge of embezzlement, for relations of employer and employed do not there exist. As to breach of trust, proof thereof is practically impossible. Even if "misapplication"—(as a mild term for "misappropriation")—of this or that could be verified, it would still be necessary for some one or more individual who would be entitled to benefit from the fund, to be found—and induced to apply to Court for "account to be taken." Since the discretion of selection of objects for the charity vests in the promoting adventurers' "management," how can such an (alleged) beneficiary be officially verified, so as to obtain a status as plaintiff, and, last of all, who is going to finance the (impecunious *ex-officio*) petitioner? It is this complication which casts ægis over daily moral fraud by means of many such "Societies" and "Charities."

But if there were a statute that every person

who volunteers to collect for "charity" or humanity shall be *ex officio* from that moment a self-constituted employé of the Charity Commissioners (or Chief of Police, or any such authority) so that any appropriation would be embezzlement, peril would be sprung on such adventurers. Still more so, if the Act required the operator within forty-eight hours to notify to this statutable "employer" that he had begun operations, and that his "office" and "accounts" were open to such surveillance as the "authority" or employer might think advisable, with stringent criminal penalty for omission to conform to this requirement. All honest charities would obtain a free hand; and all that were run by individuals of doubtful status would be under prompt espionage. The statutable "employer" could thus "dismiss" the promoter if suspicious of his integrity; and yet retain the functions of his Charity—if its aim and end seemed to be practicable and desirable. In my own estimate an Act to this effect would save some 30 per cent. of sums annually subscribed to unchartered and unincorporated charities from misappropriation to fatten and feather their promoters.

I have said that innate humanity in Britishers largely loosens purse-strings to appeal, when statistics of alleged inhumanity are tendered to them. It is this humane instinct which enables a Society such as that for the Suppression of Vivisection to flourish. I believe that financially it is honestly conducted. Few will deny that if only half of the (anonymous) horrors alleged in the literature circulated by the Society were authentic there would be a case for Legislature

to deal with. But the awkward part of such literature is that its imputations are practically anonymous. They are heart-rending reading (they fooled me once, in my salad days, into contributing): but, they are most cautious of according chapter and verse to verify. Here we are confronted with three alternatives.

I. Either the original narrators of these scandals were optical or else acoustical witnesses of crime (*quâ* violations of the Vivisection Acts) or they were not.

II. If they did witness the alleged cruelties and have refrained from giving information for promoting prosecution, they are inexcusably *participes criminsis*. None can doubt that on tender of evidence to support even one in twenty of the anonymous cruelties alleged, the Treasury, not to mention the S.P.C.A., would at once prosecute.

Yet anonymity is studiously preserved, and prosecution slumbers.

III. If these allegations are circulated without verification such as would suffice for prosecution, their publishers are wanton falsehood-mongers.

The Society has mainly traded for its bread, cheese, and its income for its salaries, upon anonymous statistics. It will be remembered that when Mr. Stephen Coleridge once mustered courage to offer chapter and verse for a horror, relying on some Swedish informants, the experiment cost him £1000 damages. Since then reticent anonymity has once more been the bait to enlist sympathies from the more credulous portion of humane persons who, like myself, are fond of domestic pets, and would be indignant *if convinced* that wanton cruelty was meted out to such creatures.

As to abstract principles of vivisection, I can understand a conscientious venerator of the sanctity of animal life (such as the Brahmin emperor of old who sentenced to death a subject who had crushed a louse)—conforming in diet: declining to partake of shrimps or whitebait, vetoing lobsters, even oysters and mussels: repudiating the horror of a pigeon pie; declining even a cut of bacon unless assured that the pig had been chloroformed before being knifed. Such an one, living up to such principles, would claim respect, if not always assent, when preaching that it is sin to sacrifice any animal life for human interests.

But what is difficult to understand is the self-laudatory claims to humanity, *quâ* total veto on vivisection, by dietists of the normal stamp, who will sit down to an ordinary dinner menu without qualms of conscience.

If the many hundreds of kindhearted subscribers to the Coleridge hobby would but combine for a year, and say, "Give us, if only six prosecutions and convictions within six months, to verify some few of the statistics of horror, and we will double our subscriptions: in default, we must discontinue them." (This would be crucial.) I myself would stand my mite, *if* the Society could stand this test. But if it is not forthcoming, I trust that the truly humane will realize that they have been fooled too long.

The S.P.C.A. has, I am glad to say, improved its tone and practice since my Oxford days. It no longer embarks in such fanciful prosecutions as of old, to advertise itself—*e.g.* for "swan upping," and marking cygnets' bills; or steeplechase cranks,

such as prosecution of Crawshaw for riding Voightlander, at Croydon, in 1866; or Holman on the Doctor, at Aintree, 1870. On the other hand, it does good service in espionage of the brutal "sausage horse" exportation trade to Belgium. It is not at all times sufficiently energetic as to abuse of lame horses. I recall one case—about 1888; I noticed a cab-horse, dead lame with navicular (both feet), in Covent Garden; called a constable, took name, number, of cabby and cab; and sent information to the S.P.C.A. The official reply of the "acting sec." was, that the disease was *only navicular*, and that the pain would always pass off for the day, after the animal had been rattled on the pavements for a "mile or two." Lovers of horses will agree with me, that a horse thus afflicted should either be relieved by neurotomy, or destroyed, but not worked in such a state.

Let me hope that the Colamite creed has been modified on this subject since the date of that correspondence. If the Sec. would only walk the Strand once a day with good old dry peas in his shoes, he would have experience of about a tithe of the pain of the day's start of a horse afflicted with double navicular.

Any one who travels much upon British lines can hardly have failed to observe the marked variation in tone, civility and cultivation which is to be noted in the staff of leading railways. The porters of some lines strike one as being, on the average, socially a cut above the stationmasters on some others.

The employés of London and North-Western, and Great Western, must be conceded a premiership.

The London and South-Western also seem to be complaisant and courteous. Great Northern fairish, and the South-Eastern by a long way lowest in the scale. Whether this last is the outcome of the classes from which the line recruits, or results from contagion in tone from superior officials, I am not in a position to say. I do not form a flattering opinion of the manner in which the porter department is engineered on the S.-E.R., so far as my own personal experiences go. Twice in my time, when traffic has been heavy at Christmas-time at one of their termini, I have found their (liveried) porters flatly decline to move any luggage from cab to train, until a *pourboire* had been agreed upon and *paid in advance*.

On one of these occasions, having submitted to this blackmail, and having then come across a uniformed and laced inspector (or stationmaster) *en route* through the platform, I accosted that functionary, related what had occurred, and inquired if such charges were *en regle*. The only reply that I got was, "If you were a gentleman you shouldn't object to pay for attendance at Christmas-time." Compare this with a Worcester G.W.R. episode at another Christmas. Traffic being heavy,—and sundry extra unliveried hands employed, with arm badges, to denote them—one of these made a similar demand for fee in advance before consenting to lift a portmanteau. I paid, found an inspector or some such superior functionary, and related to him—pointing out the man. Forthwith the porter was unbadged and evicted from the station before my eyes (while I was waiting for the Malvern train).

It may be that short dividends and *res angusta* force the S.-E.R. to seek to cheesepare in the porter line; but the methods, as experienced by me, do not seem to be calculated to enhance the reputation of the executive.

As instance: on arrival at Victoria Station of the Company, I have found a gang of unliveried but arm-badged labourers in attendance to lift one's kit. Naturally all give some *douceur* to such assistants: but when these have reached the labelling department, they have declined to label; instructing me that such would be an invasion of the perquisites of the porters told off for that branch of duty—as to whom—on one occasion my attendant "labourer" alleged (truly or not, I cannot say) that these got no wages, and had to live by their tips for labelling. The same "labourers" asserted to me that they themselves received no pay, and lived by their tips. There was a modicum of liveried porters inside the station; but none of these came forward to aid as to baggage.

It struck me that, if these outside labourers told truth when saying that they were wageless, it would be important to ascertain their true status from the management, and to obtain official reply whether delivery of baggage to the care of such hangers-on was recognized by the Company as equivalent to delivery to the Company itself. The importance of such reply must be evident; bearing in mind that a passenger almost inevitably has to take eyes off his baggage while booking his ticket, and that platform thieves are seen monthly in the dock. Accordingly I inquired (1) Are these outsiders Company's servants? (2)

Does the Company accept responsibility for their actions as to luggage?

The management (per Mr. Vincent Hill) answered question (1) to the effect that these unlicensed outsiders were *not* Company's servants; but were "*permitted to handle luggage.*" Question 2 was ignored, the letter continuing, "I have no further information to give."

The public must judge for themselves, after this, how far, if at all, it is safe to entrust kit to these outsiders, and to let it go out of their sight. If ways and means are so constrained on this line that it is found financially necessary, not only to officially ignore the old but regularly infringed theory of no tips, but also to employ a wageless staff to live on its tips (like the Monico waiter before Mr. Justice Grantham), it would seem desirable that at least there should then be some official authorized and publicly notified scale of charges for porterage from outside to the train; also for labelling, similar to cloak-room scale for deposits. It would be slightly more dignified, even if thereby the nakedness of the land of the Company were brought into greater prominence. These practices which came under my notice are apparently undisputed by the management, and no sense of shame seemed to attend the correspondence addressed to myself.

Will some independent M.P. prepare a Bill enacting that where a Railway Company harbours on its premises unpaid porters and touts to cadge for fees and to economize Company's wage bill, such volunteers shall be *ex officio* Company's servants, and their acts those of the Company? This

would simplify, instead of leaving such question, when necessary, to be an issue for a jury.

On the other side of Victoria Station, that of the London, Brighton and Chatham Railway, there was (I can say no more) in 1903 a decidedly discreditable practice at the cloak-room. I called there, to take out a small bag. The employés there declined to attend to me unless I *employed a porter* to fetch it: one of them himself in porter's uniform candidly telling me that if I did not adopt his suggestion I would not be attended to till 5 p.m. It was then 4.45, and my train was due before 5 p.m. I simplified matters by asking how much porter's fee would be. "Sixpence," said the candid rogue. I thereupon saved my train by depositing sixpence with my cloak-room ticket, telling the blackmailer to pay any porter he liked with it. He grinned, pocketed the fee, then produced the bag. I had no time to interview any inspector, but wrote a complaint to the management. I had *no reply*. At the same time it is of course possible (let me charitably hope, even probable) that my revelations of these cloak-room tactics may all the same have been properly dealt with. The incident, however, seems to disclose a sort of system of trades unionism among porters of certain lines, which would never have been dreamt of in my youth, when every railway station exhibited official reminders of "instant dismissal" for any servant of the Company who accepted a fee.

One never meets with greed or rudeness of this sort on L. & N.-W.R., G.W.R. or L. & S.-W.R., and the systematic politeness experienced on them makes one feel the more liberal, certainly not less

so, to these hands, when they help one in trains. I meet the same hands time after time, and always find them promptly obliging, and pleased at being identified as old acquaintances.

There is no one who has made greater hits in journalism than the celebrated gentleman and politician who is euphoniously and profanely nicknamed "Labby," alike by friends and opponents. Not every reader of his pre-eminent journal is in accord with his political views, especially those relating to Imperialism and Foreign Policy. At one time, however, he preached a policy which would be to the taste of the most ardent of those opponents of his whom he dubs "Jingoes." This was when the Russo-Turkish War was being wound up, and the term "Jingo" was coined from refrains and reminiscences of MacDermott's then captivating Imperialist music-hall song, "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do." . . .

"Labby" had then the clearheadedness to openly advocate in *Truth*, to the Beaconsfield Cabinet, "Take Egypt," as a counterpoise to Russian Levant gains; and this long before Arabi's misconduct had given us a *locus* for interfering in that province. Simple Libyan filibustering was in effect his theory—and I have always honoured him the more for the courage of that conscientious enunciation.

But it is in social matters mainly relating to charity and good-will to (deserving) fellow-creatures that his name will go down as a public benefactor, conferred as such by friends and oppo-

nents alike. Charitable in his own temperament and practices, he has added to his own personal efforts to alleviate suffering, an effective system of unearthing and unmasking—for public protection—the shoals of sharks and swindlers and charity-mongers who would prey upon the unwary. Not all Scotland Yard and Charity Organisation Society put together have effected as much good in this line as old "Labby." I heard lately a story about him : it may have been a dream after lobster salad—I am not sure : I claim no originality for it, but venture to relate it—as instructive to both moralists and financiers.

"Labby," feeling years advancing apace, resigning Parliament, and seeking *otium cum dignitate*, bethought him that he had better take time by the forelock, and see about comfortable quarters for his next transmigration or place of existence. With this view, he one day took a return Pullman ticket ("specially conducted" by Cook—or Gaze—I forget which) to the lower world, to see what lodgings to let were there.

On arrival he was of course courteously received by the landlord of the establishment, who listened to his inquiries, and flatteringly said, "We shall be proud to do all we can for you, Mr. L. All eminent statesmen and bishops appear to pay me a temporary visit, to get whitewashed of peccadilloes in purgatory. We of course do not expect such as you to be relegated to the Inferno—like gentlemen of the Robespierre stamp. We have some beautiful flats to suit you, and can commend one situated between those of your friends the late Mr. Gl—d—ne and the late Sir William H—c—rt, and opposite to

that of the late Lord Bea—sf—d. Two bath-rooms, did you say? Why, certainly—and a bridge-room, and a buttery hatch to the dining-room—by all means; those alterations shall be duly attended to before you finally arrive to take up residence with us.

"And now Mr. L., if you will allow me to say so, as we do not often have the honour of such distinguished callers as yourself, would you oblige me by writing your name in my very select visitors' book; you will observe that the last signature is that of Dante, and prior to his, of Aeneas. I have waited a long time for this similar compliment from you; these visits are like angels', few and far between. And, while you are here, may I take it that, like Dante and Aeneas, you would be interested at a peep into the Inferno?"

"Why, certainly," said Labby, realizing that the view would form a delightful column in *Scrutator*.

"Here, Lucifer!" hailed the master to a courtier. "Please order an asbestos cloak and cap for this gentleman."

Down they went in the lift, and debouched along a corridor of furnaces, somewhat analogous in design to safes in the "Chancery Lane Safe Deposit."

The glare of furnace 1 was most brilliant. "How dazzling," quoth Labby. "What have you got there?" "Some of my best fuel. Two or three pirates, but most of them are passive resisters." No. 2 also glared furiously. "What are they?" asked the distinguished visitor. "I think there are four or five bushrangers, and a forger or two, but the bulk of them are London County Council Progressives and money-lenders." No. 3 was

reached, and inquiry resumed. Looking at his catalogue the host read out, "A sprinkling of Arizona cowboys, a large assortment of Tammany, and any number of Company promoters."

No. 4 was too much for all of the party, fumes of fetid smoke issued from the bars, and Mephisto clapped his hand to his nose and rushed by—Labby doing the like. When they reached better atmosphere, the astounded Labby inquired the contents of that bin.

"You may well ask, Mr. L., it's simply awful, and it is not fair to saddle such muck upon a long-suffering public servant. I should really be glad if you could find time to draw the attention of Parliament to the matter!"

"But you have not mentioned who are in there."

"Who are they? Why those d—d Rhodesian shareholders. They're so green they simply won't burn at all, and they devilish nearly stink me out of the place."

"Stop a bit, Mr. L.," he hailed to his guest. "I have plenty more to show you, of a very interesting nature."

But Labby, with kerchief to nose, was once more braving the fumes and hurrying fast to the lift. In he nipped, not waiting for his host; and when the latter regained his company, it was in Mephisto's own sanctum, where Labby was telephoning some important instructions to his brokers.

"*Si non e vero!*" etc. Well, good luck to old Labby! he has well earned his *rudis*, and even his keenest political opponents cannot but wish him prolonged years of ripe and honoured old age.

I recall an incident of off-hand outdoor kindly coaching in classics, which, while still in jackets (before Crimean War), I one day received, quite casually, from the great W. E. Gladstone. He was on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, at Hagley. I was sent over on my pony with a note, by my father, and met the two celebrities in the carriage drive. While Lord Lyttelton was indoors writing his answer, the great statesman got on the topic of classics and benevolently gave me a few hints for answers to a class of questions which often figure in what are termed "critical papers" in scholarship examinations. I can recall three of his coachings. One was "'Oxymoron' illustration," such as "*splendide mendax*"; another was "Æschylus' idea of Fate" (this last actually recurred for my benefit in later time, when a candidate for B.N.C. scholarship!). The third was to explain the allusion in the line (*Anglicé*)—

"All we caught, we left: all we caught not, we have brought"
("Hos(a) helomen lipomesth(a), Hosa d(e) ouk helomen pheromestha")

(giving English letters for the Greek text).

Gladstone seems to have been himself much struck with the story connected with this; for, in his "Homer," he remarks that he finds it difficult to believe that "Homer died *because of the riddle of the fishermen.*"

The veiled allusion is this (*vide* Plutarch's *Lives*):

Homer walked at eventide on seashore. Fishermen landed. The poet sympathetically inquired, "What sport?" The fishermen rudely replied

in the hexameter above quoted. Homer asked for explanation. They jeered and left him. He sauntered and sulked, and tried to solve the riddle. He caught his death of cold, and died without arriving at a solution.

Plutarch criticizes: "Very silly of Homer to catch pneumonia for such a trifle; and very stupid of him not to see the solution. Thus: the fishermen had no luck with the *fish*, and had spent the time in *catching vermin* from their own bodies, and throwing them into the sea."

CHAPTER XXI

RETROSPECT AND L'ENVOI

NATURALLY, in three-score years, if not of discretion, at least of optical discernment, it has been my lot to witness obvious marked natural changes of habit and of sentiment. Some of the changes may be for the worse, but on the whole I reckon more improvement than deterioration.

Among social matters wherein I note marked changes in one's own circle, I may cite post-prandial potation. It is practically extinct, from various causes. Later dinner hour has done something towards it; those long sittings after 6 p.m. rural dinners are no more; also the advance of toleration for tobacco has substituted a drug preventive—nicotine for alcohol. When I was a lad I now and then saw guests who could not climb into their coaches without friendly supervision, yet used to be told that such scenes were nothing to those of my father's boyhood, when at my grandfather's town house (right-hand corner of Hanover Square, where it abuts George Street) sturdy serving-men leaned their chins on their staves as they sat waiting in the entrance hall to escort home masters who might no longer be fit to take care of themselves. Or, as to my great-grandsire's table at "Somerhill," Kent (now in Goldsmid

hands), *on dit* there was always a reliable lad in attendance under the table, to loosen the neck-cloth of any gentleman who subsided from his chair.

All that is legend now, but I can well recall when a gentleman, if he smoked at all, would no more think of doing so in a lady's presence, than change his nether garments in the drawing-room. Even when strolling alone, the man of caste would not then be seen with cigar in Regent Street, Bond Street, or park.

And yet snuff was rife and proper; and Amelia and Belinda would freely kiss grandpapa's snuffy cheek, while shuddering at the mere odour of burnt tobacco.

There is one old domestic accomplishment which has gone terribly downhill in my time, carving at table. The new generation are mostly sad advertisements of "mangling done here." Not one in ten can tear off the leg of a duck, far less of a goose; still less cut a sirloin clean. "Diner à la Russe" caused this.

Costumes of both sexes strike me as much improved, especially of the male sex. The stiff broadcloth and high neckcloth of my boyhood would now be purgatory.

Improvement in sports, athletic, doubtless bears on this. The questionable aristocratic taste for the "fancy" has died out, and the fancy with it. The Prize Ring has gone, and the quondam challenges for A.'s dog to kill rats against B.'s are no more.

Professional sport has greatly altered. Professional pedestrianism has died out from corruption

and discovery. Professional *rowing* is practically dead, and sculling only survives and in a modified form in that class. The Prize Ring has toned down to glove-fighting.

Cricket and jockeyship still maintain their professional proportions, and new openings in golf and football have arisen for those who seek to make a living out of sport.

The atmosphere of the Turf and of its congener—steeplechasing—has been largely purified. Running Rein was the last Derby four-year-old; but ample other forms of chicanery survived into my manhood, especially in minor meetings. Licensing of meetings, and general reform in Jockey Club and National Hunt codes, have to be thanked for this, while extensions of telegraph and Press have made the task of stewards easier.

Amateur oarsmanship has advanced 50 per cent. in my time, while amateur athletics may be said to have started from zero since my first school-days. Two or three colleges emulated "Highland Games" when I was at school. University athletics started after I matriculated, and Inter-University ditto after I graduated.

In due time the A.R.A. and the A.A.A. have been founded, and have done splendid service to purify amateurship in their respective departments.

Golf has come with an almost comical rattle. When I left Oxford not one Southron in five hundred could have explained the meaning of a "tee" or a "caddy,"and would have deemed the interrogator to be punning as to the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates." In the sixties, seventies and eighties, when I now and then played in North Britain, it

was looked upon by even nine out of ten of my Scottish friends as a mere stop-gap to kill time on a non-sporting day, and not a subject for life's devotion any more than billiards.

To sum up; I am forced to the conclusion that sport is far healthier morally, and also at a higher standard, then it was when I was first initiated into various branches of it. One feature which I acclaim is the initiation of ladies into many branches of it which would have horrified duennas of my boyhood, who regarded embroidery, music and painting as the duties of their charges: and would have regarded feminine equitation without a groom—or a damsel hunting—as qualification for divorce or *demi-monde*: the like as to any girl who handled the ribbons; while lawn-tennis, golf, or swimming would have been voted by them as only fit for barmaids. I do not see that feminine tone has been depreciated by this emancipation from former thraldom of Mrs. Grundy.

At the same time I seem to note some falling off in the male sex from that old-fashioned formal traditional courtesy towards ladies which was so marked sixty years ago. Whether the aforesaid emancipation has been felt to put the sexes more upon sporting equality, and caused them to be regarded the less, I cannot say.

The march of education under Forster's Act has made the fortunes of publishers who pioneered betimes and catered as keenly with publications for the masses who a generation earlier could not have spelt their own names.

There is one vulgarism which has here often crept perhaps through the modern timocratic fusion of

lower middle-class persons with those of better caste. This is the trick of whistling in civilized houses and curtilages, and within earshot of other members of the domicile.

In my younger days such an act would have been reckoned an inexcusable solecism : utter vulgarism. If school-boy exuberance induced a youngster thus to commit himself in his sire's hearing, a not improbable rebuke was for the master of the house to ring for the butler and to say to that functionary—in the lad's presence—"Tell the butcher's boy that he must not whistle while waiting for orders. He must go into the lane if he wants to make those noises." The sedate butler would suppress a smile, and the culprit would be shamefaced.

Anatomically and acoustically it is some fifty or more times easier to hum in approximate tune and with an approach to accuracy of intervals, than to whistle ; the muscles of the vocal chords, in hourly use for locution, are far better under control than those of lips and tongue for sibillation. Stage vocalists who can pass muster are surely more than one hundred, for one *siffleur* or *siffleuse* that can perform without being hissed off. Yet, curiously, the operator who might be just too modest to volunteer to troll out "God save the King," or "The Last Rose of Summer," uninvited, in company, too frequently does not hesitate to treat the audience to squeaks which are farther removed from real melody than the initial scrapings of a violin student in his first week.

One would not be surprised at the ebullition if one were among third-class excursionists ; but it

is a melancholy retrogradation from early Victorian days to hear such sounds under roofs where no housemaid is needed to sweep up dropped "h's."

For such volunteers who thus profane the muse uninvited, there appears to be no escape from the following unflattering dilemma—either their conceit is such that they postulate admiration from all who hear them, or alternatively their selfishness ignores any discomfort which their effusions for their own gratification may inflict on others.

With regard to this vice, the fairly educated world has decidedly gone downhill since my youth. In charity I sometimes try to appraise it as possibly purchased by modern greater sobriety.

Apropos of spelling—I deprecate the attempts in some new quarters to Americanize our national spelling. I fail to see any consistency of scheme in some of the Yankee fads for new Trans-Atlantic orthography.

Neither etymology nor phonetic principles harmonize with it. If etymology be a plea for return to Latin spelling of "honor," "labor," and such derivations (sinking the Norman interpolated *u*)—then, *pari passu*, words from the Greek—as "theatre" and "centre"—should not be violated by transposition of the *r*. Or, if phonetic spelling be aimed at, why indulge in such vulgarisms as *neighbor*—and not write "nabor" at once and have done with it? This case as sample. Etymology and philology are in their way valuable subjects for board school education, second perhaps only to history

and geography—or even the three R's. It is to be regretted that any British public journals should, for sake of eccentricity or other fad, indulge in freaks which tend to run counter to that cult of the million in the history of a nation that is often revealed in its language and the literature thereof.

Creeds and theologies have made great strides in my span of life. Mere surpliced choirs and chanted psalms, which in the early days of "Puseyism" were voted to be evidence of the "Scarlet Lady," would now be voted absolute Low Church alongside of modern ritualism. Colenso was voted to be a real heretic when he expressed doubts whether literal acceptance of the Genesitic narrative of the live-stock cargo of Noah's Ark would not commit Christianity to postulating "Eight Jews and only two fleas among them."

Uncompromising George Anthony Denison protested to the last against consecration of Bishop Temple to Exeter, on account of the latter's contribution to *Essays and Reviews*, and my own father entered in controversy against that volume, esteeming it a stepping-stone to Agnosticism if not to Atheism. Yet, now "Higher Criticism" passes muster without serious scandal.

The purely political Dissenter is much more in evidence than of old; the growth of the Press facilitates his crusade: otherwise, with regard to those Christians of all sects, Established and Nonconformist alike, there seems to be more mutual toleration and charity—and more hope of *rapprochement*—than when I was a child.

Politically, the growth of the empire during my lifetime has been something to be proud of as a Briton. Imperialism, as a sentiment, seems to be beginning to have a chance due in time of national recognition, apart from party factions. And yet I can recall the "Thunderer," since my Oxford days, enunciating as to some Canadian complaint, "Take up your freedom if you will." After all, though such sentiment would now be far from that journal's ethics, we must bear in mind that only shortly before that day statesmen had deliberately cast adrift "Orange State," and made it "Free," in spite of its petition to be suffered to remain part of the Queen's dominions. "Little Englandism" was then more in force than now. India, for the sake of the pagoda tree, was valued, as also the fortresses to guard its route, but Colonies were then a disgracefully negligible quantity in the eyes of Palmerstonianism and its *Civis Romanus sum* tenet. Herein, for reforms of national sentiment we have much to be thankful for.

I am myself thankful to have been privileged to witness so many vicissitudes, and, I trust, to leave my country no worse than I first found it, taken all round, in spite of Flaccus' pessimistic aphorism—

"Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere ac retro sublapsa referri."

I fear that aerostation will not attain practical utility in my day, though it should in time.

I am not an engineer by profession, but it seems to my limited capacity that the French, the Aldershot, the Zeppelin and the Wright, U.S., experimenters are all at sea, in one or other direction.

Surely the gas-bag resource for elevation—independent of its liability to wreck in a gale when exposed ashore—is too precarious for warfare, and even for pleasure cruising. Its rotund bulkiness militates against progress when strong wind is adverse; its leakiness makes its voyages brief, and its need of special commissariat when exhausted tends to strand it should it alight far from dépôts.

The Wright scheme of aeroplane is nearer to the real bird machine; but whereas the latter can adapt wings both to soar and to sail, the Wright bird seems to depend on attaining a soar by sheer velocity of impulse impinging on resistant air, and inclining the planes to that medium. Driving power failing, soaring also fails. Moreover, as it is pace which enables it to soar, it cannot play the skylark or kestrel, and "hover."

What seems to be required is a machine which can rise vertically without wind-bag subsidy, by machinery independent of its propelling gear.

Now, if screw-propellers acting on air can obtain resistance adequate (as evinced already) to propel airships horizontally when once aloft, and competent to elevate them on their planes in air *à la* Wright, I am puzzled to know why no inventor has up to date tried application of the same screw process, at right angles to the propeller plane, for elevation.

When I was a child there was a toy sold called an "aerial"—a four-bladed vane, at the end of a shaft, the latter fitting into a socket, whence it could be expelled, spinning like a top by pull of a wound string. The socket was held vertically, the released aerial shot up, revolving and screwing its

way on high, till its rotation was exhausted. My infantile hands could not send it many feet aloft; but my cousin, the subsequent Col. W. Bradford, then an Addiscombe cadet (in the forties), used to spin it for us children from the level of the Rectory garden, till it reached that of our nursery window, two storeys high, whence now and then we could capture it before it fluttered back to earth.

Conceive a frame not unlike a cribbage-board with rows of vanes on this principle, revolving from the "pegholes." Could enough force be applied, with regard to weight of ship and gear, to "lift" the vessel vertically?

Here seems to be an interesting problem for experiment. Once aloft, planes would do much to maintain elevation when horizontal motion from propellers was superadded, and the elevating rotators would be regulated accordingly. But such planes of elevation might render the airship independent of the present necessarily local paraphernalia of wheels, rails, and other initiatives to flight which cannot accompany it even on a ten mile end to end voyage.

Even thus equipped, and with "aerial" vanes under due control, the navigator would always carry his life in his hand. We know in the shooting field how a very slight wing tip from one pellet can bring an otherwise unwounded bird to the ground, and how housewives restrain poultry from flight by clipping the end of one wing only, destroying balance. Inference, if a vane or two on one side breaks down while others continue to spin full force, will the ship tilt and shoot out its

cargo like teacups from the tray of a stumbling domestic?

However, so far as I dare prophesy, as an amateur, I do not anticipate much practical utility from any of the wind-bags; and hazard the forecast that if ever an airship is to be capable of independent and prolonged voyaging, it will be based on a combination of the aeroplane and of the "aerial" vane elevators, driven, when once aloft, by screw propellers such as seem generic in all the schemes.

Beside aerostation—to come after my time—I anticipate a flood of valuable lost science as well as history, to be some day revealed to Europeans, if ever some philanthropist will finance Mesopotamian excavation. The liberality of the *Daily Telegraph* nearly forty years ago unearthed some small percentage of the records buried in ruins of Khorsabad and other extinct palaces; but the supply dried up just when antiquarians were beginning to lick their lips in hopes of a feast.

If our modern Carnegies, in lieu of or in supplement to their lavish offers to foster education by libraries, would immortalize themselves by financing some latter-day Layard or George Smith, to resume explorations, and would enlist our Foreign Office to cast ægis over the expedition, they would survive in Temples of Fame among all educated races, who would read with assiduity the records as they came to light. I should not be surprised if beside history, astronomy and medicine might obtain some useful information if the lost libraries of Chaldæan sages could be unearthed; *e.g.* we might get some clue to cancer cure. I more than suspect that it was

more or less known in the Hellene medical school (and Hellenes—emigrant Aryans,—leaving their priesthoods and libraries behind them, seem to have, after settling, drawn freely on Mesopotamia for ornate theology and sciences at large). Democedes obviously cured Atossa (the "Hadassah," *alias* "Esther," of the Bible) of cancer (*vide* Herodotus); also according to Caliphate legend, and I think, Tabari also, "Attar" of violets was his unguent, or a factor in it. If there be foundation for this, then any traces of Chaldæan pharmacopœia might be actually instructive as well as interesting. The like as to astronomy, if we could hit on Zigguraut observations as recorded through tens of thousands of years. It makes one thirsty to think of treasures of knowledge waiting for pick and shovel at an outlay less than one year's gate-money of any popular football club.

Will no millionaire philanthropist come to the rescue? British for choice, but if American (or even German) I would reverence him as doing about the greatest work for education that history records.

L'ENVOI

As I gaze back through the long vista of years, the sensation and sentiment evoked seem akin to those that are experienced when one turns over pages of some old album, or refreshes recollections of persons and places by perusal of ancient photographs.

As one contemplates, even scenes of past sorrow seem mellowed as well as hallowed, while those

of brighter theme appear to gain rather than lose in radiance when viewed from a far distance.

No one can fail, any more than myself, at times to meditate upon the "might have been," and to confess regret that this route hither had been selected rather than that path thither.

In my own valuation I have had the fortune to enjoy, during my more than three-score years of memory, personal friendships and confidences to an extent seldom meted out by destiny to humanity, even allowing for the lift and launch which public school and University starts in life lend in such directions.

And so, even when regretting reasonably lost opportunities of self-advancement in this or that decade, this solace always returns to mind—

"I am who and what I am, and my best and truest friends (of both worlds) have been just who and what they are, and beyond price."

If one shift of the helm had steered my bark into some other channel of life wherein I should have failed to know and revere any single one of this elect, I should feel myself the poorer, even if that course had led me to a coronet.

Like Kingsley—

> "Can we forget one friend,
> Can we forget one face,
> Which cheered us onward to our end,
> Which nerved us for our race?
> 'Tis sad to toil and yet forego
> One presence which has made us know
> To God-like souls how deep our debt;
> We could not, if we would, forget."

(Aristotle's shade will not scout me for conceding to φίλια a preference over κλέος and δόξα.)

Photo] *[Bate.*

BELBROUGHTON CHURCHYARD CROSS, RESTORED 1901 IN MEMORY OF GENERAL SIR E. R. P. WOODGATE.

The ranks grow thinner year to year, yet one realizes with John Keble—

> "'Tis sweet as year by year we lose,
> Friends out of sight in faith to muse . . ."
>
> . . . . . .

Those of the old guard who are "not lost but gone before," seem to maintain some mysterious psychic (Marconi) telegraphy, when one is in dreamland or reverie.

Running water ever had fascination for me, whether brook or flood. I can look for hours on a running river, and read sermons in it.

More especially Henley Bridge at night-time has a weird fascination for me; and most so if moonbeams light up the vista and reveal contour of scene, to stimulate fancy.

At such times, like as the Marathon wayfarer belated of old could pause and list to ghostly war-cries and phantom clash of arms, old echoes of past contests seem to be evoked to a semblance of revived reality—once more—

> "*Plausu fremitu que virum studiis que faventum*
> *Consonat omne nemus*";

or, as Ossian hath it, of the traveller slumbering by the monolith that is bidden to "speak to other years"—

"The whistling moss shall sound in his dreams: the years that are past shall return."

So then, alternating; there rise whispers from the poplar leaves, as of spirits of past decades singing the Prometheus lullaby—

"Here, oh here
We bear the bier
Of the Father of many a cancelled year.
Spectres we
Of the dead hours be;
We bear Time to his tomb; in eternity."

Then reverie rivets thought and fantasy transcends. In the wake of those spectre years there seem to stream by links of the past, the whole living gamut of life as regards the tale in consecution of Time. . . . Parents, soldier brother, relatives; old parental contemporaries and friends who lavished kindness on me in youth; and with them sweet sainted women of their households, who did so much to leaven my life with touches of home when I was far from my own.

As if in precedence of years, they march past saluting—patrons from boyhood days—Rector Clarke, General Hardinge, old Squire Noel, and his reverend brother-in-law, old John Wylde (of whom I can say, as Wordsworth of the schoolmaster, I kissed his cheek before he died), Tom Staniforth, Bishop T. L. Claughton, Money Wigram, John Allnutt, my warrior uncle Sir John Bradford, and his son, Colonel William (for whom I served "best man," 1864). As decades advance—come my old "lanista" Sewell, and my tutor Wilson, *the* "Chief" (of B.N.C.), and Archdeacon Palmer; still they come;—genial and kindly sires of contemporary friends, old Charles Phillips, Lord Kellie, Charles Newton, Dr. Monro, and senior sportsmen such as Tom Drake, Ned Burton, Dr. Porter, Walsh (of *Field*), Bushby Jamieson, etc. Still the "lost legion" streams on, denser as it becomes more contemporary—old friends of flood,

field and forum. Thranitai brethren and others, "A. L." (Smith), Walter Erskine (Mar), my triple pair-oar partner Weldon Champneys, Billy Allgood, John Graham Chambers (pal from the hour that we first crossed swords, per oars, in "P. to M."), Lowbridge Baker, "Driver" Browne, Charlie Talbot, W. B. R. Jacobson, Duncan Pocklington, George Cardale, Admiral Ned Hardinge, "Polly" Hopkins, "Cottie" Edwards-Moss, (paragon 7 and coach), Alfred G. Barker, Bill Stout (the sculler), Frank Lockwood, A. O. Lloyd, W. Robertson (of Wadham), Jack Forster, F. Vialls, Winchester Clowes and "Teddy" of that ilk, old Belbroughton Deakin, Decimus Burton, Tom Nickalls, W. C. A. Blew, Bruce Campbell (I his "best man"), old Frank Playford, who took me by the hand when I first won a championship. . . .

Sport, sympathy, sincerity, the links which bind these and others to the heart, as they stream past; a galaxy, a cirro-stratus of souls, waving mute welcome in spectre semaphore, and signalling "See! We are still in touch with you! when are *you* coming?"

Life has, of itself, been worth living, if only to have held such of these by the hand and shared their salt, and yet to have a few more of the like breed still left in the flesh!

So silently, silkily, the stream steals by; as of old —("*Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis aevum*")— "Styx" under rayless arches, "Phlegethon," in moonlit distance; but "Lethe" to such memories? Never!

Picture Time hovering overhead ; poising the scythe to select a stroke ; Charon in coracle, waiting for a customer !

'Who crosses next ?

" Versatur urna serius, ocius ;
sors exitura, et "—*quos* " in aeternum
exilium impositura cymbae " ? [1]

---

[1] " or soon or late
Must leap from out the urn of Fate,
The lot which decrees us each to float
Exiles for aye, in Charon's boat."

Sir John J. Edwards-Moss thus renders the original.

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